

G.II.

R.



At the Court at KENSINGTON,

*December the 3d, 1696.*

P R E S E N T

The KING's Most Excellent Majesty  
in C O U N C I L.

**U**PON the humble Petitions of N. BRADY and N. TATE, this Day read at the Board, setting forth, That the Petitioners have, with their utmost Care and Industry, compleated, A New Version of the Psalms of David, in English Metre, fitted for publick Use ; and humbly praying his Majesty's Royal Allowance, that the Version may be used in such Congregations as think fit to receive it :

His Majesty, taking the same into his Royal Consideration, is pleased to order in Council, That the said New Version of the Psalms in English Metre, be, and the same is hereby Allowed and Permitted to be used in all Churches, Chapels, and Congregations, as shall think fit to receive the same.

W. BRIDGMAN.



A  
**New Version**  
OF THE  
**PSALMS**  
OF  
**DAVID**  
Fitted to the  
TUNES used in CHURCHES.

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BY  
N. BRADY, D.D.  
Chaplain in Ordinary

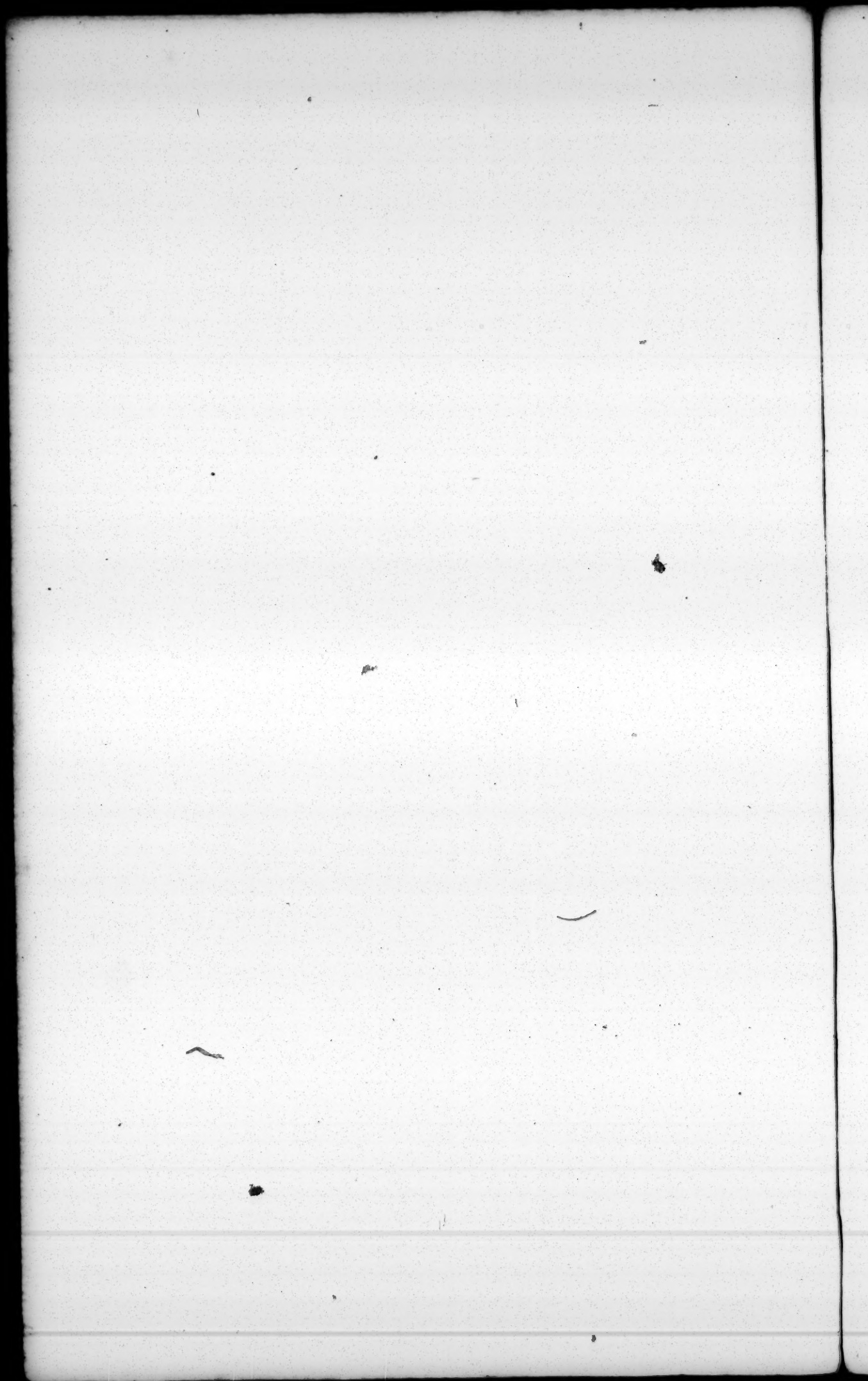
AND  
N. TATE, Esq;  
Poet-Laureat

To His MAJESTY.

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P S A L M I.

- 1 **H**OW blest is he, who ne'er consents  
by ill Advice to walk;  
Nor stands in Sinners Ways; nor sits  
where Men profanely talk!
- 2 But makes the perfect Law of God  
his Business and Delight;  
Devoutly reads therein by Day,  
and meditates by Night.
- 3 Like some fair Tree, which, fed by Streams  
with timely Fruit does bend,  
He still shall flourish, and Success  
all his Designs attend.
- 4 Ungodly Men, and their Attempts,  
no lasting Root shall find;  
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd  
like Chaff before the Wind.
- 5 Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb  
before the Judge's Face:  
No formal Hypocrite shall then  
among the Saints have Place.
- 6 For God approves the just Man's Ways;  
to Happiness they tend:  
But Sinners, and the Paths they tread,  
shall both in Ruin end.

P S A L M II.

- 1 **W**ITH restless and ungovern'd Rage,  
why do the Heathen storm?  
Why in such rash Attempts engage,  
as they can ne'er perform?
- 2 The Great in Counsel, and in Might,  
their various Forces bring;  
Against the Lord they all unite,  
and his anointed King
- 3 "Must we submit to their Commands?"  
presumptuously they say:

B

"No



- “ No, let us break their slavish Bands,  
“ and cast their Chains away.”
- 4 But God, who sits enthron’d on high,  
and sees how they combine,  
Does their conspiring Strength defy,  
and mocks their vain Design.
- 5 Thick Clouds of Wrath divine shall break  
on his rebellious Foes;  
And thus will he in Thunder speak  
to all that dare oppose :
- 6 “ Though madly you dispute my Will,  
“ the King that I ordain,  
“ Whose Throne is fix’d on Sion’s Hill,  
“ shall there securely reign.”
- 7 Attend, O Earth, whilst I declare  
God’s uncontroul’d Decree :  
“ Thou art my Son ; this Day, my Heir,  
“ have I begotten thee.
- 8 “ Ask, and receive thy full Demands ;  
“ thine shall the Heathen be :  
“ The utmost Limits of the Lands  
“ shall be possess’d by thee.
- 9 Thy threat’ning Sceptre thou shalt shake,  
“ and crush them ev’ry where ;  
“ As massy Bars of Iron break  
“ the Potter’s brittle Ware.”
- 10 Learn then, ye Princes ; and give Ear,  
ye Judges of the Earth ;
- 11 Worship the Lord with holy Fear ;  
rejoice with awful Mirth.
- 12 Appease the Son with due Respect,  
your timely Homage pay ;  
Lest he revenge the bold Neglect,  
incens’d by your Delay.
- 13 If but in Part his Anger rise,  
who can endure the Flame ?  
Then blest are they whose Hope relies  
on his most holy Name.

P S A L M iii, iv.

3

P S A L M III.

- 1 **H**OW num'rous, Lord, of late are grown  
the Troublers of my Peace !  
And as their Numbers hourly rise,  
so does their Rage increase.
- 2 Insulting, they my Soul upbraid,  
and him whom I adore :  
The God in whom he trusts, say they,  
shall rescue him no more.
- 3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence ;  
on Thee my Hopes rely :  
Thou art my Glory, and shalt yet  
lift up my Head on high.
- 4 Since whensoever, in like Distress,  
to God I made my Pray'r  
He heard me from his holy Hill ;  
why should I now despair ?
- 5 Guarded by him, I laid me down  
my sweet Repose to take ;  
For I through him securely sleep,  
through him in Safety wake.
- 6 No Force nor Fury of my Foes  
my Courage shall confound,  
Were there as many Hosts as Men,  
that have beset me round.
- 7 Arise, and save me, O my God,  
who oft hast own'd my Cause,  
And scatter'd oft these Foes to me,  
and to thy righteous Laws.
- 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;  
He only can defend :  
His Blessing he extends to all  
that on his Pow'r depend.

P S A L M IV.

- 1 **O** Lord, that art my righteous Judge,  
to my Complaint give Ear.  
Thou still redeem'st me from Distress :  
Have Mercy, Lord, and hear.

B 3

a How

PSALM iv, v.

- 2 How long will ye, O Sons of Men,  
to blot my Fame, devise?  
How long your vain Designs pursue,  
and spread malicious Lyes?
- 3 Consider that the righteous Man  
is God's peculiar Choice;  
And when to him I make my Pray'r,  
he always hears my Voice.
- 4 Then stand in Awe of his Commands,  
flee ev'ry thing that's ill;  
Commune in private with your Hearts,  
and bend them to his Will.
- 5 The Place of other Sacrifice  
let Righteousness supply;  
And let your Hope, securely fix'd,  
on God alone rely.
- 6 While worldly Minds impatient grow  
more prosp'rous Times to see;  
Still let the Glories of thy Face  
shine brightly, Lord, on me.
- 7 So shall my Heart o'erflow with Joy,  
more lasting, and more true,  
Than theirs who Stores of Corn and Wine  
successively renew.
- 8 Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,  
and take my needful Rest:  
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,  
of thy Defence possess'd.

PSALM V.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint;  
accept my secret Pray'r.
- 2 To thee alone, my King, my God,  
will I for Help repair.
- 3 Thou in the Morn my Voice shalt hear,  
and with the dawning Day  
To thee devoutly I'll look up,  
to thee devoutly pray.
- 4 For thou the Wrongs that I sustain  
canst never, Lord, approve,

Who



- Who from thy sacred Dwelling-place  
all Evil dost remove.
- 5 Not long shall stubborn Fools remain  
unpunish'd in thy View ;  
All such as act unrighteous Things,  
thy Vengeance shall pursue.
- 6 The stand'ring Tongue, O God of Truth  
by thee shall be destroy'd ;  
Who hat'st alike the Man in Blood  
and in Deceit employ'd.
- 7 But when thy boundless Grace shall me  
to thy lov'd Courts restore,  
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,  
and humbly there adore.
- 8 Conduct me by thy righteous Laws ;  
for watchful is my Foe :  
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way,  
wherein I ought to go.
- 9 Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit ;  
their Heart is set on Wrong ;  
Their Throat is a devouring Grave ;  
they flatter with their Tongue.
- 10 By their own Counsel, let them fall,  
oppress'd with Loads of Sin ;  
For they against thy righteous Laws  
have harden'd Rebels been.
- 11 But let all those that trust in Thee,  
with Shouts their Joy proclaim ;  
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,  
and all that love thy Name.
- 12 To righteous Men the righteous Lord  
his Blessing will descend ;  
And with his Favour all his Saints,  
as with a Shield, defend.

PSALM VI.

- 1 **T**HY dreadful Anger, Lord, restrain,  
and spare a Wretch forlorn ;  
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,  
too heavy to be borne.

- 2 Have Mercy, Lord ; for I grow faint,  
unable to endure  
The Anguish of my aching Bones,  
which thou alone canst cure.
- 3 My tortur'd Flesh distracts my Mind,  
and fills my Soul with Grief :  
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay  
to grant me thy Relief ?
- 4 Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, repeat,  
and ease my troubled Soul :  
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercies sake,  
vouchsafe to make me whole.
- 5 For after Death no more can I  
thy glorious Acts proclaim :  
No Pris'ner of the silent Grave  
can magnify thy Name.
- 6 Quite tir'd with Pain, with groaning faint ;  
No Hope of Ease I see:  
The Night that quiets common Grievs,  
is spent in Tears by me.
- 7 My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,  
my Eyes with Weakness close ;  
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilst I think  
on my insulting Foes.
- 8 Depart, ye Wicked ; in my Wrongs  
ye shall no more rejoice ;  
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,  
and listens to my Voice.
- 9, 10 He hears, and grants my humble Pray'r ;  
and they that with my Fall,  
Shall blush and rage to see that God  
protects me from them all.

## P S A L M VII.

- 1 **O** LORD, my God, since I have plac'd  
my Trust alone in Thee,  
From all my Persecutors Rage  
do thou deliver me.
- 2 To save me from my threat'ning Foe,  
Lord, interpose thy Pow'r ;

- Left, like a savage Lion, he  
my helpless Soul devour.
- 3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er  
against his Peace combine ;  
Nay, if I have not spar'd his Life,  
who fought unjustly mine ;
- 5 Let then to persecuting Foes  
my Soul become a Prey ;  
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,  
In Dust my Honour lay.
- 6 Arise, and let thy Anger, Lord,  
in my Defence engage ;  
Exalt thyself above my Foes  
and their insulting Rage :  
Awake, awake, in my behalf,  
the Judgment to dispence,  
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd  
for injur'd Innocence.
- 7 So to thy Throne adoring Crouds  
shall still for Justice fly :  
O ! therefore, for their Sakes, resume  
thy Judgment-Seat on high.
- 8 Impartial Judge of all the World,  
I trust my Cause to thee ;  
According to my Just Deserts,  
so let thy Sentence be.
- 9 Let wicked Arts, and wicked Men,  
together be o'erthrown ;  
But guard the Just, thou God to whom  
the Hearts of both are known.
- 10, 11 God me protects ; not only me,  
but all of upright Heart ;  
And daily lays up Wrath for those  
who from his Laws depart.
- 12 If they persist, he whets his Sword,  
his Bow stands ready bent ;
- 13 Ev'n now, with swift Destruction wing'd,  
his pointed Shafts are sent.



- 14 The Plots are fruitless, which my Foe  
unjustly did conceive :
- 15 The Pit he digg'd for me, has prov'd  
his own untimely Grave.
- 16 On his own Head his Spite returns,  
whilst I from Harm am free :  
On him the Violence is fall'n,  
which he design'd for me.
- 17 Therefore will I the righteous Ways  
of Providence proclaim ;  
I'll sing the Praise of God most High,  
and celebrate his Name.

## P S A L M VIII.

- x 1 **O** Thou to whom all Creatures bow  
within this Earthly Frame,  
Thro' all the World how great art thou !  
how glorious is thy Name !  
In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,  
nor fully reckon'd there ;
- x 2 And yet thou mak'st the infant Tongue  
thy boundless Praise declare.  
Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,  
and crush their haughty Foes ;  
And so thou quell'st the wicked Throng,  
that Thee and Thine oppose.
- 3 When Heav'n thy beauteous Work on high,  
employs my wond'ring Sight ;  
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,  
with Stars of feebler Light ;
- x 4 What's, Man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st  
to keep him in thy Mind ?  
Or what's his Offspring, that thou prov'st  
to them so wond'rous kind ?
- 5 Him next in Pow'r thou didst create  
to thy celestial Train,
- 6 Ordain'd with Dignity and State  
o'er all thy Works to reign.
- 7 They jointly own his pow'rful Sway,  
the Beasts that prey or graze ;

PSALM viii, ix.

8 The Bird that wing its airy Way ;  
the Fish that cuts the Seas.  
O thou to whom all Creatures bow  
within this earthly Frame,  
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!  
how glorious is thy Name!

PSALM IX.

- 1 **T**O celebrate thy Praise, O Lord,  
I will my Heart prepare ;  
To all the lift'ning World thy Works,  
thy wond'rous Works, declare.
- 2 The Thought of them shall to my Soul  
exalted Pleasure bring ;  
Whilst to thy Name, O thou most High,  
triumphant Praise I sing.
- 3 Thou mad'st my haughty Foes to turn  
their Backs in shameful Flight :  
Struck with thy Presence, down they fell ;  
they perish'd at thy Sight.
- 4 Against insulting Foes advanc'd,  
thou didst my Cause maintain,  
My Right asserting from thy Throne,  
where Truth and Justice reign.
- 5 The Insolence of Heathen Pride  
thou hast reduc'd to Shame ;  
Their wicked Offspring quite destroy'd,  
and blotted out their Name.
- 6 Mistaken Foes, your haughty Threats  
are to a Period come :  
Our City stands, which you design'd  
to make our common Tomb.
- 7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has  
his righteous Throne prepar'd,  
Impartial Justice to dispence,  
to punish or reward.
- 9 God is a constant sure Defence  
against oppressing Rage :  
As Troubles rise, his needful Aids  
in our Behalf engage.

- 10 All those who have his Goodness prov'd  
will in his Truth confide ;  
Whose Mercy ne'er forsook the Man  
that on his Help rely'd.
- 11 Sing Praises therefore to the Lord.  
From Sion, his Abode ;  
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World  
confess no other God.

## P A R T II.

- 12 When he Inquiry makes for Blood,  
He'll call the Poor to mind ;  
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint  
Relief from him shall find.
- 13 Take Pity on my Troubles, Lord,  
which spiteful Foes create,  
Thou that hast rescu'd me so oft  
from Death's devouring Gate.
- 14 In Sion then I'll sing thy Praise  
to all that love thy Name ;  
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy  
thy saving Pow'r proclaim.
- 15 Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me,  
the Heathen Pride is laid ;  
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare  
insensibly betray'd.
- 16 Thus, by the just Returns he makes,  
the mighty Lord is known ;  
While wicked Men by their own Plots  
are shamefully o'erthrown.
- 17 No single Sinner shall escape,  
by Privacy obscur'd ;  
Nor Nation, from his just Revenge,  
by Numbers be secur'd.
- 18 His suff'ring Saints, when most distress'd,  
he ne'er forgets to aid :  
Their Expectations shall be Crown'd  
tho' for a Time delay'd.
- 19 Arise, O Lord, assert thy Pow'r  
and let not Man o'ercome ;

Descend



- Descend to Judgment, and pronounce  
the guilty Heathens Doom.  
20 Strike Terror through the Nations round,  
till, by consenting Fear,  
They to each other, and themselves,  
but mortal Men appear.

## P S A L M X.

- 1 **T**HY Presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord?  
why hid'st thou now thy Face,  
When dismal Times of deep Distress  
call for thy wonted Grace?  
2 The Wicked, swell'd with lawless Pride,  
have made the Poor their Prey:  
O let them fall by those Designs  
which they for others lay:  
3 For strait they triumph, if Success  
their thriving Crimes attend;  
And sordid Wretches, whom God hates,  
preverfly they commend.  
4 To own a Pow'r above themselves,  
their haughty Pride disdains;  
And therefore in their stubborn Mind  
no Thought of God remains.  
5 Oppressive Methods they pursue,  
and all their Foes they slight;  
Because thy Judgments unobserv'd  
are far above their Sight.  
6 They fondly think their prosp'rous State  
shall unmolested be;  
They think their vain Designs shall thrive  
from all Misfortune free.  
7 Vain and deceitful is their Speech,  
with Curses fill'd, and Lyes:  
By which the Mischief of their Heart  
they study to disguise.  
8 Near public Roads they lie conceal'd,  
and all their Art employ,  
The Innocent and Poor at once  
to rifle and destroy.

- 9 Not Lions couching in their Dens,  
surprise their heedless Prey  
With greater Cunning, or express  
more savage Rage, than they.  
10 Sometimes they act the harmless Man,  
and modest Looks they wear;  
That, so deceiv'd, the Poor may less  
their sudden Onset fear.

## P A R T II.

- 11 For God, they think, no Notice takes  
of their unrighteous Deeds;  
He never minds the suff'ring Poor,  
nor their Oppression heeds.  
12 But thou, O Lord, at length arise,  
stretch forth thy mighty Arm;  
And, by the Greatness of thy Pow'r  
defend the Poor from Harm.  
13 No longer let the Wicked vaunt,  
and, proudly boasting, say,  
"Tush, God regards not what we do;  
"he never will repay."  
14 But, sure, thou seest, and all their Deeds  
impartially dost try:  
The Orphan therefore, and the Poor,  
on thee for Aid rely.  
15 Defenceless let the Wicked fall,  
of a'l their Strength bereft:  
Confound, O God, their dark Designs,  
till no Remains are left.  
16 Assert thy just Dominion, Lord,  
which shall for ever stand;  
Thou, who the Heathen didst expel  
from this thy chosen Land.  
17 Thou dost the humble Suppliants hear,  
that to thy Throne repair;  
Thou first prepar'st their Hearts to pray,  
and then accept'st their Pray'r.  
18 Thou, in thy righteous Judgment, weigh'st  
the Fatherless and Poor;

That

That so the Tyrants of the Earth,  
may persecute no more,

## P S A L M XI.

1 **S**INCE I have plac'd my Trust in God,  
a Refuge always nigh,  
Why should I like a tim'rous Bird,  
to distant Mountains fly?

2 Behold the Wicked bend their Bow,  
and ready fix their Dart,  
Lurking in Ambush to destroy  
the Man of upright Heart.

3 When once the firm Assurance fails,  
which public Faith imparts,  
'Tis time for Innocence to fly  
from such deceitful Arts.

4 The Lord hath both a Temple here,  
and righteous Throne above;  
Where he surveys the Sons of Men,  
and how their Counsels move.

5 If God, the Righteous, whom he loves,  
for Trial does correct,  
What must the Sons of Violence,  
whom he abhors, expect?

6 Snares, Fire, and Brimstone, on their Heads  
shall in one Tempest show'r;  
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge  
into their Cup shall pour.

7 The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds  
with signal Favour grace;  
And to the upright Man disclose  
the Brightness of his Face.

## P S A L M XII.

1 **S**INCE godly Men decay, O Lord,  
do thou my Cause defend;  
For scarce these wretched Times afford  
one just and faithful Friend.

2 One Neighbour now can scarce believe  
what t'other does impart:

With



- With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,  
and with a double Heart,  
3 But Lips that with Deceit abound,  
can never prosper long:  
Gods righteous Vengeance will confound  
the proud blaspheming Tongue.  
4 In vain those foolish Boasters say,  
"our Tongues are sure our own;  
"With doubtful Words we'll still betray,  
"and be controul'd by none."  
5 For God, who hears the suff'ring Poor,  
and their Oppression knows,  
Will soon arise, and give them Rest,  
in spite of all their Foes.  
6 The Word of God shall still abide,  
and void of Falshood be,  
As is the Silver sev'n times try'd,  
from drossy Mixture free.  
7 The Promise of his aiding Grace  
shall reach its purpos'd End:  
His Servants from this faithless Race,  
he ever shall defend.  
8 Then shall the Wicked be perplex'd,  
nor know which Way to fly;  
When those whom they despis'd and vex'd,  
shall be advanc'd on high.

## P S A L M XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?  
must I for ever mourn?  
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,  
Oh, never to return?  
2 How long shall anxious Thoughts my Soul,  
and Grief my Heart oppress?  
How long my Enemies insult,  
and I have no redress?  
3 Oh, hear! and to my longing Eyes  
restore thy wonted Light;  
And suddenly, or I shall sleep  
in everlasting Night.

- 4 Restore me, lest they proudly boast  
 'twas their own Strength o'ercame:  
 Permit not them that vex my Soul,  
 to triumph in my Shame.
- 5 Since I have always plac'd my Trust  
 beneath thy Mercy's Wing,  
 Thy saving Health will come; and then  
 my Heart with Joy shall spring.
- 6 Then shall my Song, with Praise inspir'd,  
 to Thee, my God, ascend.  
 Who, to thy Servant in Distress,  
 such Bounty didst extend.

## P S A L M XIV.

- 1 **S**URE, wicked Fools must needs suppose,  
 that God is nothing but a Name:  
 Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows;  
 no Breast is warm'd with holy Flame.
- 2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high  
 and all the Sons of Men did view, [Tow'r,  
 To see if any own'd his Pow'r,  
 if any Truth or Justice knew.
- 3 But all, he saw, were gone aside,  
 all were degen'rate grown, and base:  
 None took Religion for their Guide,  
 not one of all the sinful Race.
- 4 But can these Workers of Deceit  
 be all so dull and senseless grown,  
 That they, like Bread, my People eat,  
 and God's Almighty Pow'r disown?
- 5 How will they tremble then for Fear,  
 when his just Wrath shall them o'ertake;  
 For to the Righteous God is near,  
 and never will their Cause forsake.
- 6 Ill Men, in vain, with Scorn expose  
 those Methods which the Good pursue;  
 Since God a Refuge is for those  
 whom his just Eyes with Favour view.
- 7 Would he his saving Pow'r employ,  
 to break his People's servile Band;

Then

Then Shouts of universal Joy  
should loudly echo thro' the Land.

## P S A L M XV.

- 1 **L**ORD, who's the happy Man, that may  
to thy blest Courts repair ;  
Not, Stranger-like, to visit them,  
but to inhabit there ?
- 2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry Thought and Deed  
by Rules of Virtue moves ;  
Whose gen'rous Tongue disdains to speak  
the Thing his Heart disproves.
- 3 Who never did a Slander forge,  
his Neighbour's Fame to wound ;  
Nor hearken to a false Report,  
by Malice whisper'd round.
- 4 Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,  
can treat with just Neglect ;  
And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,  
religiously respect.  
Who to his plighted Vows and Trust  
has ever firmly stood ;  
And tho' he promise to his loss,  
he makes his Promise good.
- 5 Whose Soul in Usury disdains  
his Treasure to employ ;  
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,  
the Guiltless to destroy.  
The Man, who by his steady Course  
has Happiness ensur'd,  
When Earth's Foundation shakes, shall stand,  
by Providence secur'd.

## P S A L M XVI.

- 1 **P**rotect me from my cruel Foes,  
and shield me, Lord, from Harm ;  
Because my Trust I still repose  
on thy Almighty Arm.
- 2 My Soul all Help but thine does slight,  
all Gods but Thee disown ;

Yet



Yet can no Deeds of mine requite  
the Goodness thou hast shown.

3 But those that strictly virtuous are,  
and love the Thing that's right,  
To favour always, and prefer,  
shall be my chief Delight.

4 How shall their Sorrows be increas'd  
who other Gods adore!  
Their bloody Off'rings I detest,  
their very Names abhor.

5 My Lot is fall'n in that blest Land,  
where God is truly known:  
He fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand,  
'tis He supports my Throne.

6 In Nature's most delightful Scene  
my happy Portion lies;  
The Place of my appointed Reign  
all other Lands outvies.

7 Therefore my Soul shall bless the Lord,  
whose Precepts give me Light,  
And private Counsel still afford,  
in Sorrows dismal Night.

8 I strive each Action to approve  
to his all-seeing Eye;  
No danger shall my Hopes remove,  
because He still is nigh.

9 Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,  
my Glory does rejoice:  
My Flesh shall rest, in Hopes to rise,  
wak'd by his pow'rful Voice.

10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my Breath,  
my Soul from Hell shalt free;  
Nor let thy Holy one in Death  
the least Corruption see.

11 Thou shalt the Paths of Life display,  
which to thy Presence lead;  
Where Pleasures dwell without Allay,  
and Joys that never fade.

## P S A L M XVII.

- 1 **T**O my just Plea, and sad Complaint,  
attend, O righteous Lord ;  
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,  
a gracious Ear afford.
- 2 As in thy Sight I am approv'd,  
so let my Sentence be ;  
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,  
my upright Dealing see.
- 3 For thou hast search'd my Heart by Day,  
and visited by Night ;  
And, on the strictest Trial, found  
its secret Motions right.  
Nor shall thy Justice, Lord, alone  
my Heart's Designs acquit ;  
For I have purpos'd, that my Tongue  
shall no Offence commit.
- 4 I know what wicked Men would do,  
their Safety to maintain ;  
But me thy just and mild Commands  
from bloody Paths restrain.
- 5 That I may still, in spite of Wrongs,  
my Innocence secure,  
O guide me in thy righteous Ways,  
and make my Footsteps sure.
- 6 Since, heretofore, I ne'er in vain  
to Thee my Pray'r address'd ;  
O ! now, my God, incline thine Ear  
to this my just Request.
- 7 The Wonders of thy Truth and Love  
in my Defence engage ;  
Thou, whose Right-hand preserves thy Saints  
from their Oppressors Rage.
- P A R T II.
- 8, 9 O ! keep me in thy tend'rest Care ;  
thy shelt'ring Wings stretch out,  
To guard me safe from savage Foes,  
that compass me about :

- 10 O'ergrown with Luxury, inclos'd  
in their own Fat they lie ;  
And with a proud blaspheming Mouth  
both God and Men defy.
- 11 Well may they boast ; for they have now  
my Paths encompass'd round,  
Their Eyes at watch, their Bodies bow'd  
and couching on the Ground ;
- 12 In Posture of a Lion set,  
when greedy of his Prey ;  
Or a young Lion, when he lurks  
within a covert Way.
- 13 Arise, O Lord, defeat their Plots,  
their swelling Rage controul :  
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,  
deliver thou my Soul :
- 14 From worldly Men, thy sharpest Scourge,  
whose Portion's here below ;  
Who fill'd with earthly Stores, aspire  
no other Bliss to know.
- 15 Their Race is num'rous, that partake  
their Substance while they live ;  
Their Heirs survive, to whom they may  
the vast Remainder give.
- 16 But I, in Uprightness, thy Face  
shall view without Controul :  
And waking, shall its Image find  
reflected in my Soul.

PSALM XVIII.

- X 1, 2 **N**O Change of Times shall ever shock  
my firm Affection, Lord, to Thee ;  
For thou hast always been a Rock,  
a Fortrefs and Defence to me.
- X Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God ;  
my Trust is in thy mighty Pow'r :  
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,  
at home my Safeguard, and my Tow'r.



- 3 To Thee I'll still address my Pray'r  
 (to whom all Praise we justly owe);  
 So shall I, by thy watchful Care,  
 be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.  
 4, 5 By Floods of wicked Men distress'd,  
 with deadly Sorrows compass'd round,  
 With dire infernal Pangs oppress'd,  
 in Death's unwieldy Fetters bound,  
 6 To Heav'n I made my mournful Pray'r,  
 to God address'd my humble Moan;  
 Who graciously inclin'd his Ear,  
 and heard me from his lofty Throne.

## P A R T II.

- 7 When God arose, to take my Part,  
 the conscious Earth did quake for fear;  
 From their firm Posts the Hills did start,  
 nor could his dreadful Fury bear.  
 8 Thick Clouds of Smoke dispers'd abroad,  
 Ensigns of Wrath before Him came;  
 Devouring Fire around him glow'd,  
 that Coals were kindled at its Flame.  
 9 He left the beauteous Realms of Light,  
 whilst Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head;  
 Beneath his Feet substantial Light,  
 was, like a sable Carpet, spread.  
 10 The Chariot of the King of Kings,  
 which active Troops of Angels drew,  
 On a strong Tempest's rapid Wings,  
 with most amazing Swiftnefs, flew.  
 11, 12 Black wat'ry Mists and Clouds conspir'd  
 with thickest Shades, his Face to veil;  
 But at his Brightness soon retir'd,  
 and fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail.  
 13 Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thund'ring Peal,  
 God's angry Voice, did loudly roar;  
 While Earth's sad Face with Heaps of Hail,  
 and Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

14 His

- 14 His sharpen'd Arrows round He threw  
    which made his scatter'd Foes retreat :  
    Like Darts his nimble Lightning flew,  
    and quickly finish'd their Defeat.  
15 The Deep its secret Stores disclos'd,  
    the World's Foundations naked lay ;  
    By his avenging Wrath expos'd,  
    which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

## P A R T    III.

- 16 The Lord did on my Side engage ;  
    from Heav'n, His Throne, my Cause upheld ;  
    And snatch'd me from the furious Rage  
    of threaten'g Waves, that proudly swell'd.  
17 God his resistless Pow'r employ'd  
    my strongest Foes Attempts to break ;  
    Who else with Ease had soon destroy'd  
    the weak Defence that I could make.  
18 Their subtle Rage had near prevail'd,  
    when I distress'd and friendless lay ;  
    But still, when other Succours fail'd,  
    God was my firm Support and Stay :  
19 From Dangers that inclos'd me round,  
    He brought me forth, and set me free ;  
    For some just Cause His Goodness found  
    that mov'd Him to delight in me.  
20 Because in me no Guilt remains,  
    God does his gracious Help extend :  
    My Hands are free from bloody Stains ;  
    therefore the Lord is still my Friend.  
21, 22 For I his Judgments kept in Sight,  
    in His Just Paths have always trod ;  
    I never did his Statutes slight,  
    nor loosely wander'd from my God.  
23, 24 But still my Soul, sincere and pure,  
    did ev'n from darling Sins refrain :  
    His Favours therefore yet endure,  
    because my Heart and Hands are clean.

## P A R T IV.

- ✓ 25, 26 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous Ways  
 to various Paths of human Kind:  
 They who for Mercy merit Praise,  
 with Thee shall wond'rous Mercy find.  
 ✓ Thou to the Just shall Justice show;  
 the Pure thy Purity shall see:  
 Such as perversely choose to go,  
 shall meet with due Returns from Thee.  
 27, 28 That He the humble Soul will save,  
 and crush the Haughty's boasted Might,  
 In me the Lord an Instance gave,  
 whose Darkness he has turn'd to Light.  
 29 On his firm Succour I rely'd,  
 and did o'er num'rous Foes prevail;  
 Nor fear'd, whilst he was on my Side,  
 the best-defended Walls to scale.  
 30 For God's Designs shall still succeed;  
 His Word will bear the utmost Test:  
 He's a strong Shield to all that need,  
 and on his sure Protection rest.  
 31 Who then deserves to be ador'd,  
 but God, on whom my Hopes depend?  
 Or who, except the mighty Lord,  
 can with resistless Pow'r defend?

## P A R T V.

- 32, 33 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,  
 and all my just Designs fulfils;  
 Thro' him my Feet can swiftly run,  
 and nimbly climb the steepest Hills.  
 34 Lessons of War from him I take,  
 and manly Weapons learn to wield;  
 Strong Bows of Steel with Ease I break,  
 forc'd by my stronger Arms to yield.  
 35 The Buckler of His saving Health  
 protects me from insulting Foes:  
 His Hand sustains me still; my Wealth  
 and Greatness from His Bounty flows.  
 36 My



- 36 My goings He enlarg'd abroad,  
till then to narrow Paths confin'd;  
And when in slipp'ry Ways I trod,  
the Method of my Steps design'd.
- 37 Thro' Him I num'rous Hosts defeat,  
and flying Squadrons captive take;  
Nor from my fierce Pursuit retreat,  
till I a final Conquest make.
- 38 Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try  
their vanquish'd Heads again to rear:  
Spite of their boasted Strength, they lie  
beneath my Feet, and grovel there.
- 39 God, when fresh Armies take the Field,  
recruits my Strength, my Courage warms:  
He makes my Strong Opposers yield,  
subdu'd by my prevailing Arms.
- 40 Thro' him, the Necks of prostrate Foes  
my conqu'ring Feet in Triumph press:  
Aided by him I root out those  
who hate and envy my Success.
- 41 With loud Complaints all Friends they try'd;  
but none was able to defend:  
At length to God for Help they cry'd;  
but God would no Assistance lend.
- 42 Like flying Dust, which Winds pursue,  
their broken Troops I scatter'd round:  
Their slaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,  
like loathsome Dirt that clogs the Ground.

## P A R T VI.

- 43 Our factious Tribes, at Strife till now  
by God's Appointment, me obey:  
The Heathens to my Sceptre bow,  
and foreign Nations own my Sway.
- 44 Remotest Realms their Homage send,  
when my successful Name they hear;  
Stangers for my Commands attend,  
charm'd with Respect, or aw'd by Fear.
- 45 All to my Summons tamely yield,  
or soon in Battle are dismay'd:

- For stronger Holds they quit the Field  
and still in strongest Holds afraid.
- 46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,  
the Rock, on whose Defence I rest !  
O'er highest Heav'ns His Name be rais'd,  
who me with His Salvation bless'd !
- 47 'Tis God that still supports my Right ;  
His just Revenge my Foes pursues ;  
'Tis He, that, with resistless Might,  
fierce Nations to my Yoke subdues.
- 48 My universal Safeguard, He !  
from whom my lasting Honours flow ;  
He made me great, and set me free  
from my remorseless bloody Foe.
- 49 Therefore, to celebrate His Fame.  
my grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raise ;  
And Nations, Strangers to His Name,  
shall thus be taught to sing His Praise.
- 50 " God to his King Deliv'rance sends ;  
" shews his Anointed signal Grace :  
" His Mercy evermore extends  
" to David and his promis'd Race."

## P S A L M XIX.

- 1 **T**HE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,  
which that alone can fill ;  
The Firmament and Stars express  
their great Creator's Skill.
- 2 The Dawn of each returning Day  
fresh Beams of Knowledge brings ;  
From darkest Night's successive Rounds  
divine Instruction springs.
- 3 Their pow'rful Language to no Realm  
or Region is confin'd ;  
'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood  
alike by all Mankind.
- 4 Their Doctrine does its sacred Sense  
thro' Earth's Extent display ;  
Whose bright Contents the circling Sun  
does round the World convey.

- 5 No Bridegroom, for his Nuptials dress'd,  
has such a chearful Face :  
No Giant doth like him rejoice  
to run his glorious Race.  
6 From East to West, from West to East,  
his restless Course he goes ;  
And, thro' his Progress, chearful Light,  
and vital Warmth, bestows.

PART II.

- 7 God's perfect Law converts the Soul ;  
reclaims from false Desires ;  
With sacred Wisdom his sure Word  
the Ignorant inspires.  
8 The Statutes of the Lord are just,  
and bring sincere Delight :  
His pure Commands in Search of Truth  
assist the feeblest Sight.  
9 His perfect Worship here is fix'd,  
on sure Foundations laid :  
His equal Laws are in the Scales  
of Truth and Justice weigh'd :  
10 Of more Esteem than Golden Mines,  
or Gold refin'd with Skill ;  
More sweet than Honey, or the Drops  
that from the Comb distil.  
11 My trusty Counsellors they are,  
and friendly Warnings give ;  
Divine Rewards attend on those  
who by thy Precepts live.  
12 But what frail Man observes how oft  
he does from Virtue fall ?  
O, cleanse me from my secret Faults,  
Thou God that know'st them all.  
13 Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord,  
Dominion have o'er me ;  
That, by thy Grace preserv'd, I may  
the great Transgression flee.  
14 So shall my Pray'r and Praises be  
with thy Acceptance blest ;

And



And I secure on thy Defence,  
my Strength and Saviour, rest.

## P S A L M XX.

- 1 **T**HE Lord to thy Request attend,  
and hear thee in Distress;  
The Name of Jacob's God defend,  
and grant thy Arms Success.
- 2 To aid thee from on High repair,  
and Strength from Sion give;
- 3 Remember all thy Off'rings there,  
thy Sacrifice receive.
- 4 To compass thy own Heart's Desire  
thy Counsels still direct;  
May kindly all Events conspire  
to bring them to Effect.
- 5 To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid,  
we chearfully repair,  
With Banners in thy Name display'd;  
"The Lord accept thy Pray'r."
- 6 Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord  
our Sov'reign will defend;  
From Heav'n resistless Aid afford,  
and to his Pray'r attend.
- 7 Some trust in Steeds, for War design'd;  
on Chariots some rely:  
Against them all we'll call to Mind  
the Pow'r of God most High.
- 8 But, from their Steeds and Chariots thrown  
behold them thro' the Plain,  
Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down,  
whilst firm our Troops remain.
- 9 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed  
our rightful Cause to bless:  
Hear, King of Heav'n, in Times of Need,  
the Pray'rs that we address.

## P S A L M XXI.

- 1 **T**HE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise,  
shall in thy Strength rejoice

With

- With thy Salvation crown'd, shall raise  
to Heav'n his chearful Voice.
- 2 For Thou whate'er his Lips request,  
not only dost impart ;  
But hast, with thy Acceptance, blest  
the Wishes of his Heart.
- 3 Thy Goodness, and thy tender Care,  
have all his Hopes outgone ;  
A Crown of Gold Thou mad'st him wear,  
and sett'st it firmly on.
- 4 He pray'd for Life ; and Thou, O Lord,  
didst his short Span extend,  
And graciously to him afford  
a Life that ne'er shall end.
- 5 Thy sure Defence thro' Nations round  
has spread his glorious Name ;  
And his successful Actions crown'd  
with Majesty and Fame.
- 6 Eternal Blessings thou bestow'st,  
and mak'st his Joys increase ;  
Whilst Thou to him, unclouded show'st  
the Brightness of thy Face.

## P A R T II.

- 7 Because the King on God alone  
for timely Aid relies ;  
His Mercy still supports his Throne,  
and all his Wants supplies,
- 8 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn Foes  
shall feel thy heavy Hand ;  
Thy vengeful Arm shall find out those  
that hate thy mild Command.
- 9 When Thou against them dost engage,  
thy just, but dreadful Doom  
shall, like a glowing Oven's Rage,  
their Hopes and them consume.
- 10 Nor shall thy furious Anger cease,  
or with their Ruin end ;  
But root out all their guilty Race,  
and to their Seed extend.

- 11 For all their Thoughts were set on Ill,  
 their Hearts on Malice bent ;  
 But Thou with watchful Care didst still  
 the ill Effects prevent.
- 12 In vain by shameful Flight they'll try  
 to 'scape thy dreadful Might,  
 While thy swift Darts shall faster fly,  
 and gall them in their Flight.
- 13 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Strength disclose,  
 and thus exalt thy Fame ;  
 Whilst we glad Songs of Praise compose  
 to thy Almighty Name.

## P S A L M XXII.

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, why leav'st Thou me  
 when I with Anguish faint ?  
 O, why so far from me remov'd,  
 and from my loud Complaint ?
- 2 All Day, but all the Day unheard,  
 to Thee do I complain ;  
 With Cries implore Relief all Night,  
 but cry all Night in vain.
- 3 Yet thou art still my righteous Judge  
 of Innocence oppress'd ;  
 And therefore Israel's Praises are  
 of Right to Thee address'd.
- 4, 5 On Thee our Ancestors rely'd,  
 and thy Deliv'rance found ;  
 With pious Confidence they pray'd,  
 and with Success were crown'd.
- 6 But I am treated like a Worm ;  
 like none of human Birth :  
 Not only by the Great revil'd,  
 but made the Rabble's Mirth.
- 7 With Laughter all the gazing Croud  
 my Agonies survey ;  
 They shoot the Lip, they shake the Head,  
 and thus deriding say :
- 8 " In God he trusted, boasting oft,  
 " that he was Heav'n's Delight ;

" Lot



“ Let God come down to save him now,  
“ and own his Favourite.”

P A R T II.

- 9 Thou mad'st my teeming Mother's Womb  
a living Offspring bear:  
When but a Suckling at the Breast,  
I was thy early Care.
- 10 Thou, Guardian-like, didst shield from Wrongs  
my helpless Infant Days;  
And since hast been my God, and Guide  
thro' Life's bewilder'd Ways.
- 11 Withdraw not then so far from me,  
when Trouble is so nigh:  
Oh, send me Help! thy Help, on which  
I only can rely.
- 12 High-pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,  
from Bafan's Forest met,  
With Strength proportion'd to their Rage,  
have me around beset.
- 13 They gape on me, and ev'ry Mouth  
a yawning Grave appears;  
The desert Lion's savage Roar  
less dreadful is than theirs.

P A R T III.

- 14 My Blood like Water spill'd, my Joints  
are rack'd, and out of Frame;  
My Heart dissolves within my Breast,  
like Wax before the Flame,
- 15 My Strength, like Potter's Earth, is parch'd;  
my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws;  
And to the silent Shades of Death  
my fainting Soul withdraws.
- 16 Like Blood-hounds, to surround me, they  
in pack'd Assemblies meet;  
They peirc'd my inoffensive Hands,  
they peirc'd my harmless Feet.
- 17 My Body's rack'd, till all my Bones  
distinctly may be told:

Yet

Yet such a Spectacle of Woe  
as Pastime they behold.

18 As Spoil, my Garments they divide,  
Lots for my Vesture cast.

19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength,  
and to my Succour haste.

20 From their sharp Sword protect thou me ;  
of all, but Life, bereft !

Nor let my Darling in the Pow'r  
of cruel Dogs be left.

21 To save me from the Lions Jaws,  
thy present Succour send ;

As once, from goring Unicorns  
thou didst my Life defend.

22 Then to my Brethren I'll declare  
the Triumphs of thy Name ;

In Presence of Assembled Saints,  
thy Glory thus Proclaim :

23 " Ye Worshippers of Jacob's God,  
" all you of Israel's Line,

" O praise the Lord ; and, to your Praise,  
" sincere Obedience join.

24 " He ne'er disdain'd on low Distress  
" to cast a gracious Eye ;

" Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,  
" but hears its humble Cry."

P A R T IV.

25 Thus, in thy sacred Courts, will I  
my chearful Thanks express ;

In Presence of thy Saints perform  
the Vows of my Distress.

26 The meek Companions of my Grief  
shall find my Table spread ;

And all, that seek the Lord, shall be  
with Joys immortal fed.

27 Then shall the glad converted World  
to God their Homage pay ;

And scatter'd Nations of the Earth  
one Sov'reign Lord obey.

- 28 'Tis His supreme Prerogative  
o'er subject Kings to reign :  
'Tis just, that he should rule the World,  
who does the World sustain.
- 29 The Rich, who are with Plenty fed,  
His Bounty must confess :  
The Sons of Want, by Him reliev'd,  
their gen'rous Patron blefs.  
With humble Worship, to his Throne,  
they all for Aid resort :  
That Pow'r, which first their Beings gave,  
can only them support.
- 30, 31 Then shall a chosen spotless Race,  
devoted to his Name,  
To their admiring Heirs, His Truth,  
and glorious Acts, proclaim.

## P S A L M XXIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
vouchsafes to be my Guide ;  
The Shepherd, by whose constant Care  
my Wants are all supply'd.
- 2 In tender Grass He makes me feed,  
and gently there repose ;  
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where  
refreshing Water flows.
- 3 He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim,  
and to his endless Praise,  
Instruct with humble Zeal to walk  
in his most righteous Ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy Vale of Death,  
from Fear and Danger free ;  
For there his aiding Rod and Staff  
defend and comfort me.
- 5 In Presence of my spiteful Foes  
He does my Table spread :  
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,  
with Oil anoints my Head.
- 6 Since God doth thus His wond'rous Love  
through all my Life extend,

That



That Life to him I will devote,  
and in his Temple spend.

## P S A L M XXIV.

- 1 **T**HIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's:  
the Lord's her Fulness is:  
The World, and they that dwell therein,  
by Sov'reign Right are His.
- 2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas;  
and His Almighty Hand  
Upon inconstant Floods has made  
the stable Fabric stand.
- 3 But for Himself this Lord of All  
one chosen Seat design'd.  
O! who shall to that sacred Hill  
deserv'd Admittance find!
- 4 The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure  
whose Thoughts from Pride are free;  
Who honest Poverty prefers  
to gainful Perjury.
- 5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord  
shall show'r his Blessings down;  
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe  
with Righteousness to crown.
- 6 Such is the Race of Saints by whom  
the sacred Courts are trod;  
And such the Profelytes that seek  
the Face of Jacob's God.
- 7 Erect your Heads, eternal Gates;  
unfold, to entertain  
The King of Glory: See! He comes  
with His Celestial Train.
- 8 Who is this King of Glory? Who;  
The Lord for Strength renown'd;  
In Battle mighty; o'er His Foes  
eternal Victor crown'd.
- 9 Erect your Heads, ye Gates; unfold  
in State to entertain  
The King of Glory: See! he comes  
with all his shining Train.

10 Who is this King of Glory? Who?  
The Lord of Hosts renown'd;  
Of Glory he alone is King,  
Who is with Glory crown'd.

P S A L M XXV.

1, 2 **T**O God, in whom I trust,  
I lift my Heart and Voice;  
O! let me not be put to Shame,  
nor let my Foes rejoice.  
3 Those who on Thee rely,  
let no Disgrace attend:  
Be that the shameful Lot of such  
as wilfully offend.  
4, 5 To me thy Truth impart,  
and lead me in thy Way:  
For thou art He that brings me Help;  
on Thee I wait all Day.  
6 Thy Mercies, and thy Love,  
O Lord, recal to Mind;  
And graciously continue still,  
as thou wert ever, kind.  
7 Let all my youthful Crimes  
be blotted out by Thee;  
And, for thy wond'rous Goodness' sake,  
in Mercy think on me.  
8 His Mercy, and his Truth,  
the righteous Lord displays,  
In bringing wand'ring Sinners home  
and teaching them his Ways.  
9 He those in Justice guides,  
who his Direction seek;  
And in his sacred Paths shall lead  
the Humble and the Meek.  
10 Thro' all the Ways of God  
both Truth and Mercy shine,  
To such, as with religious Hearts,  
to his blest Will incline.

## PART II.

- 11 Since Mercy is the Grace  
that mosts exalts thy Fame ;  
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,  
and so advance thy Name.
- 12 Who'er with humble Fear,  
to God his Duty pays,  
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,  
in all his righteous Ways.
- 13 His quiet Soul with Peace  
shall be for ever blest'd ;  
And by his num'rous Race the Land  
successively possess'd.
- 14 For God to all his Saints  
his secret Will imparts,  
And does his gracious Cov'nant write  
in their obedient Hearts.
- 15 To him I lift my Eyes,  
and wait his timely Aid,  
Who breaks the strong and treach'rous Snare  
which for my Feet was laid.
- 16 Oh ! turn, and all my Griefs,  
in Mercy, Lord, redress ;  
For I am compass'd round with Woes,  
and plung'd in deep Distress.
- 17 The Sorrows of my Heart  
to mighty Sums increase ;  
O ! from this dark and dismal State  
my troubled Soul release !
- 18 Do Thou, with tender Eyes  
my sad Affliction see ;  
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt  
intirely set me free.
- 19 Consider, Lord, my Foes,  
how vast their Numbers grow !  
What lawless Force and Rage they use,  
what boundless Hate they show !
- 20 Protect, and set my Soul  
from their fierce Malice free ;

Nor



- Nor let me be asham'd, who place  
my stedfast Trust in Thee.
- 21 Let all my righteous Acts  
to full Perfection rise ;  
Because my firm and constant Hope  
on Thee alone relies.
- 22 To Israel's chosen Race  
continue ever kind ;  
And in the midst of all their Wants,  
let them thy Succour find.

P S A L M XXVI.

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord ; for I the Paths  
of Righteousness have trod :  
I cannot fail, who all my Trust  
repose on Thee my God.
- 2, 3 Search, prove my Heart, whose Innocence  
will shine the more 'tis try'd ;  
For I have kept thy Grace in View,  
and made thy Truth my Guide.
- 4 I never for Companions took  
the Idle or Profane ;  
No Hypocrite with all his Arts,  
could e'er my Friendship gain.
- 5 I hate the busy plotting Crew,  
who make distracted Times ;  
And shun their wicked Company,  
as I avoid their Crimes.
- 6 I'll wash my Hands in Innocence,  
and bring a Heart so pure,  
That when thy Altar I approach,  
my Welcome shall secure.
- 7, 8 My Thanks I'll publish there, and tell  
how thy Renown excels :  
That Seat affords me most Delight,  
in which thy Honour dwells.
- 9 Pass not on me the Sinners Doom,  
who Murder make their Trade ;  
10 Who others Rights, by secret Bribes,  
or open Force, invade.

- 11 But I will walk in Paths of Truth,  
and Innocence pursue:  
Protect me, therefore, and to me  
thy Mercies, Lord, renew.
- 12 In spite of all assaulting Foes,  
I still maintain my Ground;  
And shall survive among thy Saints,  
thy Praises to resound.

## P S A L M XXVII.

- 1 **W**HOM should I fear, since God to me  
is saving Health and Light?  
Since strongly he my Life supports,  
what can my Soul affright?
- 2 With fierce Intent my Flesh to tear,  
when Foes beset me round,  
They stumbl'd, and their haughty Crests  
were made to strike the Ground.
- 3 Thro' him, my Heart, undaunted, dares  
with num'rous Hosts to cope:  
Thro' him, in doubtful Streights of War,  
for good Success I hope.
- 4 Henceforth, within his House to dwell  
I earnestly desire;  
His wond'rous Beauty there to view,  
and his blest Will inquire.
- 5 For there I may with Comfort rest,  
in Times of deep Distress;  
And safe, as on a Rock, abide  
in that secure Recess:
- 6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty Foes  
my lofty Head shall raise;  
And I my joyful Off'ring bring,  
and sing glad Songs of Praise.

## P A R T II.

- 7 Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,  
whene'er to thee I cry;  
In Mercy all my Pray'rs receive,  
nor my Request deny.

- 8 When us to seek thy glorious Face  
 Thou kindly dost advise ;  
 " Thy glorious Face I'll always seek,"  
 my grateful Heart replies,  
 9 Then hide not Thou thy Face, O Lord,  
 nor me in Wrath reject :  
 My God, and Saviour, leave not him  
 Thou did'st so oft protect.  
 10 Tho' all my Friends and nearest Kin,  
 their helpless Charge forsake ;  
 Yet Thou, whose Love excels them all,  
 wilt Care and Pity take.  
 11 Instruct me in thy Paths, O Lord ;  
 my Ways directly guide ;  
 Lest envious Men who watch my Steps,  
 should see me tread aside.  
 12 Lord, disappoint my cruel Foes ;  
 defeat their ill Desire,  
 Whose lying Lips, and bloody Hands,  
 against my Peace conspire.  
 13 I trusted that my future Life  
 should with thy Love be crown'd ;  
 Or else my fainting Soul had sunk,  
 with Sorrow compass'd round.  
 14 God's Time with patient Faith expect  
 and he'll inspire thy Breast  
 With inward Strength : Do thou thy Part,  
 and leave to him the rest.

## P S A L M XXVIII.

- 1 **O** LORD, my Rock, to Thee I cry,  
 in Sighs consume my Breath.  
 O ! answer ; or I shall become  
 like those that sleep in Death.  
 2 Regard my Supplication, Lord,  
 the Cries that I repeat,  
 With weeping Eyes, and lifted Hands,  
 before thy Mercy-seat.  
 3 Let me escape the Sinners Doom,  
 who make a Trade of Ill ;



- And ever speak the Person fair,  
 whose Blood they mean to spill.
- 4 According to their Crime's Extent,  
 let Justice have its Course:  
 Relentless be to them, as they  
 have sinn'd without Remorse.
- 5 Since they the Works of God despise,  
 nor will his Grace adore;  
 His Wrath shall utterly destroy,  
 and build them up no more.
- 6 But I, with due Acknowledgment,  
 his Praises will resound,  
 From whom the Cries of my Distress  
 a gracious Answer found.
- 7 My Heart its Confidence repos'd  
 in God, my Strength and Shield;  
 In him I trusted, and return'd  
 triumphant from the Field:  
 As he hath made my Joys complete,  
 'tis just that I should raise  
 The cheerful Tribute of my Thanks,  
 and thus resound his Praise:
- 8 " His aiding Pow'r supports the Troops  
 " that my just Cause maintain:  
 " 'Twas he advanc'd me to the Throne;  
 " 'tis he secures my Reign."
- 9 Preserve thy Chosen, and proceed  
 thine Heritage to bless:  
 With Plenty prosper them, in Peace;  
 in Battle, with Success.

## P S A L M XXIX.

- 1 **Y**E Princes, that in Might excel,  
 your grateful Sacrifice prepare;  
 God's glorious Actions loudly tell,  
 his wond'rous Pow'r to all declare.
- 2 To his great Name fresh Altars raise;  
 devoutly due Respect afford;

Him

- Him in his holy Temple praise,  
 where he's with solemn State ador'd.  
 3 'Tis he that with amazing Noise,  
 the watry Clouds in sunder breaks:  
 The Ocean trembles at his Voice,  
 when he from Heav'n in Thunder speaks.  
 4, 5 How full of Pow'r his Voice appears!  
 with what majestick Terror crown'd!  
 Which from the Roots tall Cedars tears,  
 and strews their scatter'd Branches round.  
 6 They, and the Hills on which they grow,  
 are sometimes hurry'd far away;  
 And leap, like Hinds that bounding go,  
 or Unicorns in youthful Play.  
 7, 8 When God in Thunder loudly speaks,  
 and scatter'd Flames of Lightning sends,  
 The Forest nods, the Desert quakes,  
 and stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.  
 9 He makes the Hinds to cast their Young,  
 and lays the Beasts dark Coverts bare;  
 While those that to his Courts belong,  
 securely sing his Praises there.  
 10, 11 God rules the angry Floods on high;  
 his boundless Sway shall never cease:  
 His People he'll with Strength supply,  
 and bless his own with constant Peace.

## P S A L M XXX.

- 1 I'LL celebrate thy Praises, Lord,  
 who didst thy Pow'r employ  
 To raise my drooping Head, and check  
 my Foes insulting Joy.  
 2, 3 In my Distress I cry'd to Thee,  
 who kindly didst relieve,  
 And from the Grave's expecting Jaws,  
 my hopeless Life retrieve.  
 4 Thus to his Courts, ye Saints of his,  
 with Songs of Praise repair;  
 With me commemorate his Truth,  
 and Providential Care.

- X 5 His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign ;  
his Favour to decay :  
Your Night of Grief is recompens'd  
with Joy's returning Day.
- 6 But I, in prosp'rous Days presum'd ;  
no sudden Change I fear'd ;  
Whilst in my Sunshine of Success  
no louring Cloud appear'd.
- 7 But soon I found thy Favour, Lord,  
my Empire's only Trust ;  
For when thou hidd'st thy Face, I saw  
my Honour laid in Dust.
- 8 Then, as I vainly had presum'd,  
my Error I confess'd ;  
And thus, with supplicating Voice,  
thy Mercy's Throne address'd :
- " What Profit is there in my Blood,  
" congeal'd by Death's cold Night ?
- 9 " Can silent Ashes speak thy Praise,  
" thy wond'rous Truth recite ?
- 10 " Hear me, O Lord ; in Mercy hear ;  
thy wonted Aid extend :  
" Do thou send Help, on whom alone  
" I can for Help depend."
- 12 'Tis done ! Thou hast my mournful Scene  
to Songs and Dances turn'd ;  
Invested me in Robes of State,  
who late in Sackcloth mourn'd.
- 12 Exalted thus I gladly sing  
thy Praise in grateful Verse ;  
And as thy Favours endless are,  
thy endless Praise rehearse.

## P S A L M XXXI.

- 1 **D**EFEND me, Lord, from Shame ;  
for still I trust in Thee :  
As Just and Righteous is thy Name,  
from Danger set me free.
- 2 Bow down thy gracious Ear,  
and speedy Succour send :



- Do thou my stedfast Rock appear,  
to shelter and defend.
- 3 Since thou, when Foes oppress,  
my Rock and Fortrefs art,  
To guide me forth from this Distress,  
thy wonted Help impart. ;
- 4 Release me from the Snare  
which they have closely laid ;  
Since I, O God, my Strength, repair  
to Thee alone for Aid.
- 5 To Thee, the God of Truth,  
my Life, and all that's mine  
(For Thou preserv'dst me from my Youth),  
I willingly resign.
- 6 All vain Designs I hate,  
of those that trust in Lyes ;  
And still my Soul in ev'ry State,  
To God for Succour flies.

## P A R T II.

- 7 Those Mercies Thou hast shown,  
I'll chearfully express,  
For Thou hast seen my Streights, and known  
my Soul in deep Distress.
- 8 When Keilah's treach'rous Race  
did all my Strength inclose,  
Thou gav'st my Feet a larger Space,  
to shun my watchful Foes.
- 9 Thy Mercy, Lord, display,  
and hear my just Complaint ;  
For both my Soul and Flesh decay,  
with Grief and Hunger faint.
- 10 Sad Thoughts my Life oppress ;  
my Years are spent in Groans ;  
My Sins have made my Strength decrease,  
and ev'n consum'd my Bones.
- 11 My Foes my Suff'rings mock'd ;  
my Neighbours did upbraid ;  
My Friends, at Sight of me were shock'd,  
and fled as Men dismay'd.

- 12 Forsook by all am I,  
as dead, and out of Mind ;  
And like a shatter'd Vessel lie,  
whose Parts can ne'er be join'd.
- 13 Yet stand'rous Words they speak,  
and seem my Pow'r to dread ;  
Whilst they together Counsel take,  
my guiltless Blood to shed.
- 14 But still my stedfast Trust  
I on thy Help repose :  
That Thou, my God, art good and just,  
my Soul with Comfort knows.

## P A R T III.

- 15 Whate'er Events betide,  
thy Wisdom times them all :  
Then, Lord, thy Servant safely hide,  
from those that seek his Fall.
- 16 The Brightness of thy Face  
to me, O Lord, disclose ;  
And as thy Mercies still increase  
preserve me from my Foes.
- 17 Me from Dishonour save,  
who still have call'd on Thee ;  
Let that, and Silence in the Grave,  
the Sinner's Portion be.
- 18 Do Thou their Tongues restrain,  
whose Breath in Lyes is spent ;  
Who false Reports, with proud Disdain,  
against the Righteous vent.
- 19 How great thy Mercies are  
to such as fear thy Name ;  
Which Thou for those that trust thy Care,  
dost to the World proclaim !
- 20 Thou keep'st them in thy Sight,  
from proud Oppressors free :  
From Tongues that do in Strife delight,  
they are preserv'd by Thee.
- 21 With Glory and Renown  
God's Name be ever blest ;

Whose

Whose Love in Keilah's well-fenc'd Town  
was wond'rously exprefs'd !

- 22 I said, in hasty Flight,  
" I'm banish'd from thine Eyes :"  
Yet still thou kept'st me in thy Sight,  
and heard'st my earnest Cries.
- 23 O ! all ye Saints, the Lord  
with eager Love pursue ;  
who to the Just will Help afford,  
and give the Proud their Due.
- 24 Ye that on God rely,  
courageously proceed ;  
For He will still your Hearts supply  
with Strength in time of Need.

## P S A L M XXXII.

- ✓ 1 **H**E's blest, whose Sins have Pardon gain'd  
no more in Judgment to appear ;
- 2 Whose Guilt Remission has obtain'd,  
and whose Repentance is sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,  
my Bones consum'd without Relief :  
All Day did I with Anguish roar ;  
but no Complaints asswag'd my Grief.
- 4 Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,  
by Day and Night alike distress'd ;  
Till quite of vital Moisture drain'd,  
like Land with Summer's Drought oppress'd.
- 5 No sooner I my Wound disclos'd,  
the Guilt that tortur'd me within,  
But thy Forgiveness interpos'd,  
and Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.
- 6 True Penitents shall thus succeed,  
who seek Thee whilst Thou mayst be found ;  
And, from the common Deluge freed,  
shall see remorseless Sinners drown'd.
- ✗ 7 Thy Favour, Lord, in all Distress,  
my Tow'r of Refuge I must own :

Thou



Thou shalt my haughty Foes suppress,  
and me with Songs of Triumph crown.

8 In my Instruction then confide,  
you that would Truth's safe Path descry :  
Your Progress I'll securely guide,  
and keep you in my watchful Eye.

9 Submit yourselves to Wisdom's Rule,  
like Men that Reason have attain'd ;  
Not like th'ungovern'd Horse and Mule,  
whose Fury must be curb'd and rein'd.

10 Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd,  
the harden'd Sinner shall confound :  
But them, who in his Truth confide,  
Blessings of Mercy shall surround.

11 His Saints that have perform'd his Laws,  
their Life in Triumph shall employ :  
Let them (as they alone have Cause)  
in grateful Raptures shout for Joy.

P S A L M XXXIII.

1 **L**ET all the Just to God with Joy,  
their chearful Voices raise ;  
For well the Righteous it becomes  
to sing glad Songs of Praise.

2, 3 Let Harps, and Psalteries, and Lutes,  
in joyful Concert meet ;  
And new-made Songs of loud Applause  
the Harmony complete.

4, 5 For faithful is the Word of God ;  
his Works with Truth abound ;  
He Justice loves ; and all the Earth  
is with his Goodness crown'd.

6 By his Almighty Word, at first,  
Heav'ns glorious Arch was rear'd ;  
And all the beauteous Hosts of Light  
at his Command appear'd.

7 The swelling Floods together roll'd,  
he makes in Heaps to lie ;  
And lays, as in a Store-house safe,  
the wat'ry Treasures by.

8, 9 Let

8, 9 Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,  
before him trembling stand :

For, when he spake the Word, 'twas made :  
'twas fix'd at his Command.

10 He, when the Heathen closely plot,  
their Counsels undermines :

His Wisdom ineffectual makes  
the People's rash Designs.

11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,  
shall stand for ever sure ;

The settled Purpose of his Heart  
to Ages shall endure.

P A R T II.

12 How happy then are they, to whom  
the Lord for God is known !

Whom he, from all the World besides,  
has chosen for his own.

13, 14, 15 He all the Nations of the Earth,  
from Heav'n, his Throne, survey'd ;

He saw their Works, and view'd their Thoughts ;  
by him their Hearts were made.

16, 17 No King is safe by num'rous Hosts ;  
their Strength, the Strong deceives ;

No manag'd Horse, by Force or Speed  
his warlike Rider saves.

18, 19 'Tis God, who those that trust in him  
beholds with gracious Eyes :

He frees their Soul from Death ; their Want,  
in time of Dearth, supplies.

20, 21 Our Soul on God with Patience waits ;  
our Help and Shield is He :

Then, Lord, let still our Hearts rejoice,  
because we trust in Thee.

22 The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,  
do Thou to us extend ;

Since we, for all we want or wish,  
on Thee alone depend.

## P S A L M XXXIV.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,  
     in Trouble and in Joy,  
 The Praises of my God shall still  
     my Heart and Tongue employ.
- 2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,  
     till all that are distrest,  
 From my Example Comfort take,  
     and charm their Grievs to Rest.
- 3 O! magnify the Lord with me,  
     with me exalt his Name :
- 4 When in Distress to him I call'd,  
     he to my Rescue came.
- 5 Their drooping Hearts were soon refresh'd,  
     who look'd to him for Aid :  
 Desir'd Success in ev'ry Face  
     a chearful Air display'd.
- 6 " Behold (say they) behold the Man  
     " whom Providence reliev'd ;  
     " So dang'rously with Woes beset,  
     " so wond'rously retriev'd !"
- 7 The Hosts of God encamp around  
     the Dwellings of the Just ;  
 Deliv'rance he affords to all  
     who on his Succour trust.
- 8 O! make but Trial of his Love,  
     Experience will decide  
 How blest they are, and only they,  
     who in his Truth confide.
- 9 Fear him, ye Saints ; and you will then  
     have nothing else to fear ;  
 Make you his Service your Delight ;  
     he'll make your Wants his Care.
- 10 While hungry Lions lack their Prey,  
     the Lord will Food provide  
 For such as put their Trust in him,  
     and see their Needs supply'd.



## P A R T II.

- 11 Approach, ye piously dispos'd,  
and my Instruction hear ;  
I'll teach you the true Discipline  
of his religious Fear.
- 12 Let him who Length of Life desires,  
and prosp'rous Days would see,  
13 From stand'ring Language keep his Tongue,  
his Lips from Falshood free ;
- 14 The crooked Paths of Vice decline,  
and Virtue's Ways pursue :  
Establish Peace, where 'tis begun ;  
and where 'tis lost, renew.
- 15 The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Just  
with favourable Eyes ;  
And when distress'd, his gracious Ear  
is open to their Cries ;
- 16 But turns his wrathful Look on those  
whom Mercy can't reclaim,  
To cut them off, and from the Earth  
blot out their hated Name.
- 17 Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives,  
when his Relief they crave :
- 18 He's nigh to heal the broken Heart  
and contrite Spirit save.
- 19 The Wicked oft, but still in vain,  
against the Just conspire ;
- 20 For under their Affliction's Weight,  
he keeps their Bones intire.
- 21 The Wicked, from their wicked Arts,  
their Ruin shall derive ;  
Whilst righteous Men, whom they detest ;  
shall them and theirs survive.
- 22 For God preserves the Souls of those  
who on his Truth depend :  
To them, and their Posterity,  
his Blessings shall descend.

## P S A L M XXXV.

- 1 **A** GAINST all those that strive with me,  
O Lord assert my Right ;  
With such as War unjustly wage,  
do thou my Battles fight.
- 2 Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield  
upon thy warlike Arm :  
Stand up, my God, in my Defence ;  
and keep me safe from Harm.
- 3 Bring forth thy Spear ; and stop their Course,  
that haste my Blood to spill ;  
Say to my Soul, " I am thy Health,  
" and will preserve thee still."
- 4 Let them with Shame be cover'd o'er,  
who my Destruction sought ;  
And such as did my Harm devise,  
be to Confusion brought.
- 5 Then shall they fly, dispers'd like Chaff,  
before the driving Wind :  
God's vengeful Minister of Wrath  
shall follow close behind.
- 6 And when, through dark and slipp'ry Ways  
they strive his Rage to shun,  
His vengeful Ministers of Wrath  
shall goad them, as they run :
- 7 Since unprovok'd by any Wrong,  
they hid their treach'rous Snare ;  
And, for my harmless Soul, a Pit  
did, without Cause, prepare ;
- 8 Surpriz'd by Mischiefs unforeseen,  
by their own Arts betray'd,  
Their Feet shall fall into the Net,  
which they for me have laid ;
- 9 Whilst my glad Soul shall God's great Name,  
for this Deliv'rance bless ;  
And by his saving Health secur'd,  
its grateful Joy express.
- 10 My very Bones shall say, " O Lord,  
" Who can compare with Thee ?

" Who

“ Who sett’st the poor and helpless Man  
 “ from strong Oppressors free.”

## P A R T II.

- 11 False Witnesses, with forg’d Complaints,  
 against my Truth combin’d;  
 And to my Charge such Things they laid  
 as I had ne’er design’d.
- 12 The Good which I to them had done,  
 with Evil they repaid;  
 And did, by Malice undeserv’d,  
 my harmless Life invade.
- 13 But as for me, when they were sick,  
 I still in Sackcloth mourn’d;  
 I pray’d and fasted, and my Pray’r  
 to my own Breast return’d.
- 14 Had they my Friends or Brethren been,  
 I could have done no more;  
 Nor with more decent Signs of Grief  
 a Mother’s Loss deplore.
- 15 How diff’rent did their Carriage prove,  
 in Times of my Distress!  
 When they, in Crouds together met,  
 did savage Joy express.  
 This Rabble too, in num’rous Throngs,  
 by their Example came;  
 And ceas’d not with reviling Words  
 to wound my spotless Fame.
- 16 Scoffers, that noble Tables haunt,  
 and earn their Bread with Lyes,  
 Did gnash their Teeth, and stand’ring Jest  
 maliciously devise.
- 17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?  
 On my Behalf appear;  
 And save my guiltless Soul, which they  
 like rav’ning Beasts would tear.

## P A R T III.

- 18 So I, before the list’ning World,  
 shall grateful Thanks express;

E

/ And



- And when their great Assembly meets,  
thy Name with Praises blefs.
- 19 Lord, suffer not my causeless Foes,  
who me unjustly hate,  
With open Joy, or secret Signs,  
to mock my sad Estate.
- 20 For they, with Hearts averſe from Peace,  
indultriously deviſe  
Againſt the Men of quiet Minds  
to forge malicious Lyes.
- 21 Nor with theſe private Arts content,  
aloud they vent their Spite ;  
And ſay, “ At laſt we found him out ;  
“ he did it in our Sight.”
- 22 But Thou, who doſt both them and me  
with righteous Eyes ſurvey,  
Assert my Innocence, O Lord,  
and keep not far away.
- 23 Stir up Thyſelf ; in my Behalf,  
to Judgment, Lord, awake :  
Thy righteous Servant’s Cauſe, O God,  
to thy Deciſion take.
- 24 Lord, as my Heart has upright been,  
let me thy Juſtice find :  
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain  
the Triumph they deſign’d.
- 25 O ! let them not, amongſt themſelves,  
in boaiſting Language ſay,  
“ At length our Wiſhes are complete ;  
“ at laſt he’s made our Prey.”
- 26 Let ſuch as in my Harm rejoic’d,  
for Shame their Faces hide ;  
And foul Diſhonour wait on thoſe  
that proudly me defy’d ;
- 27 Whiſt they with chearful Voices ſhout,  
who my juſt Cauſe befriend ;  
And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make  
Success his Saints attend.

- 28 So shall my Tongue thy Judgments sing,  
 inspir'd with grateful Joy ;  
 And chearful Hymns, in Praise of Thee,  
 shall all my Days employ.

## P S A L M XXXVI.

- 1 **M**Y crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art,  
 his wicked Purpose would disguise:  
 But Reason whispers to my Heart,  
 no Fear of God's before his Eyes.
- 2 He sooths himself, retir'd from Sight ;  
 secure he thinks his treach'rous Game ;  
 Till his dark Plots, expos'd to Light,  
 their false Contriver brand with Shame.
- 3 In Deeds he is my Foe confess'd,  
 whilst with his Tongue he speaks me fair:  
 True Wisdom's banish'd from his Breast ;  
 and Vice has sole Dominion there.
- 4 His wakeful Malice spends the Night  
 in forging his accurs'd Designs ;  
 His obstinate, ungen'rous Spite  
 no execrable Means declines.
- 5 But, Lord, thy Mercy, my sure Hope,  
 the highest Orb of Heav'n transcends ;  
 Thy sacred Truth's unmeasur'd Scope  
 beyond the sparkling Skies extends.
- 6 Thy Justice like the Hills remains ;  
 unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are ;  
 Thy Providence the World sustains ;  
 the whole Creation is thy Care.
- 7 Since of thy Goodness all partake,  
 with what Assurance should the Just  
 Thy shelt'ring Wings their Refuge make  
 and Saints to thy Protection trust !
- 8 Such Guests shall to thy Courts be led,  
 to banquet on thy Love's Repast :  
 And drink as from a Fountain's Head,  
 of Joys that shall for ever last.
- 9 With Thee the Springs of Life remain ;  
 thy Presence is eternal Day :

- 10 O! let thy Saints thy Favour gain;  
to upright Hearts thy Truth display.  
11 Whilst Pride's insulting Foot would spurn,  
and wicked Hands my Life surprise;  
12 Their Mischief on themselves return;  
down, down they're fall'n, no more to rise.

## P S A L M XXXVII.

- 1 **T**H O' wicked Men grow rich or great,  
Yet let not their successful State  
thy Anger, or thy Envy, raise:  
2 For they, cut down, like tender Grass,  
Or like young Flow'rs, away shall pass,  
whose blooming Beauty soon decays.  
3 Depend on God, and him obey;  
So thou within the Land shalt stay,  
secure from Danger, and from Want:  
4 Make his Commands thy chief Delight;  
And He, thy Duty to requite,  
shall all thy earnest Wishes grant.  
5 In all thy Ways trust thou the Lord,  
And He will needful Help afford  
to ev'ry perfect just Design:  
6 He'll make, like Light, serene and clear,  
Thy clouded Innocence appear,  
and as a mid-day Sun to shine.  
7 With quiet Mind on God depend,  
And patiently for him attend;  
nor let thy Anger fondly rise,  
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,  
And with Success the Plots are crown'd  
which they maliciously devise.  
8 From Anger cease, and Wrath forsake;  
Let no ungovern'd Passion make  
thy wav'ring Heart espouse their Crime:  
9 For God shall sinful Men destroy;  
Whilst only they the Land enjoy,  
who trust on him, and wait his Time.



- 10 How soon shall wicked Men decay !  
Their Place shall vanish quite away,  
nor by the strictest Search be found ;  
11 Whilst humble Souls possess the Earth,  
Rejoicing still with godly Mirth,  
with Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

## P A R T II.

- 12 While sinful Crouds, with false Design,  
Against the righteous Few combine,  
and gnash their Teeth, and threat'ning stand ;  
13 God shall their empty Plots deride,  
And laugh at their defeated Pride :  
He sees their Ruin near at hand.  
14 They draw the Sword, and bend the Bow,  
the Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,  
and Men of upright Lives to slay ;  
15 But their strong Bows shall soon be broke,  
Their sharpen'd Weapons mortal Stroke  
thro' their own Hearts shall force its Way.  
16 A Little, with God's Favour blest,  
That's by one righteous Man possess'd,  
the Wealth of many Bad excels :  
17 For God supports the just Man's Cause ;  
But, as for those that break his Laws,  
their unsuccessful Pow'r he quells.  
18 His constant Care the Upright guides,  
And over all their Life presides ;  
their Portion shall for ever last :  
19 They, when Distress o'erwhelms the Earth,  
Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in Dearth  
the happy Fruits of Plenty taste.  
20 Not so the wicked Men, and those  
Who proudly dare God's Will oppose :  
Destruction is their hapless Share :  
Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes, and they,  
Shall in an Instant melt away,  
and vanish into Smoke and Air.

## P A R T III.

- 21 While Sinners, brought to sad Decay,  
Still borrow on, and never pay ;  
the Just have Will and Pow'r to give :
- 22 For such as God vouchsafes to bless,  
Shall peaceably the Earth possess ;  
and those He curses, shall not live.
- 23 The good Man's Way is God's Delight ;  
He orders all the Steps aright,  
of him that moves by his Command :
- 24 Though he sometimes may be distress'd ;  
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd ;  
for God upholds him with his Hand.
- 25 From my first Youth, till Age prevail'd,  
I never saw the Righteous fail'd,  
or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race.
- 26 Because Compassion fill'd his Heart,  
And he did chearfully impart,  
God made his Offspring's Wealth increase.
- 27 With Caution shun each wicked Deed,  
in Virtue's Ways with Zeal proceed,  
and so prolong your happy Days.
- 28 For God, who Judgment loves, does still  
Preserve his Saints secure from Ill,  
while soon the wicked Race decays.
- 29, 30, 31 The Upright shall possess the Land,  
His Portion shall for Ages stand,  
his Mouth with Wisdom is supply'd ;  
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves ;  
His Heart the Law of God approves ;  
therefore his Footsteps never slide.

## P A R T IV.

- 32 In wait the watchful Sinner lies,  
In vain the Righteous to surprise ;  
in vain his Ruin does decree :
- 33 God will not him defenceless leave,  
to his Revenge expos'd, but save ;  
and when he's sentenc'd, set him free.

- 34 Wait still on God ; keep his Command ;  
 And thou, exalted in the Land,  
 thy blest Possession ne'er shall quit :  
 The Wicked soon destroy'd shall be,  
 And at his dismal Tragedy  
 thou shalt a safe Spectator sit.
- 35 The Wicked I in Pow'r have seen,  
 And, like a Bay-tree, fresh and green,  
 that spreads its pleasant Branches round :
- 36 But he was gone as swift as Thought ;  
 And tho' in ev'ry Place I sought,  
 no Sign or Tract of him I found.
- 37 Observe the perfect Man with Care,  
 And mark all such as upright are ,  
 their roughest Days in Peace shall end ;
- 38 While on the latter End of those,  
 Who dare God's sacred Will oppose,  
 a common Ruin shall attend.
- 39 God to the Just will Aid afford :  
 Their only Safeguard is the Lord ;  
 their Strength in time of need is He :
- 40 Because on him they still depend,  
 The Lord will timely Succour send,  
 and from the Wicked set them free.

## P S A L M XXXVIII.

- 1 **T**HY chast'ning Wrath, O Lord, restrain,  
 tho' I deserve it all ;  
 Nor let at once on me the Storm  
 of thy Displeasure fall.
- 2 In ev'ry wretched Part of me  
 thy Arrows deep remain ;  
 Thy heavy Hands afflicting Weight  
 I can no more sustain.
- 3 My Flesh is one continu'd Wound,  
 thy Wrath so fiercely glows ;  
 Betwixt my Punishment and Guilt,  
 my Bones have no Repose.



- 4 My Sins, which to a Deluge swell,  
my sinking Head o'erflow ;  
And, for my feeble Strength to bear,  
too vast a Burden grow.
- 5 Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds,  
my Folly's just Return :
- 6 With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,  
and all Day long I mourn.
- 7 A loath'd Disease afflicts my Loins,  
infecting ev'ry Part ;
- 8 With Sickneſs worn, I groan and roar,  
thro' Anguiſh of my Heart.
- 9 But, Lord, before thy ſearching Eyes  
all my Deſires appear ;  
And, ſure, my Groans have been too loud,  
not to have reach'd thine Ear.
- 10 My Heart oppreſs'd, my Strength decay'd,  
my Eyes depriv'd of Light :
- 11 Friends, Lovers, Kiſmen, gaze aloof  
on ſuch a diſmal Sight.
- 12 Mean while, the Foes that ſeek my Life,  
their Snares to take me ſet ;  
Vent Slanders, and contrive all Day  
to forge ſome new Deceit.
- 13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,  
nor heard, nor once reply'd ;
- 14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whoſe Tongue  
with conſcious Guilt is ty'd.
- 15 For, Lord, to Thee I do appeal,  
my Innocence to clear ;  
Affur'd that Thou, the righteous God,  
my injur'd Cauſe wilt hear.
- 16 " Hear me," ſaid I, " left my proud Foes  
" a ſpiteful Joy diſplay ;  
" Inſulting, if they ſee my Foot  
" but once to go aſtray."
- 17 And with continual Grief oppreſs'd,  
to ſink I now begin :

- 18 To Thee, O Lord, I will confess,  
to Thee bewail my Sin.
- 19 But whilst I languish, my proud Foes  
their Strength and Vigour boast ;  
And they who hate me without Cause,  
are grown a dreadful Host.
- 20 Ev'n they whom I oblig'd, return  
my Kindness with Despite ;  
And are my Enemies, because  
I choose the Path that's right.
- 21 Forsake me not, O Lord my God,  
nor far from me depart ;
- 22 Make haste to my Relief, O Thou,  
who my Salvation art.

## P S A L M XXXIX.

- 1 **R**esolv'd to watch o'er all my Ways,  
I kept my Tongue in Awe ;  
I curb'd my hasty Words, when I  
the prosp'rous Wicked saw.
- 2 Like one that's dumb, I silent stood,  
and did my Tongue refrain  
From good Discourse ; but that Restraint  
increas'd my inward Pain.
- 3 My Heart did glow, which working Thoughts  
did hot and restless make ;  
And warm Reflections fann'd the Fire,  
till thus at length I spake :
- 4 Lord, let me know my Term of Days,  
how soon my Life will end :  
The wond'rous Train of Ills disclose,  
which this frail State attend.
- 5 My Life, thou know'st, is but a Span ;  
a Cypher sums my Years ;  
And ev'ry Man in best Estate,  
but Vanity appears.
- 6 Man, like a Shadow vainly walks,  
with fruitless Cares oppress'd :  
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell  
by whom 'twill be possess'd.

- 7 Why then should I on worthless Toys,  
with anxious Care, attend?  
On Thee alone my stedfast Hope  
shall ever, Lord, depend.
- 8, 9 Forgive my Sins; nor let me scorn'd  
by foolish Sinners be;  
For I was dumb and murmur'd not,  
because 'twas done by Thee.
- 10 The dreadful Burthen of thy Wrath  
in Mercy soon remove;  
Lest my frail Flesh too weak to bear  
the heavy Load should prove.
- 11 For when Thou chast'nest Man for Sin,  
Thou mak'st his Beauty fade  
(So vain a Thing is he!) like Cloth  
by fretting Moths decay'd.
- > 12 Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears,  
and listen to my Pray'r,  
Who sojourn like a Stranger here,  
as all my Fathers were.
- > 13 O! spare me yet a little Time;  
my wasted Strength restore,  
Before I vanish quite from hence,  
and shall be seen no more.

## P S A L M XL.

- 1 **I** Waited meekly for the Lord,  
till He vouchsaf'd a kind Reply;  
Who did his gracious Ear afford,  
and heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.
- 2 He took me from the dismal Pit,  
when founder'd deep in miry Clay;  
On solid Ground he plac'd my Feet,  
and suffer'd not my Steps to stray.
- 3 The Wonders he for me has wrought,  
shall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praise;  
And others to his Worship brought,  
to Hopes of like Deliv'rance raise.
- 4 For Blessings shall that Man reward,  
who on th' Almighty Lord relies;

Who



- Who treats the Proud with Disregard,  
and hates the Hypocrite's Disguise.  
5 Who can the wond'rous Works recount,  
which Thou, O God, for us hast wrought?  
The Treasures of thy Love surmount,  
the Pow'r of Numbers, Speech, and Thought.  
6 I've learnt, that Thou hast not desir'd  
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone ;  
Nor Blood of guiltless Beasts requir'd,  
for Man's Transgression to atone.  
7 I therefore come—come to fulfil  
the Oracles thy Books impart.  
8 'Tis my Delight to do thy Will ;  
thy Law is written in my Heart.

## P A R T II.

- 9 In full Assemblies I have told  
thy Truth and Righteousness at large ;  
Nor did, Thou know'st, my Lips with-hold  
from utt'ring what thou gav'st in Charge :  
10 Nor kept within my Breast confin'd  
thy Faithfulness, and saving Grace ;  
But preach'd thy Love, for All design'd,  
that All might That, and Truth embrace.  
11 Then let those Mercies I declar'd  
to others, Lord, extend to me :  
Thy Loving-kindness my Reward,  
thy Truth my safe Protection be.  
12 For I with Troubles am distress'd,  
too vast and numberless to bear ;  
Nor less with Loads of Guilt oppress'd,  
that plunge and sink me to Despair.  
As soon, alas ! I may recount  
the Hairs on this afflicted Head ;  
My vanquish'd Courage they surmount,  
and fill my drooping Soul with Dread.

## P A R T III.

- 13 But, Lord, to my Relief draw near ;  
for never was more pressing Need :

- In my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,  
and add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
- 14 Confusion on their Heads return,  
who to destroy my Soul combine ;  
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,  
ensnar'd in their own vile Design.
- 15 Their Doom let Desolation be,  
with Shame their Malice be repaid,  
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,  
and Sport of my Affliction made :
- 16 While those who humbly seek thy Face,  
to joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd ;  
And all who prize thy saving Grace,  
with me resound, The Lord be prais'd.
- 17 Thus, wretched tho' I am, and poor,  
of me th' Almighty Lord takes Care :  
Thou, God, who only canst restore,  
to my Relief with Speed repair.

## P S A L M XLI.

- 1 **H**appy the Man, whose tender Care  
relieves the Poor distress'd !  
When he's by Troubles compass'd round,  
the Lord shall give him Rest.
- 2 The Lord his Life, with Blessings crown'd,  
in Safety shall prolong ;  
And disappoint the Will of those  
that seek to do him Wrong.
- 3 If he in languishing Estate,  
oppress'd with Sicknefs, lie ;  
The Lord will easy make his Bed,  
and inward Strength supply.
- 4 Secure of this, to Thee, my God,  
I thus my Pray'r address'd :  
“ Lord, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,  
tho' I have much transgress'd.”
- 5 My cruel Foes, with sland'ring Word,  
attempt to wound thy Fame :  
“ When shall he die (say they), and Men  
“ forget his very Name ?”

- 6 Suppose they formal Visits make,  
 'tis all but empty Show :  
 They gather Mischief in their Hearts,  
 and vent it where they go.
- 7, 8 With private Whispers, such as these,  
 to hurt me they devise :  
 " A sore Disease afflicts him now ;  
 " he's fall'n, no more to rise."
- 9 My own familiar Bosom-friend,  
 on whom I most rely'd,  
 Has me, whose daily Guest he was,  
 with open Scorn defy'd.
- 10 But Thou my sad and wretched State,  
 in Mercy, Lord, regard ;  
 And raise me up, that all their Crimes  
 may meet their just Reward.
- 11 By this I know, thy gracious Ear  
 is open when I call ;  
 Because Thou suffer'st not my Foes  
 to triumph in my Fall.
- 12 Thy tender Care secures my Life  
 from Danger and Disgrace ;  
 And Thou vouchsaf'st to set me still  
 before thy glorious Face.
- 13 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God  
 from Age to Age be blest ;  
 And all the Peoples glad Applause  
 with loud Amens express.

## P S A L M XLII.

- 1 **A**S pants the Hart for cooling Streams,  
 when heated in the Chace ;  
 So longs my Soul, O God, for Thee,  
 and thy refreshing Grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,  
 my thirsty Soul doth pine :  
 O ! when shall I behold thy Face,  
 Thou Majesty Divine ?
- 3 Tears are my constant Food, while thus  
 insulting Foes upbraid :

" De-



- “ Deluded Wretch ! where’s now thy God ?  
“ and where his promis’d Aid ? ”
- 4 I sigh whene’er my musing Thoughts  
those happy Days present,  
When I with Troops of pious Friends  
thy Temple did frequent ;  
When I advanc’d with Songs of Praise,  
my solemn Vows to pay ;  
And led the joyful sacred Throng,  
that kept the Festal Day.
- 5 Why restless, why cast down, my Soul ?  
Trust God ; and He’ll employ  
His Aid for thee, and change these Sighs  
to thankful Hymns of Joy.
- 6 My Soul’s cast down, O God ; but thinks  
on Thee and Sion still ;  
From Jordan’s Banks, from Hermon’s Heights,  
and Miffar’s humbler Hill.
- 7 One Trouble calls another on ;  
and, bursting o’er my Head,  
Fall spouting down, till round my Soul  
a roaring Sea is spread.
- 8 But when thy Presence, Lord of Life,  
has once dispell’d this Storm,  
To thee I’ll Midnight Anthems sing,  
and all my Vows perform.
- 9 God of my Strength, how long shall I,  
like one forgotten, mourn,  
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos’d  
to my Oppressors Scorn !
- 10 My Heart is pierc’d, as with a Sword,  
whilst thus my Foes upbraid,  
“ Vain Boaster, where is now thy God ?  
“ and where his promis’d Aid ? ”
- 11 Why restless, why cast down, my Soul ?  
Hope still : and thou shalt sing  
The praise of him who is thy God,  
thy Health’s eternal Spring.

## P S A L M XLIII.

- 1 **J**UST Judge of Heav'n, against my Foes  
do Thou assert my injur'd Right:  
O! set me free, my God, from those  
that in Deceit and Wrong delight.
- 2 Since Thou art still my only Stay,  
why leav'st Thou me in deep Distress?  
Why go I mourning all the Day,  
whilst me insulting Foes oppress?
- 3 Let me with Light and Truth be blest;  
be these my Guides, and lead the Way,  
Till on thy holy Hill I rest,  
and in thy sacred Temple pray.
- 4 Then will I there fresh Altars raise  
to God, who is my only Joy;  
And well tun'd Harps, with Songs of Praise,  
shall all my grateful Hours employ.
- 5 Why then cast down, my Soul? and why  
so much oppress'd with anxious Care?  
On God, thy God, for Aid rely;  
who will thy ruin'd State repair.

## P S A L M XLIV.

- 1 **O** LORD, our Fathers oft have tell  
in our attentive Ears,  
Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,  
and elder Times than theirs.
- 2 How Thou, to plant them here, didst drive  
the Heathen from this Land,  
Dispeopled by repeated Strokes  
of thy avenging Hand.
- 3 For not their Courage, nor their Sword,  
to them Possession gave;  
Nor Strength, that from unequal Force,  
their fainting Troops could save;  
But thy Right-hand, and pow'rful Arm,  
whose Succour they implor'd;  
Thy Presence with the chosen Race,  
who thy great Name ador'd.

- 4 As Thee their God our Fathers own,  
 Thou art our Sov'reign King ;  
 O ! therefore, as Thou didst to them,  
 to us Deliv'rance bring !
- 5 Thro' thy victorious Name, our Arms  
 the proudest Foe shall quell ;  
 And crush them with repeated Strokes,  
 as oft as they rebel.
- 6 I'll neither trust my Bow nor Sword,  
 when I in Fight engage ;
- 7 But Thee, who hast our Foes subdu'd,  
 and sham'd their spiteful Rage.
- 8 To Thee the Triumph we ascribe,  
 from whence the Conquest came :  
 In God we will rejoice all Day,  
 and ever bless his Name.

## P A R T II.

- 9 But Thou hast cast us off ; and now  
 most shamefully we yield ;  
 For Thou no more vouchsaf'st to lead  
 our Armies to the Field.
- 10 Since when to ev'ry upstart Foe  
 we turn our Backs in Fight ;  
 And with our Spoil their Malice feast,  
 who bear us antient Spite.
- 11 To Slaughter doom'd, we fall, like Sheep,  
 into their butch'ring Hands ;  
 Or (what's more wretched yet) survive,  
 dispers'd thro' Heathen Lands.
- 12 Thy People thou hast sold for Slaves ;  
 and set their Price so low,  
 That not thy Treasure, by the Sale,  
 but their Disgrace, may grow ;
- 13, 14 Reproach'd by all the Nations round,  
 the Heathens By-word grown ;  
 Whose Scorn of us is both in Speech,  
 and mocking Gestures, shown.
- 15 Confusion strikes me blind ; my Face  
 in conscious Shame I hide ;

16 While



16 While we are scoff'd, and God blasphem'd  
by their licentious Pride.

P A R T III.

17 On us this Heap of Woes is fall'n ;  
all this we have endur'd ;  
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name,  
or Faith to Thee abjur'd :

18 But in thy righteous Paths have kept  
our Hearts and Steps with Care ;

19 Tho' Thou hast broken all our Strength,  
and we almost despair.

20 Could we, forgetting thy great Name,  
on other Gods rely,

21 And not the Searcher of all Hearts  
the treach'rous Crime descry ?

22 Thou see'st what Suff'rings, for thy Sake,  
we ev'ry Day sustain ;

All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like Sheep  
appointed to be slain.

23 Awake, arise ; let seeming Sleep  
no longer Thee detain ;

Nor let us, Lord, who sue to Thee,  
for ever sue in vain.

24 O ! wherefore hidest Thou thy Face  
from our afflicted State,

25 Whose Souls and Bodies sink to Earth,  
with Grief's oppressive Weight.

26 Arise, O Lord, and timely Haste  
to our Deliv'rance make :

Redeem us, Lord ; if not for ours,  
yet for thy Mercies sake.

P S A L M XLV.

1 **W**HILE I the King's loud Praise rehearse,  
indited by my Heart,

My Tongue is like the Pen of him  
that writes with ready Art.

2 How matchless is thy Form, O King !  
thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows ;

F

Because

Because fresh Blessings God on thee  
eternally bestows.

3 Gird on thy Sword, most mighty Prince ;  
and, clad in rich Array,  
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,  
majestic Pomp display.

4 Ride on in State, and still protect  
the Meek, the Just, and True ;  
Whilst thy Right-hand, with swift Revenge  
does all thy Foes pursue.

5 How sharp thy Weapons are to them  
that dare thy Pow'r oppose !  
Down, down they fall, while thro' their Heart  
the feather'd Arrow goes.

6 But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd,  
for ever to endure :

Thy Sceptre's Sway shall always last,  
by righteous Laws secure.

7 Because thy Heart, by Justice led,  
did upright Ways approve,  
And hated still the crooked Paths,  
where wand'ring Sinners rove ;  
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee  
the Oil of Gladness shed ;  
And has, above thy Fellows round,  
advanc'd thy lofty Head.

8 With Cassia, Aloes, and Myrrh,  
thy royal Robes abound ;  
Which, from the stately Wardrobe brought,  
spread grateful Odours round.

9 Among the honourable Train  
did princely Virgins wait ;  
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-hand,  
in golden Robes of State.

P A R T II.

10 But thou, O royal Bride, give Ear,  
and to my Words attend ;  
Forget thy native Country now,  
and ev'ry former Friend.

- 11 So shall thy Beauty charm the King,  
nor shall his Love decay.  
For he is now become thy Lord:  
to him due Rev'rence pay.
- 12 The Tyrian Matrons, rich and proud,  
shall humble Presents make;  
And all the wealthy Nations sue  
thy Favour to partake.
- 13 The King's fair Daughter's beauteous Soul  
all inward Graces fill:  
Her Raiment is of purest Gold,  
adorn'd with costly Skill.
- 14 She, in her nuptial Garments dress'd,  
with Needles richly wrought,  
Attended by her Virgin Train,  
shall to the King be brought.
- 15 With all the State of solemn Joy,  
the Triumph moves along;  
Till with wide Gates, the royal Court  
receives the pompous Throng.
- 16 Thou, in thy royal Father's Room,  
must princely Sons expect;  
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms may'st send,  
to govern and protect:
- 17 Whilst this my Song to future Times  
transmits thy glorious Name;  
And makes the World with one Consent,  
thy lasting Praise proclaim.

## P S A L M XLVI.

- 1 **G**OD is our Refuge in Distress;  
A present Help, when Dangers press:  
In him, undaunted, we'll confide;
- 2, 3 Tho' Earth were from her Centre tost,  
And Mountains in the Ocean lost,  
torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.
- 4 A gentler Stream with Gladness still  
The City of our Lord shall fill,  
the royal Seat of God most High:



- 4 God dwells in Sion, whose fair Tow'rs  
 Shall mock th' Assaults of earthly Pow'rs,  
 while his Almighty Aid is nigh.
- 6 In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,  
 And Kingdoms War against us wag'd,  
 He thunder'd, and dispers'd their Pow'rs :
- 7 The Lord of Hosts conducts our Arms,  
 Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,  
 our Fathers Guardian God, and ours.
- 8 Come, see the Wonders he has wrought,  
 On Earth what Desolation brought ;
- 9 How he has calm'd the jarring World :  
 He broke the warlike Spear and Bow ;  
 With them their thund'ring Chariots too  
 into devouring Flames were hurl'd.
- 10 Submit to God's Almighty Sway ;  
 For him the Heathen shall obey,  
 and Earth her sov'reign Lord confess :
- 11 The God of Hosts conducts our Arms,  
 Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,  
 as to our Fathers in Distress.

## P S A L M XLVII.

- 1, 2 **O** ALL ye People, clap your Hands,  
 and with triumphant Voices sing :  
 No Force the mighty Pow'r withstands  
 of God, the Universal King.
- 3, 4 He shall opposing Nations quell,  
 and with Success our Battles fight ;  
 Shall fix the Place where we must dwell,  
 the Pride of Jacob, his Delight.
- 5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King,  
 with Shouts of Joy, and Trumpets Sound.  
 To him repeated Praises sing,  
 and let the chearful Song go round.
- 7, 8 Your utmost Skill in Praise be shown,  
 for him, who all the World commands ;  
 Who sits upon his righteous Throne,  
 and spreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.
- 9 Our

9 Our Chiefs, and Tribes, that, far from hence,  
t'adore the God of Abr'am came,  
Found him their constant sure Defence.

How great and glorious is his Name !

## P S A L M XLVIII.

1 **T**HE Lord, the only God, is great,  
and greatly to be prais'd  
In Sion, on whose happy Mount  
his sacred Throne is rais'd.

2 Her Tow'rs, the Joy of all the Earth,  
with beauteous Prospect rise ;  
On her North Side th' Almighty King's  
imperial City lies.

3 God in her Palaces is known :  
his Presence is her Guard :

4 Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,  
and of Success despair'd.

5 They view'd their Walls, admir'd, and fled,  
with Grief and Terror struck ;

6 Like Women, whom the sudden Pangs  
of Travail had o'ertook.

7 No wretched Crew of Mariners  
appear like them forlorn,  
When Fleets from Tarshish' wealthy Coasts  
by Eastern Winds are torn.

8 In Sion we have seen perform'd  
a Work that was foretold,  
In Pledge that God, for Times to come,  
his City will uphold.

9 Not in our Fortresses and Walls  
did we, O God, confide ;  
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,  
in which Thou dost reside.

10 According to thy sov'reign Name,  
thy Praise thro' Earth extends ;  
Thy pow'rful Arm, as Justice guides,  
chastises, or defends.

11 Let Sion's Mount with Joy resound ;  
her Daughters all be taught,

In Songs his Judgments to extol,  
who this Deliv'rance wrought.

12 Compass her Walls in solemn Pomp;  
your Eyes quite round her cast;

Count all her Tow'rs, and see if there  
you find one Stone displac'd,

13 Her Forts and Palaces survey;  
observe their Order well;

That with Assurance, to your Heirs  
this Wonder you may tell.

14 This God is ours, and will be ours,  
whilst we in him confide;

Who as he has preserv'd us now,  
till Death will be our Guide.

P S A L M XLIX.

1, 2 **L**ET all the list'ning World attend,  
and my Instructions hear:

Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor,  
with joint Consent give Ear:

3 My Mouth, with sacred Wisdom fill'd,  
shall good Advice impart;

The sound Result of prudent Thoughts,  
digested in my Heart.

4 To Parables of weighty Sense  
I will my Ear incline;

While to my tuneful Harp I sing  
dark Words of deep Design.

5 Why should my Courage fail, in Times  
of Danger, and of Doubt;

When Sinners, that would me supplant,  
have compass'd me about?

× 6 Those Men, that all their Hope and Trust  
in Heaps of Treasure place,

And boast and triumph, when they see  
their ill-got Wealth increase,

× 7 Are yet unable from the Grave  
their dearest Friend to free;

Nor can, by Force of costly Bribes,  
reverse God's firm Decree.

8, 9 Their



- 8, 9 Their vain Endeavours they must quit ;  
 the Price is held too high :  
 No Sums can purchase such a Grant,  
 that Man should never die.
- 10 Not Wisdom can the Wise exempt,  
 nor Fools their Folly save ;  
 But both must perish ; and, in Death,  
 their Wealth to others leave.
- 11 For tho' they think their stately Seats  
 shall ne'er to Ruin fall ;  
 But their Remembrance last in Lands,  
 which by their Names they call ;
- 12 Yet shall their Fame be soon forgot,  
 how great so'er their State :  
 With Beasts their Memory, and they,  
 shall share one common Fate.

## P A R T II.

- 13 How great their Folly is, who thus  
 absurd Conclusions make !  
 And yet their Children, unreclaim'd,  
 repeat the gross Mistake.
- 14 They all, like Sheep to Slaughter led,  
 the Prey of Death are made ;  
 Their Beauty, while the Just rejoice,  
 within the Grave shall fade.
- 15 But God will yet redeem my Soul ;  
 and from the greedy Grave  
 His greater Pow'r shall set me free,  
 and to himself receive.
- 16 Then fear not thou, when wordly Men  
 in envy'd Wealth abound ;  
 Nor tho' their prosp'rous House increase,  
 with State and Honour crown'd.
- 17 For, when they're summon'd hence by Death,  
 they leave all this behind ;  
 No Shadow of their former Pomp  
 within the Grave they find :
- 18 And yet they thought their State was blest,  
 caught in the Flatterer's Snare ;

Who praises those that slight all else,  
and of themselves take Care.

19 In their Forefathers Steps they tread ;  
and when, like them, they die,  
Their wretched Ancestors and they  
in endless Darkness lie.

20 For Man, how great foe'er his State,  
unless he's truly wise,  
As like a sensual Beast he lives,  
so, like a Beast, he dies.

## P S A L M L.

1, 2 **T**HE Lord hath spoke; the mighty God  
Hath sent his Summons all abroad,  
from dawning Light, till Day declines:  
The list'ning Earth his Voice hath heard,  
And he from Sion hath appear'd,  
where Beauty in Perfection shines.

3, 4 Our God shall come, and keep no more  
Misconstru'd Silence, as before ;  
but wafting Flames before him send :  
Around shall Tempests fiercely rage,  
While he does Heav'n and Earth engage  
His just Tribunal to attend.

5, 6 Assemble all my Saints to me  
(Thus runs the great divine Decree)  
that in my lasting Cov'nant live ;  
And Off'rings bring, with constant Care,  
(The Heav'ns his Justice shall declare ;  
for God himself shall Sentence give.)

7 Attend, my People : Israel, hear ;  
Thy strong Accuser I'll appear ;  
thy God, thy only God, am I :

8 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,  
Which, daily in my Temple slain,  
my sacred Altar did supply.

9 Will this alone Atonement make ?  
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,  
nor He-goat from thy Fold accept :

10 The

- 10 The Forest Beasts, that range alone,  
The Cattle too, are all my own,  
that on a thousand Hills are kept.
- 11 I know the Fowls, that build their Nests  
In craggy Rocks; and savage Beasts,  
that loosely haunt the open Fields:
- 12 If seiz'd with Hunger I could be,  
I need not seek Relief from thee,  
since the World's mine, and all it yields.
- 13 Think'st thou that I have any Need  
On slaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,  
to eat their Flesh, and drink their Blood?
- 14 The Sacrifices I require,  
Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inspire,  
and Vows with strictest Care made good.
- 15 In time of Trouble call on me,  
And I will set thee safe and free;  
and thou Returns of Praise shalt make.
- 16 But to the Wicked thus saith God,  
How dar'st thou teach my Laws abroad,  
or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take?
- 17 For stubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,  
Hast Proof against Instruction been,  
and of my Word didst lightly speak:
- 18 When thou a subtil Thief didst see,  
Thou gladly with him didst agree,  
and with Adult'ers didst partake.
- 19 Vile Slander is thy chief Delight,  
Thy Tongue, by Envy mov'd, and Spite,  
deceitful Tales does hourly spread:
- 20 Thou dost with hateful Scandals wound  
Thy Brother, and with Lyes confound  
the Offspring of thy Mother's Bed.
- 21 These Things didst thou, whom still I strove  
To gain with Silence, and with Love;  
till thou didst wickedly surmise,  
That I was such a one as thou:  
But I'll reprove and shame thee now,  
and set thy Sins before thine Eyes.



- 22 Mark this, ye wicked Fools, lest I  
 Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,  
 while none shall dare your Cause to own :  
 23 Who praises me, due Honour gives ;  
 And to the Man that justly lives,  
 my strong Salvation shall be shown.

## P S A L M LI.

- × 1 **H**AVE Mercy, Lord, on me,  
 as Thou wert ever kind ;  
 Let me, oppress'd with Loads of Guilt,  
 thy wonted Mercy find.  
 2, 3 Wash off my foul Offence,  
 and cleanse me from my Sin ;  
 For I confess my Crime, and see  
 how great my Guilt has been.  
 4 Against Thee, Lord, alone,  
 and only in thy Sight,  
 Have I transgress'd ; and, tho' condemn'd,  
 must own thy Judgments right.  
 5 In Guilt each Part was form'd  
 of all this sinful Frame ;  
 In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born  
 the Heir of Sin and Shame.  
 6 Yet Thou, whose Searching Eye  
 does inward Truth require,  
 In secret didst with Wisdom's Laws  
 my tender Soul inspire.  
 7 With Hyssop purge me, Lord ;  
 and so I clean shall be :  
 I shall with Snow in Whiteness vie,  
 when purify'd by Thee.  
 8 Make me to hear with Joy  
 thy kind forgiving Voice ;  
 That so my Bones which Thou hast broke,  
 may with fresh Strength rejoice.  
 9, 10 Blot out my crying Sins,  
 nor me in Anger view ;  
 Create in me a Heart that's clean ;  
 an upright Mind renew,

PART II.

- 11 Withdraw not Thou thy Help,  
nor cast me from thy Sight;  
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take  
its everlasting Flight.
- 12 The Joy thy Favour gives,  
let me again obtain;  
And let thy Spirit's firm Support  
my fainting Soul sustain.
- 13 So I thy righteous Ways  
to Sinners will impart;  
Whilst my Advice shall wicked Men  
to thy just Laws convert.
- 14 My Guilt of Blood remove,  
my Saviour, and my God;  
And my glad Tongue shall loudly tell  
thy righteous Acts abroad.
- 15 Do Thou unlock my Lips,  
with Sorrow clos'd, and Shame;  
So shall my Mouth thy wond'rous Praise  
to all the World proclaim.
- 16 Could Sacrifice atone  
whole Flocks and Herds should die;  
But on such Off'rings Thou disdain'st  
to cast a gracious Eye.
- 17 A broken Spirit is  
by God most highly priz'd;  
By him, a broken contrite Heart  
shall never be despis'd.
- 18 Let Sion, Lord, thy Favour find,  
of thy Good-will assur'd:  
And thy own City flourish long,  
by lofty Walls secur'd.
- 19 The Just shall then attend,  
and pleasing Tribute pay;  
And Sacrifice of choicest Kind  
upon thy Altar lay.

## P S A L M LII.

- 1 **I**N vain, O Man of lawless Might,  
 thou boast'st thyself in Ill ;  
 Since God, the God in whom I trust,  
 vouchsafes his Favour still.
- 2 Thy wicked Tongue does stand'rous Tales  
 maliciously devise,  
 And, sharper than a Razor set,  
 it wounds with treach'rous Lyes.
- 3, 4 Thy Thoughts are more on Ill, than Good,  
 on Lyes, than Truth, employ'd ;  
 Thy Tongue delights in Words by which  
 the Guiltless are destroy'd.
- 5 God shall for ever blast thy Hopes,  
 and snatch thee soon away ;  
 Nor in thy Dwelling-place permit,  
 nor in the World to stay.
- 6 The Just, with pious Fear, shall see  
 the Downfal of thy Pride ;  
 And at thy sudden Ruin laugh,  
 and thus thy Fall deride :
- 7 " See there the Man that haughty was,  
 " who proudly God defy'd,  
 " Who trusted in his Wealth, and still  
 " on wicked Arts rely'd."
- 8 But I am like those Olive-plants  
 that shade God's Temple round ;  
 And hope with his indulgent Grace  
 to be for ever crown'd.
- 9 So shall my Soul with Praise, O God,  
 extol thy wond'rous Love ;  
 And on thy Name with Patience wait ;  
 for this thy Saints approve.

## P S A L M LIII.

- 1 **T**HE wicked Fools must sure suppose,  
 that God is but a Name :  
 This gross Mistake their Practice shows,  
 since Virtue all disclaim.



- 2 The Lord look'd down from Heavens high  
the Sons of Men to view, [Tow'r,  
To see if any own'd his Pow'r,  
or Truth or Justice knew.
- 3 But all, he saw, were backward gone,  
degen'rate grown and base ;  
None for Religion car'd, not one  
of all the sinful Race.
- 4 But are those Workers of Deceit  
so dull and senseless grown,  
That they like Bread my People eat,  
and God's just Pow'r disown ?
- 5 Their causeless Fears shall strangely grow ;  
and they, despis'd of God,  
Shall soon be foil'd : His Hand shall throw  
their shatter'd Bones abroad.
- 6 Would he his saving Pow'r employ  
to break our servile Band,  
Loud Shouts of universal Joy  
should echo thro' the Land.

## P S A L M LIV.

- 1, 2 **L**ORD, save me, for thy glorious Name ;  
and in thy Strength appear ;  
To judge my Cause ; accept my Pray'r,  
and to my Words give Ear.
- 3 Mere Strangers, whom I never wrong'd,  
to ruin me design'd ;  
And cruel Men, that fear no God,  
against my Soul combin'd.
- 4, 5 But God takes part with all my Friends ;  
and he's the surest Guard :  
The God of Truth shall give my Foes  
their Falshood's just Reward.
- 6 While I my grateful Off'rings bring,  
and sacrifice with Joy ;  
And in his Praise my Time to come  
delightfully employ.
- 7 From dreadful Danger and Distress  
the Lord hath set me free :

Thro'

Thro' him, shall I of all my Foes  
the just Destruction see.

## P S A L M LV.

1 **G**IVE Ear, Thou Judge of all the Earth,  
and listen when I pray ;  
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn  
thy glorious Face away.

2 Attend to this my sad Complaint,  
and hear my grievous Moans ;  
Whilst I my mournful Case declare,  
with artless Sighs and Groans.

3 Hark how the Foe insults aloud !  
how fierce Oppressors rage !  
Whose stand'rous Tongues, with wrathful Hate  
against my Fame engage.

4, 5 My Heart is rack'd with Pain ; my Soul  
with deadly Frights distress'd ;  
With Fear and Trembling compass'd round,  
with Horror quite oppress'd.

6 How often wish'd I then, that I  
the Dove's swift Wings could get ;  
That I might take my speedy Flight,  
and seek a safe Retreat.

7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence ;  
and in wild Desarts stray,  
Till all this furious Storm were spent,  
this Tempest past away.

## P A R T II.

9 Destroy, O Lord, their ill Designs,  
their Counsels soon divide ;  
For, through the City, my griev'd Eyes  
have Strife and Rapine spy'd.

10 By Day and Night, on ev'ry Wall  
they walk their constant Round ;  
And, in the midst of all her Strength,  
are Grief and Mischief found.

11 Whoe'er thro' ev'ry Part shall roam,  
will fresh Disorders meet,

Deceit

Deceit and Guile their constant Posts  
maintain in ev'ry Street.

- 12 For 'twas not any open Foe,  
that false Reflections made ;  
For then I could with Ease have borne  
the bitter Things he said :  
'Twas none who Hatred had profess'd,  
that did against me rise ;  
For then I had withdrawn myself  
from his malicious Eyes.
- 13, 14 But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide, my Friend,  
whom tend'rest Love did join ;  
Whose sweet Advice I valu'd most,  
whose Pray'rs were mix'd with mine.
- 15 Sure, Vengeance, equal to their Crimes,  
such Traitors must surprise,  
And sudden Death requite those Ills  
they wickedly devise.
- 16, 17 But I will call on God, who still  
shall in my Aid appear :  
At Morn, and Noon, and Night, I'll pray ;  
and he my Voice shall hear.

*P A R T III.*

- 18 God has releas'd my Soul from those  
that did with me contend ;  
And made a num'rous Host of Friends  
my righteous Cause defend.
- 19 For he, who was my Help of old,  
shall now his Suppliant hear ;  
And punish them, whose prosp'rous State  
makes them no God to fear.
- 20 Whom can I trust, if faithless Men  
perfidiously devise  
To ruin me, their peaceful Friend,  
and break the strongest Ties ?
- 21 Tho' soft and melting are their Words,  
their Hearts with War abound :  
Their Speeches are more smooth than Oil,  
and yet like Swords they wound.



- 22 Do thou, my Soul, on God depend,  
and he shall thee sustain :  
He aids the Just, whom to supplant  
the Wicked strive in vain.
- 23 My Foes, that trade in Lyes and Blood,  
shall all untimely die ;  
Whilst I, for Health and Length of Days,  
on Thee, my God, rely.

## P S A L M LVI.

- 1 **D**O Thou, O God, in Mercy help ;  
for Man my Life pursues :  
To crush me with repeated Wrongs,  
he daily Strife renews.
- 2 Continually my spiteful Foes  
to ruin me combine ;  
Thou seest, who sitt'st inthron'd on High,  
what mighty Numbers join.
- 3 But, tho' sometimes surpriz'd by Fear  
(on Danger's first Alarm) ;  
Yet still for Succour I depend  
on thy Almighty Arm.
- 4 God's faithful Promise I shall praise,  
on which I now rely :  
In God I trust, and trusting him,  
the Arm of Flesh defy.
- 9 They wrest my Words, and make them speak  
a Sense they never meant :  
Their Thoughts are all, with restless Spite,  
on my Destruction bent.
- 6 In close Assemblies they combine,  
and wicked Projects lay :  
They watch my Steps, and lie in wait  
to make my Soul their Prey.
- 7 Shall such Injustice still escape  
O righteous God, arise ;  
Let thy just Wrath (too long provok'd)  
this impious Race chastise.
- 8 Thou numb'rest all my wand'ring Steps,  
since first compell'd to flee :

My

- My very Tears are treasur'd up,  
and register'd by Thee.
- 9 When therefore I invoke thy Aid,  
my Foes shall be o'erthrown ;  
For I am well assur'd, that God  
my righteous Cause will own.
- 10, 11 I'll trust God's Word, and so despise  
the Force that Man can raise ;
- 12 To Thee, O God, my Vows are due ;  
to Thee I'll render Praise.
- 13 Thou hast retriev'd my Soul from Death ;  
and Thou wilt still secure  
The Life Thou hast so oft preserv'd,  
and make my Footsteps sure.  
That thus protect'd by thy Pow'r,  
I may this Light enjoy ;  
And in the Service of my God  
my lengthen'd Days employ.

## P S A L M LVII.

- 1 **T**HY Mercy, Lord, to me extend :  
On thy Protection I depend ;  
And to thy Wing for Shelter haste,  
Till this outrageous Storm is past.
- 2 To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,  
Thou Sov'reign Judge, and God most High,  
Who Wonders hast for me begun,  
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.
- 3 From Heav'n protect me by thy Arm,  
And shame all those who seek my Harm :  
To my Relief thy Mercy send,  
And Truth, on which my Hopes depend.
- 4 For I with savage Men converse,  
Like hungry Lions wild and fierce ;  
With Men whose Teeth are Spears, their Words  
Invenom'd Darts, and two-edg'd Swords.
- 5 Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;  
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,  
So let it be on Earth display'd ;  
Till Thou art here, as there obey'd.

6 To take me, they their Net prepar'd,  
And had almost my Soul ensnar'd;  
But fell themselves, by just Decree,  
Into the Pit they made for me.

7 O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,  
Its thankful Tribute to present;  
And, with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise  
To Thee, my God, in Songs of Praise.

8 Awake, my Glory; Harp and Lute,  
No longer let your Strings be mute:  
And I, my tuneful Part to take,  
Will with the early Dawn awake.

9 Thy Praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the list'ning Nations round:

10 Thy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends;  
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.

11 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;  
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,  
So let it be on Earth display'd;  
Till Thou art here, as there obey'd.

## P S A L M LVIII.

1 **S**PEAK, O ye Judges of the Earth,  
if just your Sentence be;  
Or must not Innocence appeal  
to Heav'n, from your Decree?

2 Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are  
alike by Malice sway'd;  
Your griping Hands, by weighty Bribes,  
to Violence betray'd.

3 To Virtue Strangers from the Womb,  
their Infant Steps went wrong:  
They prattled Slander, and in Lyes  
employ'd their lisping Tongue.

4 No Serpent of parch'd Afric's Breed  
does ranker Poison bear;  
The drowsy Adder will as soon  
unlock his sullen Ear.

5 Unmov'd by good Advice, and deaf  
as Adders they remain;

From



- From whom the skilful Charmer's Voice  
can no Attention gain.
- 6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning Rage,  
and timely break their Pow'r:  
Disarm these growing Lion's Jaws,  
ere practis'd to devour.
- 7 Let now their Insolence at Height,  
like ebbing Tides be spent;  
Their shiver'd Darts deceive their Aim,  
when they their Bow have bent.
- 8 Like Snails, let them dissolve to Slime;  
like hasty Births become,  
Unworthy to behold the Sun,  
and dead within the Womb.
- 9 Ere Thorns can make the Flesh-pots boil,  
tempestuous Wrath shall come  
From God, and snatch them hence alive  
to their eternal Doom.
- 10 The Righteous shall rejoice to see  
their Crimes such Vengeance meet;  
And Saints in Persecutors Blood  
shall dip their harmless Feet.
- 11 Transgressors then, with Grief shall see  
just Men Rewards obtain;  
And own a God, whose Justice will  
the guilty Earth arraign.

## P S A L M LIX.

- 1 **D**ELIVER me, O Lord my God,  
from all my spiteful Foes;  
In my Defence oppose thy Pow'r  
to theirs who me oppose.
- 2 Preserve me from a wicked Race,  
who make a Trade of Ill;  
Protect me from remorseless Men,  
who seek my Blood to spill.
- 3 They lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs  
against my Life combine,  
Implacable; yet, Lord, Thou know'st,  
for no Offence of mine.

- 4 In Haste they run about and watch  
my guiltless Life to take :  
Look down, O Lord, on my Distress,  
and to my Help awake.
- 5 Thou, Lord of Hosts, and Israel's God ;  
their Heathen Rage suppress ;  
Relentless Vengeance take on those  
who stubbornly transgress.
- 6 At Ev'ning, to beset my House,  
like growling Dogs they meet ;  
While others through the City range,  
and ransack ev'ry Street.
- 7 Their Throats invenom'd Slander breathe ;  
their Tongues are sharpen'd Swords :  
" Who hears ? (say they) or, hearing, dares  
" reprove our lawless Words ?"
- 8 But from thy Throne Thou shalt, O Lord,  
their baffled Plots deride ;  
And soon to Scorn and Shame expose  
their boasted Heathen Pride.
- X 9 On Thee I wait ; 'tis on thy Strength  
for Succour I depend :  
'Tis Thou, O God, art my Defence,  
who only canst defend.
- 10 Thy Mercy, Lord, which has so oft  
from Danger set me free,  
Shall crown my Wishes, and subdue  
my haughty Foes to me.
- 11 Destroy them not, O Lord, at once ;  
restrain thy vengeful Blow ;  
Lest we, ungratefully, too soon  
forget their Overthrow.  
Disperse them through the Nations round,  
by thy avenging Pow'r :  
Do Thou bring down their haughty Pride,  
O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.
- 12 Now, in the Height of all their Hopes,  
their Arrogance chastise ;
- Whose

- Whose Tongues have sinn'd without Restraint,  
and Curses join'd with Lyes.
- 13 Nor shalt Thou, whilst their Race endures,  
thine Anger, Lord, suppress;  
That distant Lands, by their just Doom,  
may Israel's God confess.
- 14 At Ev'ning let them still persist,  
like growling Dogs to meet;  
Still wander all the City round,  
and traverse ev'ry Street.
- 15 Then, as for Malice now they do,  
for Hunger let them stray;  
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,  
defeated of their Prey.
- ✓ 16 Whilst early I thy Mercy sing,  
thy wond'rous Pow'r confess;  
For Thou hast been my sure Defence,  
my Refuge in Distress.
- 17 To Thee, with never-ceasing Praise,  
O God, my Strength, I'll sing:  
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence  
my Health and Safety spring.

## P S A L M LX.

- 1 **O** GOD, who hast our Troops dispers'd,  
Forfaking those who left Thee first;  
As we thy just Displeasure mourn;  
To us, in Mercy, Lord, return.
- 2 Our Strength, that firm as Earth did stand,  
Is rent by thy avenging Hand:  
O! heal the Breaches Thou hast made:  
We shake, we fall, without thy Aid!
- 3 Our Folly's sad Effects we feel;  
For, drunk with Discord's Cup, we reel.
- 4 But now, for them who Thee rever'd,  
Thou hast thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd.
- 5 Let thy Right-hand thy Saints protect:  
Lord, hear the Pray'rs that we direct.
- 6 The Holy God has spoke; and I,  
O'erjoy'd, on his firm Word rely.



- To Thee in Portions I'll divide  
 Fair Sichem's Soil, Samaria's Pride :  
 To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join,  
 And measure out her Vale by Line.  
 7 Manasseh, Gilead, both subscribe  
 To my Commands, with Ephraim's Tribe ;  
 Ephraim by Arms supports my Cause,  
 And Judah by religious Laws.  
 8 Moab my Slave and Drudge shall be,  
 Nor Edom from my Yoke get free ;  
 Proud Palestine's imperious State  
 Shall humbly on our Triumph wait.  
 9 But who shall quell these mighty Pow'rs,  
 And clear my Way to Edom's Tow'rs ?  
 Or through her guarded Frontiers tread  
 The Path that does to Conquest lead ?  
 10 Ev'n Thou, O God, who hast dispers'd  
 Our Troops (for we forsook Thee first,)   
 Those whom Thou didst in Wrath forsake,  
 Aton'd, Thou wilt victorious make.  
 11 Do Thou our fainting Cause sustain ;  
 For human Succours are but vain.  
 12 Fresh Strength and Courage God bestows :  
 'Tis he treads down our proudest Foes.

## P S A L M LXI.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,  
 which I, oppress'd with Grief,  
 2 From Earth's remotest Parts address  
 To Thee, for kind Relief.  
 O ! lodge me safe, beyond the Reach  
 of persecuting Pow'r ;  
 3 Thou, who so oft from spiteful Foes  
 hast been my sheltring Tow'r.  
 4 So shall I in thy sacred Courts  
 secure from Danger lie ;  
 Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,  
 all future Storms defy.  
 5 In Sign my Vows are heard, once more  
 I o'er thy Chosen reign :

- 6 O! blefs with long and prosp'rous Life  
the King Thou didst ordain.  
7 Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign  
accepted in thy Sight;  
And let thy Truth and Mercy both  
in his Defence unite.  
8 So shall I ever sing thy Praise,  
thy Name for ever blefs;  
Devote my prosp'rous Days to pay  
the Vows of my Distress.

## P S A L M LXII.

- 1, 2 **M**Y Soul for Help on God relies;  
from him alone my Safety flows:  
My Rock, my Health, that Strength supplies,  
to bear the Shock of all my Foes.  
3 How long will ye contrive my Fall,  
which will but hasten on your own!  
You'll totter like a bending Wall,  
or Fence of uncemented Stone.  
4 To make my envy'd Honours less,  
they strive with Lyes, their chief Delight;  
For they, tho' with their Mouths they blefs,  
in private curse with inward Spite.  
5, 6 But thou, my Soul, on God rely;  
on him alone thy Trust repose:  
My Rock and Health will Strength supply,  
to bear the Shock of all my Foes.  
7 God does his saving Health dispense,  
and flowing Blessings daily send:  
He is my Fortrefs and Defence;  
on him my Soul shall still depend.  
8 In him, ye People, always trust;  
before his Throne pour out your Hearts;  
For God, the Merciful and Just,  
his timely Aid to us imparts.  
9 The Vulgar fickle are and frail;  
the Great dissemble and betray;

- And, laid in Truth's impartial Scale,  
 the lightest Things will both outweigh.  
 10 Then trust not in oppressive Ways;  
 by Spoil and Rapine grow not vain;  
 Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increate,  
 be set too much upon your Gain.  
 11 For God has oft his Will express'd,  
 and I this Truth have fully known;  
 To be of boundless Pow'r possess'd,  
 belongs, of Right, to God alone.  
 12 Though Mercy is his darling Grace,  
 in which he chiefly takes Delight;  
 Yet he will all the human Race  
 according to their Works requite.

## P S A L M LXIII.

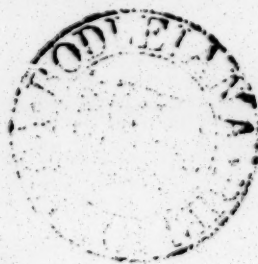
- 1 **O** GOD, my gracious God, to Thee  
 My Morning Pray'rs shall offer'd be;  
 for Thee my thirsty Soul does pant;  
 My fainting Flesh implores thy Grace,  
 within this dry and barren Place,  
 where I refreshing Waters want.  
 2 O! to my longing Eyes, once more,  
 That View of glorious Pow'r restore,  
 which thy majestic House displays:  
 3 Because to me thy wond'rous Love  
 Than Life itself does dearer prove,  
 my Lips shall always speak thy Praise.  
 4 My Life, while I that Life enjoy,  
 In blessing God I will employ;  
 with lifted Hands adore his Name:  
 5 My Soul's Content shall be as great  
 As theirs who choicest Dainties eat,  
 while I with Joy his Praise proclaim.  
 6 When down I lie, sweet Sleep to find,  
 Thou, Lord, art present to my Mind;  
 and when I wake in Dead of Night,  
 7 Because Thou still dost Succour bring,  
 Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing  
 I rest with Safety and Delight.



- 8 My Soul, when Foes would me devour,  
Cleaves fast to Thee, whose matchless Pow'r  
in her Support is daily shown :
- 9 But those the righteous Lord shall slay,  
That my Destruction wish ; and they  
that seek my Life, shall lose their own.
- 10, 11 They by untimely Ends shall die,  
Their Flesh a Prey to Foxes lie ;  
but God shall fill the King with Joy :  
Who swears by Thee shall still rejoice ;  
Whilst the false Tongue, and lying Voice,  
Thou, Lord, shalt silence and destroy.

## P S A L M LXIV.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint,  
to my Request give Ear :  
Preserve my Life from cruel Foes,  
and free my Soul from Fear.
- 2 O ! hide me, with thy tend'rest Care,  
in some secure Retreat,  
From Sinners that against me rise ;  
and all their Plots defeat.
- 3 See how, intent to work my Harm,  
they whet their Tongues like Swords ;  
And bend their Bows to shoot their Darts,  
sharp Lyes, and bitter Words.
- 4 Lurking in private, at the Just  
they take their secret Aim ;  
And suddenly at him they shoot,  
quite void of Fear and Shame.
- 5 To carry on their ill Designs  
they mutually agree ;  
They speak of laying private Snares,  
and think that none shall see.
- 6 With utmost Diligence and Care  
their wicked Plots they lay :  
The deep Designs of all their Hearts  
are only to betray.
- 7 But God, to Anger justly mov'd,  
his dreadful Bow shall bend,



And

And on his flying Arrow's Point  
shall swift Destruction send.

8 Those Slanders which their Mouths did vent,  
upon themselves shall fall :

Their Crimes, disclos'd, shall make them be  
despis'd and shunn'd by all.

9 The World shall then God's Pow'r confess;  
and Nations trembling stand ;

Convinc'd, that 'tis the mighty Work  
of his avenging Hand :

10 Whilst righteous Men, by God secur'd,  
in him shall gladly trust ;

And all the list'ning Earth shall hear  
loud Triumphs of the Just.

P S A L M LXV.

1 **F**OR Thee, O God, our constant Praise  
in Sion waits, thy chosen Seat :

Our promis'd Altars there we'll raise,  
and all our zealous Vows complete.

2 O Thou, who to my humble Pray'r  
didst always bend thy list'ning Ear,

To Thee shall all Mankind repair,  
and at thy gracious Throne appear.

3 Our Sins (tho' numberless) in vain  
to stop thy flowing Mercy try ;

Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty Stain,  
and wastest out the Crimson Dye.

4 Blest is the Man, who, near Thee plac'd,  
within thy sacred Dwelling lives !

Whilst we, at humbler Distance taste  
the vast Delights thy Temple gives.

5 By wond'rous Acts, O God, most Just,  
have we thy gracious Answer found :

In Thee remotest Nations trust,  
and those whom stormy Waves surround.

6, 7 God, by his Strength, sets fast the Hills,  
and does his matchless Pow'r engage ;

With which the Sea's loud Waves he stills,  
and angry Clouds tumultuous Rage.

P A R T

## P A R T II.

- 9 Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous Lands dismay,  
 when they thy dreadful Tokens view:  
 With Joy they see the Night and Day  
 each other's Track, by Turns, pursue.
- 9 From out thy unexhausted Store  
 thy Rain relieves the thirsty Ground;  
 Makes Lands that barren were before,  
 with Corn, and useful Fruits, abound.
- 10 On rising Ridges down it pours,  
 and ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills:  
 Thou mak'st them soft with gentle Show'rs,  
 in which a blest Increase distils.
- 11 Thy Goodness does the circling Year  
 with fresh Returns of Plenty crown;  
 And where thy glorious Paths appear,  
 thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatness down.
- 12 They drop on barren Forests, chang'd  
 by them to Pastures fresh and green:  
 The Hills about, in Order rang'd,  
 in beauteous Robes of Joy are seen.
- 13 Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn  
 the chearful Downs; the Valleys bring  
 A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,  
 and seem for Joy, to shout and sing.

## P S A L M LXVI.

- X 1, 2 **L**ET all the Lands, with Shouts of Joy,  
 to God their Voices raise;  
 Sing Psalms, in Honour of his Name,  
 and spread his glorious Praise.
- / 3 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,  
 in all thy Works, art Thou!  
 To thy great Pow'r thy stubborn Foes  
 shall all be forc'd to bow.
- 4 Thro' all the Earth the Nations round  
 shall Thee their God confess:  
 And, with glad Hymns, their awful Dread  
 of thy great Name express.



- 5 O! come, behold the Works of God;  
and then with me, you'll own,  
That he to all the Sons of Men  
has wond'rous Judgments shown.
- 6 He made the Sea become dry Land,  
through which our Fathers walk'd;  
Whilst to each other of his Might  
with Joy his People talk'd.
- 7 He, by his Pow'r, for ever rules;  
his Eyes the World survey:  
Let no presumptuous Man rebel  
against his Sov'reign Sway.

## P A R T II.

- 8, 9 O! all ye Nations, bless our God,  
and loudly speak his Praise;  
Who keeps our Soul alive, and still  
confirms our stedfast Ways.
- 10 For Thou hast try'd us, Lord, as Fire  
does try the precious Ore:
- 11 Thou brought'st us into Streights, where we  
oppressing Burdens bore.
- 12 Insulting Foes did us, their Slaves,  
through Fire and Water chase;  
But yet, at last, thou brought'st us forth  
into a wealthy Place.
- 13 Burnt-off'rings to thy House I'll bring,  
and there my Vows I'll pay;
- 14 Which I with solemn Zeal did make  
in Trouble's dismal Day.
- 15 Then shall the richest Incense smoke,  
the fattest Rams shall fall,  
The choicest Goats from out the Fold,  
and Bullocks from the Stall.
- 16 O! come, all ye that fear the Lord;  
attend with heedful Care,  
Whilst I what God for me has done,  
with grateful Joy, declare.
- 17, 18 As I, before, his Aid implor'd,  
so now I praise his Name;

Who,

Who, if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,  
would all my Prayers disclaim.

19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,  
his gracious Ear did bend ;

And to the Voice of my Request,  
with constant Love, attend.

20 Then bless'd for ever be my God,  
who never, when I pray,  
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,  
nor turns his Face away !

## P S A L M LXVII.

1 **T**O bless thy chosen Race,  
in Mercy, Lord, incline ;  
And cause the Brightness of thy Face  
on all thy Saints to shine ;

2 That so thy wond'rous Way  
may through the World be known ;  
While distant Lands their Tribute pay,  
and thy Salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring Nations join  
to celebrate thy Fame ;  
Let all the World, O Lord, combine  
to praise thy glorious Name.

4 O let them shout and sing,  
dissolv'd in pious Mirth ;  
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
shalt govern all the Earth.

5 Let diff'ring Nations join  
to celebrate thy Fame ;  
Let all the World, O Lord, combine  
to praise thy glorious Name.

6 Then shall the teeming Ground  
a large Increase disclose ;  
And we with Plenty shall be crown'd,  
which God, our God, bestows.

7 Then God upon our Land  
shall constant Blessings show'r ;  
And all the World in Awe shall stand  
of his resistless Pow'r.

## P S A L M LXVIII.

- 1 **L**ET God, the God of Battle, rise,  
 and scatter his presumptuous Foes ;  
 Let shameful Rout their Host surprize,  
 who spitefully his Pow'r oppose.  
 2 As Smoke in Tempests Rage is lost,  
 or Wax into the Furnace cast ;  
 So let their sacrilegious Host  
 before his wrathful Presence waste.  
 3 But let the Servants of his Will  
 his Favour's gentle Beams enjoy :  
 Their upright Hearts let Gladness fill,  
 and chearful Songs their Tongues employ.  
 4 To him your Voice in Anthems raise :  
 JEHOVAH's awful Name he bears :  
 In him rejoice, extol his Praise,  
 who rides upon high-rolling Spheres.  
 5 Him, from his Empire of the Skies,  
 to this low World Compassion draws,  
 The Orphan's Claim to patronize,  
 and judge the injur'd Widow's Cause.  
 6 'Tis God, who from a foreign Soil  
 restores poor Exiles to their Home ;  
 Makes Captives free ; and fruitless Toil  
 their proud Oppressors righteous Doom.  
 7 'Twas so of old, when Thou didst lead  
 in Person, Lord, our Armies forth ;  
 Strange Terrors thro' the Desert spread,  
 Convulsions shook th' astonish'd Earth.  
 8 The breaking Clouds did Rain distil,  
 and Heav'ns high Arches shook with Fear :  
 How then should Sinai's humble Hill  
 of Israel's God the Presence bear ?  
 9 Thy Hand, at famish'd Earth's Complaint,  
 reliev'd her from celestial Stores ;  
 And when thy Heritage was faint,  
 asswag'd the Drought with plenteous Show'rs.  
 10 Where Savages had rang'd before,  
 at Ease Thou mad'st our Tribes reside ;  
 And



And in the Defart, for the Poor,  
thy gen'rous Bounty did provide.

## P A R T II.

- 11 Thou gav'st the Word ; we fally'd forth,  
and in that pow'rful Word o'ercame ;  
Whilst Virgin-troops, with Songs of Mirth,  
in State our Conquest did proclaim.
- 12 Vast Armies, by such Gen'als led,  
as yet had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,  
Forsook their Camp with sudden Dread,  
and to our Women left the Spoil.
- 13 Though Egypt's Drudges you have been,  
your Army's Wings shall shine as bright,  
As Doves in golden Sunshine seen,  
or silver'd o'er with paler Light.
- 14 'Twas so, when God's Almighty Hand  
o'er scatter'd Kings the Conquest won ;  
Our Troops drawn up on Jordan's Strand,  
high Salmon's glitt'ring Snow outshone.
- 15 From thence to Jordan's farther Coast,  
and Bashan's Hill, we did advance :  
No more her Height shall Bashan boast,  
but that she's God's Inheritance.
- 16 But wherefore (tho' the Honour's great)  
should this, O Mountain, swell your Pride ?  
For Sion is his chosen Seat,  
where He for ever will reside.
- 17 His Chariots numberless ; his Pow'rs  
are heav'nly Hosts that wait his Will ;  
His Presence now fills Sion's Tow'rs,  
as once it honour'd Sinai's Hill.
- 18 Ascending high, in Triumph Thou  
Captivity hast captive led ;  
And on thy People didst bestow  
the Spoil of Armies, once their Dread.  
Ev'n Rebels shall partake thy Grace,  
and humble Profelytes repair  
To worship at thy Dwelling-place,  
and all the World pay Homage there.

19 For

- 19 For Benefits each Day bestow'd,  
 be daily his great Name ador'd ;  
 20 Who is our Saviour, and our God,  
 of Life and Death the Sov'reign Lord.  
 21 But Justice for his harden'd Foes  
 proportion'd Vengeance hath decreed,  
 To wound the hoary Head of those  
 who in presumptuous Crimes proceed.  
 22 The Lord has thus in Thunder spoke,  
 " As I subdu'd proud Bashan's King,  
 " Once more I'll break my People's Yoke,  
 " and from the Deep my Servants bring :  
 23 " Their Feet shall with a Crimson Flood  
 " of slaughter'd Foes be cover'd o'er ;  
 " nor Earth receive such impious Blood,  
 " but leave for Dogs th' unhallow'd Gore."

## P A R T III.

- 24 When, marching to thy blest Abode,  
 the wond'ring Multitude survey'd  
 The pompous State of Thee, our God,  
 in Robes of Majesty array'd ;  
 25 Sweet-singing Levites led the Van ;  
 loud Instruments brought up the Rear ;  
 Between both Troops a Virgin Train  
 with Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear :  
 26 This was the Burden of their Song :  
 " in full Assemblies bless the Lord :  
 " All who to Israel's Tribes belong,  
 " the God of Israel's Praise record."  
 27 Nor little Benjamin alone  
 from neighb'ring Bounds did there attend,  
 Nor only Judah's nearer Throne  
 her Counsellors in State did send.  
 But Zebulon's remoter Seat,  
 and Naphtali's more distant Coast,  
 (The grand Procession to complete)  
 sent up their Tribes, a princely Host.

28 Thus

- 28 Thus God to Strength and Union brought  
our Tribes, at Strife till that blest Hour.  
This Work, which Thou, O God, hast wrought,  
confirm with fresh Recruits of Pow'r.
- 29 To visit Salem, Lord, descend,  
and Sion, thy terrestrial Throne ;  
Where Kings with Presents shall attend,  
and Thee with offer'd Crowns atone.
- 30 Break down the Spearmens Ranks, who threat,  
like pamper'd Herds of savage Might :  
Their silver-armour'd Chiefs defeat,  
who in destructive War delight.
- 31 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth  
her Hands, and Afric Homage bring :
- 32 The scatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth  
their common Sov'reign's Praises sing ;
- 33 Who, mounted on the loftiest Sphere  
of antient Heav'n, sublimely rides ;  
From whence his dreadful Voice we hear,  
like that of warring Winds and Tides.
- 34 Ascribe ye Pow'r to God most High :  
of humble Isr'el he takes care ;  
Whose Strength, from out the dusky Sky,  
darts shining Terrors through the Air.
- 35 How dreadful are the sacred Courts,  
where God has fix'd his earthly Throne !  
His Strength his feeble Saints supports.  
to God give Praise, and him alone.

## P S A L M LXIX.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O God, from Waves that roll,  
And press to overwhelm my Soul.
- 2 With painful Steps in Mire I tread,  
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.
- 3 With restless Cries my Spirits faint,  
My Voice is hoarse with long Complaint ;  
My Sight decays with tedious Pain,  
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.



- 4 My Hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few  
Compar'd with Foes that me pursue  
With groundless Hate, grown now of Might,  
To execute their lawless Spite:  
They force me, guiltless to resign;  
As Rapine, what by Right was mine.
- 5 Thou, Lord, my Innocence dost see,  
Nor are my Sins conceal'd from Thee.
- 6 Lord God of Hosts, take timely Care,  
Lest, for my sake, thy Saints despair:
- 7 Since I have suffer'd for thy Name  
Reproach, and hid my Face in Shame;
- 8 A Stranger to my Country grown,  
Nor to my nearest Kindred known;  
A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn  
By Brethren of my Mother born.
- 9 For Zeal to thy lov'd House and Name  
Consumes me like devouring Flame;  
Concern'd at their Affronts to Thee,  
More than at Slanders cast on me.
- 10 My very Tears and Abstinence  
They construe in a spiteful Sense.
- 11 When cloath'd with Sackcloth for their sake,  
They me their common Proverb make.
- 12 Their Judges make my Wrongs their Jest,  
Those Wrongs they ought to have redress'd.  
How should I then expect to be  
From Libels of lewd Drunkards free?
- 13 But, Lord, to Thee I will repair,  
For Help, with humble, timely Pray'r:  
Relieve me from thy Mercy's Store:  
Display thy Truth's preserving Pow'r.
- 14 From threat'ning Dangers me relieve,  
And from the Mire my Feet retrieve;  
From spiteful Foes in Safety keep,  
And snatch me from the raging Deep.
- 15 Controul the Deluge, ere it spread,  
And roll its Waves above my Head:

Nor

- Nor deep Destruction's yawning Pit  
To close her Jaws on me permit.
- 16 Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,  
For thy transcending Goodness' sake ;  
Relieve thy Suppliant once more,  
From thy abounding Mercy's Store.
- 17 Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face :  
Make haste ; for desp'rate is my Case :
- 18 Thy timely Succour interpose,  
And shield me from remorseless Foes.
- 19 Thou know'st what Infamy and Scorn  
I from my Enemies have borne ;  
Nor can their close dissembled Spite,  
Or darkest Plots, escape thy Sight.
- 20 Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart :  
I look'd for some to take my Part,  
To pity or relieve my Pain ;  
But look'd, alas ! for both in vain.
- 21 With Hunger pin'd, for Food I call :  
Instead of Food, they give me Gall :  
And when with Thirst my Spirits sink,  
They give me Vinegar to drink.
- 22 Their Table, therefore, to their Health  
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth ;
- 23 Perpetual Darkness seize their Eyes,  
And sudden Blasts their Hopes surprise.
- 24 On them Thou shalt thy Fury pour,  
Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour ;
- 25 And make their House a dismal Cell,  
Where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell.
- 26 For new Afflictions they procur'd  
For him who had thy Stripes endur'd ;  
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn,  
to bleed afresh, with sharper Scorn.
- 27 Sin shall to Sin their Steps betray,  
Till they to Truth have lost the Way.
- 28 From Life Thou shalt exclude their Soul,  
Nor with the Just their Names enrol.

- 29 But me, howe'er distress'd and poor,  
Thy strong Salvation shall restore.
- 30 Thy Pow'r with Songs I'll then proclaim,  
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.
- 31 Our God shall this more highly prize,  
Than Herds or Flocks in Sacrifice:
- 32 Which humble Saints with Joy shall see,  
And hope for like Redress with me.
- 33 For God regards the Poors Complaint;  
Sets Pris'ners free from close Restraint.
- 34 Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices raise,  
And all the World resound his Praise.
- 35 For God will Sion's Walls erect;  
Fair Judah's Cities He'll protect;  
Till all her scatter'd Sons repair  
To undisturb'd Possession there.
- 36 This Blessing they shall, at their Death,  
To their religious Heirs bequeath;  
And they to endless Ages more,  
Of such as his blest Name adore.

## P S A L M LXX.

- 1 **O** LORD, to my Relief draw near;  
for never was more pressing Need:  
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,  
and add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
- 2 Confusion on their Heads return,  
who to destroy my Soul combine:  
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,  
ensnar'd in their own vile Design.
- 3 Their Doom let Desolation be;  
with Shame their Malice be repaid,  
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,  
and Sport of my Affliction made:
- 4 While those who humbly seek thy Face,  
to joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd;  
And all who prize thy saving Grace,  
with me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.
- 5 Thus wretched now I am, and poor,  
the mighty Lord of me takes Care:

Tho.



Thou, God, who only canst restore,  
to my Relief with Speed repair.

## P S A L M LXXI.

- 1, 2 **I**N Thee I put my stedfast Trust;  
defend me, Lord, from Shame:  
Incline thine Ear, and save my Soul;  
for righteous is thy Name.
- 3 Be thou my strong Abiding-place,  
to which I may resort:  
'Tis thy Decree that keeps me safe;  
Thou art my Rock and Fort.
- 4, 5 From cruel and ungodly Men  
protect and set me free;  
For, from my earliest Youth till now  
my Hope has been in Thee.
- 6 Thy constant Care did safely guard  
my tender infant Days;  
Thou took'st me from my Mother's Womb,  
to sing thy constant Praise.
- 7, 8 While some on me with Wonder gaze,  
thy Hand supports me still:  
Thy Honour, therefore, and thy Praise,  
my Mouth shall always fill.
- 9 Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,  
when I with Age decay:  
Forsake me not, when worn with Years  
my Vigour fades away.
- 10 My Foes, against my Fame and me,  
with crafty Malice speak;  
Against my Soul they lay their Snares,  
and mutual Counsel take.
- 11 "His God, say they, forsakes him now,  
"on whom he did rely:  
"Pursue and take him, whilst no Hope  
"of timely Aid is nigh."
- 12 But Thou, my God, withdraw not far:  
for speedy Help I call;

13 To Shame and Ruin bring my Foes,  
that seek to work my Fall.

14 But as for me, my stedfast Hope  
shall on thy Pow'r depend ;  
And I in grateful Songs of Praise  
my Time to come will spend.

P A R T II.

15 Thy righteous Acts, and saving Health,  
my Mouth shall still declare ;  
Unable yet to count them all,  
tho' summ'd with utmost Care.

16 While God vouchsafes me his Support,  
I'll in his Strength go on ;  
All other Righteousness disclaim,  
and mention his alone.

✕ 17 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my Youth,  
to praise thy glorious Name :  
And, ever since, thy wond'rous Works  
have been my constant Theme.

18 Then now forsake me not, when I  
am grey and feeble grown ;  
Till I to these, and future Times,  
thy Strength and Pow'r have shown.

19 How high thy Justice soars, O God !  
how great and wondrous are  
The mighty Works which Thou hast done ?  
who may with Thee compare !

20 Me, whom thy Hand has sorely press'd,  
thy Grace shall yet relieve ;  
And, from the lowest Depth of Woe,  
with tender Care retrieve.

21 Through Thee, my Time to come shall be  
with Pow'r and Greatness crown'd ;  
And me, who dismal Years have pass'd,  
thy Comforts shall surround :

22 Therefore, with Psaltery and Harp,  
thy Truth, O Lord, I'll praise ;  
To Thee, the God of Jacob's Race,  
my Voice in Anthems raise.

23 Then Joy shall fill my Mouth, and Songs  
employ my chearful Voice.

My grateful Soul, by Thee redeem'd,  
shall in thy Strength rejoice.

24 My Tongue thy just and righteous Acts  
shall all the Day proclaim ;

Because thou didst confound my Foes,  
and brought'st them all to Shame.

## P S A L M LXXII.

1 **L**ORD, let thy just Decrees the King  
in all his Ways direct ;

And let his Son throughout his Reign,  
thy righteous Laws respect.

2 So shall he still thy People judge,  
with pure and upright Mind,

Whilst all the helpless Poor shall him  
their just Protector find.

3 Then Hills and Mouniains shall bring forth  
the happy Fruits of Peace ;

Which all the Land shall own to be  
the Work of Righteousness :

4 Whilst he the poor and needy Race  
shall rule with gentle Sway,

And from their humble Necks shall take  
oppressive Yokes away.

5 In ev'ry Heart, thy awful Fear  
shall then be rooted fast,

As long as Sun and Moon endure,  
or Time itself shall last.

6 He shall descend like Rain, that cheers  
the Meadows second Birth ;

Or like warm Show'rs, whose gentle Drops  
refresh the thirsty Earth.

7 In his blest Days the Just and Good  
shall be with Favour crown'd ;

The happy Land shall every where  
with endless Peace abound.

8 His uncontroul'd Dominion shall  
from Sea to Sea extend ;



Begin at proud Euphrates' Streams,  
at Nature's Limits end.

9 To him the savage Nations round  
shall bow their servile Heads :

His vanquish'd Foes shall lick the Dust,  
where he his Conquests spreads.

10 The Kings of Tarshish, and the Isles,  
shall costly Presents bring ;

From spicy Sheba Gifts shall come,  
and wealthy Saba's King.

11 To him shall ev'ry King on Earth  
his humble Homage pay ;

And diff'ring Nations gladly join  
to own his righteous Sway.

12 For he shall set the Needy free,  
when they for Succour cry ;

Shall save the Helpless, and the Poor,  
and all their Wants supply.

P A R T II.

13 His Providence for needy Souls,  
shall due Supplies prepare ;

And over their defenceless Lives  
shall watch with tender Care.

14 He shall preserve and keep their Souls  
from Fraud and Rapine free ;

And, in his Sight, their guiltless Blood  
of mighty Price shall be.

15 Therefore shall God his Life and Reign  
to many Years extend ;

Whilst Eastern Princes Tribute pay,  
and golden Presents send.

For him shall constant Prayers be made  
thro' all his prosp'rous Days :

His just Dominion shall afford  
a lasting Theme of Praise.

16 Of useful Grain, through all the Land,  
great Plenty shall appear :

A Handful sown on Mountain-tops  
a mighty Crop shall bear.

Its Fruits, like Cedars shook by Winds,  
a rattling Noise shall yield :

The City too shall thrive and vie  
for Plenty with the Field.

17 The Mem'ry of his glorious Name  
thro' endless Years shall run ;  
His spotless Fame shall shine as bright  
and lasting as the Sun.

In him the Nations of the World  
shall be completely bless'd,  
And his unbounded Happiness  
by ev'ry Tongue confess'd.

18 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,  
the God whom Israel fears ;  
Who only wond'rous in his Works,  
beyond Compare, appears.

19 Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd ;  
for ever bless his Name ;  
Whilst to his Praise the list'ning World  
their glad Assent proclaim.

## P S A L M LXXIII.

1 **A**T length, by certain Proofs, 'tis plain  
that God will to his Saints be kind ;  
That all, whose Hearts are pure and clean,  
shall his protecting Favour find.

2, 3 Till this sustaining Truth I knew,  
my stagg'ring Feet had almost fail'd :  
I griev'd, the Sinners Wealth to view,  
and envy'd when the Fools prevail'd.

4, 5 They to the Grave in Peace descend,  
and, whilst they live, are hale and strong ;  
No Plague or Troubles them offend,  
which oft to other Men belong.

6, 7 With Pride, as with a Chain, they're held,  
and Rapine seems their Robe of State ;  
Their Eyes stand out, with Fatness swell'd ;  
they grow, beyond their Wishes, great.

8, 9 With Hearts corrupt, and lofty Talk,  
oppressive Methods they defend ;

Their

- Their Tongue thro' all the Earth does walk,  
 their Blasphemies to Heav'n ascend.  
 10 And yet admiring Crouds are found,  
 who servile Hints duly make ;  
 Because with Plenty they abound,  
 of which their flatt'ring Slaves partake.  
 11 Their fond Opinions these pursue,  
 till they with them profanely cry,  
 " How should the Lord our Actions view ?  
 " Can he perceive, who dwells so high ?"  
 12 Behold the Wicked ! these are they  
 who openly their Sins profess ;  
 And yet their Weath's increas'd each Day,  
 and all their Actions meet Success.  
 13, 14 " Then have I cleans'd my Heart (said I)  
 " and wash'd my Hands from Guilt, in vain ;  
 " If all the Day oppress'd I lie,  
 " and ev'ry Morning suffer Pain."  
 15 Thus did I once to speak intend :  
 But if such Things I rashly say,  
 Thy Children, Lord, I must offend,  
 and basely should their Cause betray.

## P A R T II.

- 16, 17 To fathom this, my Thoughts I bent ;  
 but found the Case too hard for me ;  
 Till to the House of God I went :  
 Then I their End did plainly see.  
 18 How high soe'er advanc'd, they all  
 on slipp'ry Places loosely stand ;  
 Thence into Ruin headlong fall,  
 cast down by thy avenging Hand.  
 19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their Fate !  
 despis'd by Thee, when they're destroy'd ;  
 As waking Men with Scorn do treat  
 the Fancies that their Dreams employ'd.  
 21, 22 Thus was my Heart with Grief oppress'd,  
 my Reins were rack'd with restless Pains ;  
 So stupid was I, like a Beast,  
 who no reflecting Thought retains.

23, 24 Yet



- 23, 24 Yet still thy Presence me supply'd,  
and thy Right-hand Assistance gave;  
Thou first shalt with thy Counsel guide,  
and then to Glory me receive.
- 25 Whom then in Heav'n, but Thee alone,  
have I, whose Favour I require?  
Throughout the spacious Earth there's none  
that I besides Thee can desire.
- 26 My trembling Flesh, and aching Heart,  
may often fail to succour me;  
But God shall inward Strength impart,  
and my eternal Portion be.
- 27 For they that far from Thee remove,  
shall into sudden Ruin fall:  
If after other Gods they rove,  
thy Vengeance shall destroy them all.
- 28 But as for me, 'tis good and just,  
that I should still to God repair:  
In him I always put my Trust,  
and will his wond'rous Works declare.

## P S A L M LXXIV.

- 1 **W**H Y hast Thou cast us off, O God?  
wilt Thou no more return?  
Oh! why against thy chosen Flock  
does thy fierce Anger burn?
- 2 Think on thy antient Purchase, Lord,  
the Land that is thy own,  
By Thee redeem'd; and Sion's Mount,  
where once thy Glory shone.
- 3 Oh! come and view our ruin'd State!  
how long our Troubles last!  
See how the Foe, with wicked Rage  
has laid thy Temple waste!
- 4 Thy Foes blaspheme thy Name: Where late  
thy zealous Servants pray'd,  
The Heathen there, with haughty Pomp,  
their Banners have display'd.

- 5, 6 Those curious Carvings, which did once  
advance the Artists Fame,  
With Ax and Hammer they destroy,  
like Works of vulgar Frame.
- 7 Thy holy Temple they have burn'd ;  
and what escap'd the Flame  
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,  
tho' sacred to thy Name.
- 8 Thy Worship wholly to destroy  
maliciously they aim'd ;  
And all the sacred Places burn'd,  
where we thy Praise proclaim'd.
- 9 Yet of thy Presence Thou vouchsaf'dst  
no tender Signs to send :  
We have no Prophet now, that knows  
when this sad State shall end.

## P A R T II.

- 10 But, Lord, how long wilt Thou permit  
th' insulting Foe to boast ?  
Shall all the Honour of thy Name  
for evermore be lost ?
- 11 Why hold'st Thou back thy strong Right-hand,  
and on thy patient Breast,  
When Vengeance calls to stretch it forth,  
so calmly lett'st it rest ?
- 12 Thou heretofore, with kingly Pow'r,  
in our Defence hast fought ;  
For us, throughout the wond'ring World,  
hast great Salvation wrought.
- 13 'Twas Thou, O God, that didst the Sea,  
by thy own Strength divide :  
Thou brak'st the watry Monster's Head,  
the Waves o'erwhelm'd their Pride.
- 14 The greatest, fiercest of them all,  
that seem'd the Deep to sway,  
Was by thy Pow'r destroy'd, and made  
to savage Beasts a Prey,

15 Thou

- 15 Thou clav'st the solid Rock, and mad'st  
the Waters largely flow ;  
Again, Thou mad'st thro' parting Streams,  
thy wand'ring People go.  
16 Thine is the chearful Day, and thine  
the black Return of Night ;  
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious Sun,  
and ev'ry feeble Light.  
17 By Thee the Borders of the Earth  
in perfect Order stand :  
The Summer's Warmth, and Winter's Cold,  
attend on thy Command.

## P A R T III.

- 18 Remember, Lord, how scornful Foes  
have daily urg'd our Shame ;  
And how the foolish People have  
blasphem'd thy holy Name.  
19 Oh, free thy mourning Turtle-dove,  
by sinful Clouds beset ;  
Nor the Assembly of thy Poor  
for evermore forget.  
20 Thy antient Cov'nant, Lord, regard,  
and make thy Promise good ;  
For now each Corner of the Land  
is fill'd with Men of Blood.  
21 O let not the Oppress'd return,  
with Sorrow cloath'd, and Shame ;  
But let the Helpless, and the Poor,  
for ever praise thy Name.  
22 Arise, O God, in our Behalf ;  
thy Cause and ours maintain :  
Remember how insulting Fools  
each Day thy Name profane !  
23 Make Thou the Boastings of thy Foes  
for ever, Lord, to cease ;  
Whose Insolence, if unchastiz'd,  
will more and more increase.



## P S A L M LXXV.

- 1 **T**O Thee, O God, we render Praise,  
 to Thee with Thanks repair ;  
 For, that thy Name to us is nigh,  
 thy wond'rous Works declare.
- 2 In Isr'el, when my Throne is fix'd,  
 with me shall Justice reign.
- 3 The Land with Discord shakes ; but I  
 the sinking Frame sustain.
- 4 Deluded Wretches I advis'd  
 their Errors to redress ;  
 And warn'd bold Sinners, that they should  
 their swelling Pride suppress.
- 5 Bear not yourselves so high, as if  
 no Pow'r could yours restrain :  
 Submit your stubborn Necks, and learn  
 to speak with less Disdain.
- 6 For that Promotion, which to gain  
 your vain Ambition strives,  
 From neither East, nor West, nor yet  
 from Southern Climes arrives.
- 7 For God the great Disposer is,  
 and Sovereign Judge alone,  
 Who casts the Proud to Earth, and lifts  
 the Humble to a Throne.
- 8 His Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup ;  
 with purple Wine 'tis crown'd :  
 The deadly Mixture, which his Wrath  
 deals out to Nations round.  
 Of this his Saints sometimes may taste ;  
 but wicked Men shall squeeze  
 The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd  
 to drink the very Lees.
- 9 His Prophet, I to all the World  
 this Message will relate :  
 The Justice then of Jacob's God  
 my Song shall celebrate.
- 10 The Wicked's Pride I will reduce,  
 their Cruelty disarm ;

Exalt

Exalt the Just, and seat him high,  
above the Reach of Harm.

## P S A L M LXXVI.

- 1 **I**N Judah the Almighty's known  
(Almighty, there, by Wonders shown):  
His Name in Jacob does excel:
- 2 His Sanctuary in Salem stands:  
The Majesty that Heav'n commands  
in Sion condescends to dwell.
- 3 He brake the Bow and Arrows there,  
The Shield, the temper'd Sword, and Spear;  
there slain the mighty Army lay:
- 4 Whence Sion's Fame thro' Earth is spread,  
Of greater Glory, greater Dread,  
than Hills where Robbers lodge their Prey.
- 5 Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,  
Themselves met there a shameful Foil:  
Securely down to Sleep they lay;  
But wak'd no more; their stoutest Band  
Ne'er lifted one resisting Hand  
'gainst his that did their Legions slay.
- 6 When Jacob's God began to frown,  
Both Horse and Charioteers o'erthrown,  
together slept in endless Night.
- 7 When Thou, whom Earth and Heav'n revere,  
Dost once with wrathful Look appear,  
what mortal Pow'r can stand thy Sight?
- 8 Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its Doom;  
Grew hush'd with Fear, when Thou didst come,
- 9 the Meek, with Justice to restore.
- 10 The Wrath of Man shall yield Thee Praise;  
Its last Attempts but serve to raise  
the Triumphs of Almighty Pow'r.
- 11 Vow to the Lord; ye Nations, bring  
Vow'd Presents to th' Eternal King:  
Thus to his Name due Rev'rence pay,
- 12 Who proudest Potentates can quell,  
To earthly Kings more terrible,  
than to their trembling Subjects, they.

## P S A L M LXXVII.

- 1 **T**O God I cry'd, who to my Help  
did graciously repair ;
- 2 In Trouble's dismal Day I fought  
my God with humble Pray'r.  
All Night my fest'ring Wound did run ;  
no Med'cine gave Relief ;  
My Soul no Comfort would admit,  
my Soul indulg'd her Grief.
- 3 I thought on God, and Favours past ;  
but that increas'd my Pain :  
I found my Spirit more oppress'd,  
the more I did complain.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry Watch of tedious Night  
Thou keep'st my Eyes awake ;  
My Grief is swell'd to that Excess,  
I sigh, but cannot speak.
- 5 I call'd to Mind the Days of old,  
with signal Mercy crown'd ;  
Those famous Years of antient Times,  
for Miracles renown'd.
- 6 By Night I recollect my Songs,  
on former Triumphs made ;  
Then search, consult, and ask my Heart,  
Where's now that wond'rous Aid ?
- 7 Has God for ever cast me off ?  
withdrawn his Favour quite ?
- 8 Are both his Mercy and his Truth  
retir'd to endless Night ?
- 9 Can his long-practis'd Love forget  
its wonted Aids to bring ?  
Has he in Wrath shut up and seal'd  
his Mercy's healing Spring ?
- 10 I said, My Weakness hints these Fears ;  
but I'll my Fears disband ;  
I'll yet remember the Most High,  
and Years of his Right-hand.
- 11 I'll call to Mind his Works of old,  
the Wonders of his Might ;



- 12 On them my Heart shall meditate,  
my Tongue shall them recite.
- 13 Safe lodg'd from human Search on high,  
O God, thy Councils are!  
Who is so great a God as ours?  
who can with him compare?
- 14 Long since a God of Wonders Thee  
thy rescu'd People found;
- 15 Long since hast Thou thy chosen Seed  
with strong Deliv'rance crown'd.
- 16 When Thee, O God, the Waters saw,  
the frighted Billows shrunk;  
The troubled Depths themselves for Fear  
beneath their Channels sunk.
- 17 The Clouds pour'd down, while rending Skies  
did with their Noise conspire;  
Thy Arrows all abroad were sent,  
wing'd with avenging Fire.
- 18 Heav'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn,  
whilst all the lower World  
With Light'ning blaz'd, Earth shook and seem'd  
from her Foundations hurl'd.
- 19 Thro' rolling Streams thou find'st thy Way,  
thy Paths in Waters lie;  
Thy wond'rous Passage, where no Sight  
thy Footsteps can descry.
- 20 Thou led'st thy People like a Flock  
safe through the desert Land,  
By *Moses*, their meek skilful Guide,  
And *Aaron's* sacred Hand.

## P S A L M LXXVIII.

- H**EAR, O my People, to my Law  
devout Attention lend;  
Let the Instruction of my Mouth  
deep in your Hearts descend.
- 2 My Tongue, by Inspiration taught,  
shall Parables unfold,

Dark Oracles, but understood,  
and own'd for Truths of old ;  
2 Which we from sacred Registers  
of antient Times have known,  
And our Forefathers pious Care  
to us has handed down.  
4 We will not hide them from our Sons ;  
our Offspring shall be taught  
The Praises of the Lord, whose Strength  
has Works of Wonder wrought.  
5 For *Jacob* he this Law ordain'd,  
this League with *Isr'el* made ;  
With Charge, to be from Age to Age,  
from Race to Race convey'd.  
6 That Generations yet to come  
should to their unborn Heirs  
Religiously transmit the same,  
and they again to theirs.  
7 To teach 'em that in God alone  
their Hope securely stands ;  
That they should ne'er his Works forget,  
but keep his just Commands.  
8 Lest, like their Fathers, they might prove  
a stiff rebellious Race,  
False-hearted, fickle to their God,  
unstedfast in his Grace.  
9 Such were revolting *Ephraim's* Sons,  
who tho' to Warfare bred ;  
And skilful Archers arm'd with Bows,  
from Field ignobly fled.  
10, 11, They falsify'd their League with God,  
his Orders disobey'd,  
Forgot his Works and Miracles  
before their Eyes display'd.  
12 Nor Wonders, which their Fathers saw,  
did they in Mind retain ;  
Prodigious Things in *Egypt* done,  
and *Zoan's* fertile Plain.

- 13 He cut the Seas to let 'em pass,  
restrain'd the pressing Flood ;  
While pil'd on Heaps, on either Side,  
the solid Water stood.
- 14 A wondrous Pillar led them on,  
compos'd of Shade and Light ;  
A shelt'ring Cloud it prov'd by Day,  
a leading Fire by Night.
- 15 When Drought oppress'd 'em, where no Stream  
the Wilderness supply'd,  
He cleft the Rock, whose flinty Breast  
dissolv'd into a Tide.
- 16 Streams from the solid Rock he brought,  
which down in Rivers fell,  
That trav'ling with their Camp each Day  
renew'd the Miracle.
- 17 Yet there they sinn'd against him more,  
provoking the most High ;  
In that same Desert where he did  
their fainting Souls supply.
- 18 They first incens'd him in their Hearts,  
that did his Pow'r distrust,  
And long'd for Meat, not urg'd by Want,  
but to indulge their Lust.
- 19 Then utter'd their blaspheming Doubts,  
“ Can God, say they, prepare  
“ A Table in the Wilderness,  
“ set out with various Fare ?
- 20 “ He smote the flinty Rock ('tis true)  
“ and gushing Streams ensu'd ;  
“ But can he Corn and Flesh provide  
“ for such a Multitude ?”
- 21 The Lord with Indignation heard :  
from Heav'n avenging Flame  
On *Jacob* fell, consuming Wrath  
on thankless *Ijr'el* came.
- 22 Because their unbelieving Hearts  
in God would not confide,



Nor trust his Care, who had from Heav'n  
their Wants so oft supply'd.

23 Tho' he had made his Clouds discharge  
Provisions down in Show'rs ;  
And when Earth fail'd, reliev'd their Needs  
from his celestial Stores.

24 Tho' tasteful Manna was rain'd down  
their Hunger to relieve ;  
Tho' from the Stores of Heav'n they did  
sustaining Corn receive.

25 Thus Man with Angel's sacred Food,  
ingrateful Man, was fed ;  
Not sparingly, for still they found  
a plenteous Table spread.

26 From Heav'n he made an East Wind blow,  
then did the South command

27 To rain down Flesh like Dust, and Fowls  
like Sea's unnumber'd Sand.

28 Within their Trenches he let fall  
the luscious easy Prey,

And all around their spreading Camp  
their feather'd Booty lay.

29 They fed, were fill'd ; he gave 'em Leave  
their Appetites to feast ;

30, 31 Yet still their wanton Lust crav'd on,  
nor with their Hunger ceas'd.

But whilst, in their luxurious Mouths,  
they did their Dainties chew,

The Wrath of God smote down their Chief,  
and *Isr'el's* Chosen slew.

P A R T II.

32 Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford  
his Miracles Belief ;

33 'Therefore thro' fruitless Travels he  
consum'd their Lives in Grief.

34 When some were slain, the rest return'd  
to God with early Cry ;

35 Own'd him the Rock of their Defence,  
their Saviour, God most High.

36 But

- 36 But this was feign'd Submission all,  
their Heart their Tongue bely'd ;  
37 Their Heart was still perverse, nor would  
firm in his League abide.  
38 Yet, full of Mercy he forgave,  
nor did with Death chastise ;  
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aside,  
or would not let it rise.  
39 For he remember'd they were Flesh,  
that could not long remain ;  
A murm'ring Wind that's quickly past,  
and ne'er returns again.  
40 How oft did they provoke him there,  
how oft his Patience grieve,  
In that same Defart where he did  
their fainting Souls relieve ?  
41 They tempted him by turning back,  
and wickedly repin'd ;  
When *Isr'el's* God refus'd to be  
by their Desires confin'd.  
42 Nor call'd to mind the Hand and Day  
that their Redemption brought ?  
43 His Signs in *Egypt*, wond'rous Works  
in *Zoan's* Valley wrought.  
44 He turn'd their Rivers into Blood,  
that Man and Beast forbore ;  
And rather chose to die of Thirst,  
than drink the putrid Gore.  
45 He sent devouring Swarms of Flies,  
hoarse Frogs annoy'd their Soil,  
46 Locusts and Caterpillars reap'd  
the Harvest of their Toil.  
47 Their Vines with batt'ring Hail were broke,  
with Frost the Fig-tree dies ;  
48 Light'ning and Hail make Flocks and Herds  
one general Sacrifice.  
49 He turn'd his Anger loose, and set  
no Time for it to cease ;

And with their Plagues bad Angels sent  
their Torments to increase.

50 He clear'd a Passage for his Wrath  
to ravage uncontroul'd ;

The Murrain on their Firstlings seiz'd  
in ev'ry Field and Fold.

51 The deadly Pest from Beast to Man,  
from Field to City came ;

It slew their Heirs, their eldest Hopes,  
thro' all the Tents of *Ham*.

52 But his own Tribe, like folded Sheep,  
he brought from their Distress ;

And them conducted like a Flock,  
throughout the Wilderness.

53 He led 'em on, and in their Way  
no Cause of Fear they found ;

But march'd securely thro' those Deeps,  
in wh.ch their Foes were drown'd.

54 Nor ceas'd his Care till them he brought  
safe to his promis'd Land,

And to his holy Mount, the Prize  
of his victorious Hand.

55 To them the out-cast Heathens Land  
he did by Lot divide ;

And in their Foes abandon'd Tents  
made *Isr'el's* Tribes reside.

P A R T III.

56 Yet still they tempted, still provok'd  
the Wrath of God most High ;

Nor would to practise his Commands  
their stubborn Hearts apply :

57 But in their faithless Fathers Steps  
perversely chose to go :

They turn'd aside, like Arrows shot  
from some deceitful Bow.

58 For him to Fury they provok'd  
with Altars set on high ;

And with their graven Images  
inflam'd his jealousy.

59 When



- 59 When God heard this, on *Iſr'el's* Tribes  
his Wrath and Hatred fell ;  
60 He quitted *Shiloh*, and the Tents  
where once he chose to dwell.  
61 To vile Captivity his Ark,  
his Glory to Disdain,  
62 His People to the Sword he gave,  
nor would his Wrath restrain.  
63 Destructive War their ableſt Youth  
untimely did confound ;  
No Virgin was to th'Altar led,  
with nuptial Garlands crown'd.  
64 In Fight the Sacrificer fell,  
the Priest a Victim bled ;  
And Widows who their Death should mourn,  
themselves of Grief were dead.  
65 Then as a Giant rous'd from Sleep,  
whom Wine had throughly warm'd,  
Shouts out aloud ; the Lord awak'd,  
and his proud Foe alarm'd.  
66 He smote their Host, that from the Field  
a scatter'd Remnant came,  
With Wounds imprinted on their Backs  
of everlasting Shame.  
67 With Conquests crown'd he *Joſeph's* Tents,  
and *Ephraim's* Tribe forsook ;  
68 But *Judah* chose, and *Sion's* Mount  
for his lov'd Dwelling took.  
69 His Temple he erected there  
with Spires exalted high :  
While deep and fix'd as that of Earth,  
the strong Foundations lie.  
70 His faithful Servant *David* too,  
he for his Choice did own,  
And from the Sheepfolds him advanc'd  
to sit on *Judah's* Throne.  
71 From tending on the teeming Ewes,  
he brought him forth to feed

His own Inheritance, the Tribes  
of *Isr'el's* chosen Seed.

72 Exalted thus the Monarch prov'd  
a faithful Shepherd still ;

He fed them with an upright Heart,  
and guided them with Skill.

## P S A L M LXXIX.

**B**Ehold, O God, our heathen Hosts  
have thy Possession seiz'd !

Thy sacred House they have defil'd,  
thy holy City raz'd !

2 The mangled Bodies of thy Saints,  
abroad unbury'd lay ;

Their Flesh expos'd to savage Beasts,  
and rav'nous Birds of Prey.

3 Quite thro' *Jerus'lem* was their Blood  
like common Water shed,

And none were left alive to pay  
last Duties to the Dead.

4 The neighb'ring Lands our small Remains  
with loud Reproaches wound ;

And we a Laughing-stock are made  
to all the Nations round.

5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord?  
must we for ever mourn ?

Shall thy devouring jealous Rage,  
like Fire, for ever burn ?

6 On foreign Lands that know not Thee,  
thy heavy Vengeance show'r ;

Those sinful Kingdoms let it crush,  
that have not own'd thy Pow'r.

7 For their devouring Jaws have prey'd  
on *Jacob's* chosen Race ;

And to a barren Desert turn'd  
their fruitful Dwelling-place.

8 O think not on our former Sins,  
but speedily prevent

The utter Ruin of thy Saints,  
almost with Sorrow spent.

9 Thou

- 9 Thou God of our Salvation, help,  
and free our Souls from Blame ;  
So shall our Pardon and Defence  
exalt thy glorious Name.
- 10 Let Infidels that scoffing say,  
Where is the God they boast ?  
In Vengeance for thy slaughter'd Saints,  
perceive thee to their Cost.
- 11 Lord, hear the sighing Pris'ners Moans,  
thy saving Pow'r extend ;  
Preserve the Wretches doom'd to die,  
from that untimely End.
- 12 On them, who us oppress, let all  
our Suff'rings be repaid ;  
Make their Confusion seven times more  
than what on us they laid.
- 13 So we thy People and thy Flock  
shall ever praise thy Name ;  
And with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks  
from Age to Age proclaim.

## P S A L M LXXX.

- O** *Isr'el's* Shepherd, *Joseph's* Guide,  
Our Pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear ;  
Thou that dost on the Cherubs ride,  
Again in solemn State appear.
- 2 Behold how *Benjamin* expects,  
With *Ephraim* and *Manasseh* join'd,  
In our Deliv'rance, the Effects  
Of thy resistless Strength to find.
- 3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou  
The Lustre of thy Face display ;  
And all the Ills we suffer now,  
Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.
- 4 O Thou, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,  
How long shall thy fierce Anger burn ?  
How long thy suff'ring People pray,  
And to their Pray'rs have no Return ?
- 5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench  
Our scanty Food in Floods of Woe ;      When



- When dry, our raging Thirst we quench  
 With Streams of Tears that largely flow,  
 6 For us the heathen Nations round,  
 As for a common Prey, contest:  
 Our Foes with spiteful Joy abound,  
 And at our lost Condition jest.  
 7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou  
 The Lustre of thy Face display,  
 And all the Ills we suffer now,  
 Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.

## P A R T II.

- 8 Thou brought'st a Vine from *Egypt*'s Land;  
 And casting out the Heathen Race,  
 Didst plant it with thine own Right Hand,  
 And firmly fix'd it in their Place.  
 9 Before it thou prepar'dst the Way,  
 And mad'st it take a lasting Root,  
 Which, bless'd with thy indulgent Ray,  
 O'er all the Land did widely shoot.  
 10, 11 The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,  
 Its goodly Boughs did Cedars seem:  
 Its Branches to the Sea were spread,  
 And reach'd to proud *Euphrates* Stream.  
 12, Why then hast thou its Hedge o'erthrown,  
 Which thou hadst made so firm and strong?  
 Whilst all its Grapes, defenceless grown,  
 Are pluck'd by those that pass along.  
 13 See how the bristling Forest Boar  
 With dreadful Fury lays it waste.  
 Hark how the savage Monsters roar,  
 And to their helpless Prey make haste.

## P A R T III.

- 14 To thee, O God of Hosts, we pray;  
 Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, renew:  
 From Heav'n thy Throne this Vine survey,  
 And her sad State with Pity view.  
 15 Behold the Vineyard made by thee,  
 Which thy right Hand did guard so long;  
 And

- And keep that Branch from Danger free,  
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
- 16 To wasting Flames 'tis made a Prey,  
And all its spreading Boughs cut down :  
At thy Rebuke they soon decay,  
And perish at thy dreadful Frown.
- 17 Crown thou the King with good Success,  
By thy right Hand secur'd from Wrong ;  
The Son of Man in Mercy blest,  
Whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
- 18 So shall we still continue free  
From whatsoe'er deserves thy Blame ;  
And if once more reviv'd by thee,  
Will always praise thy holy Name.
- 19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou  
The Lustre of thy Face display,  
And all the Ills we suffer now,  
Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.

## P S A L M LXXXI

- T**O God, our never-failing Strength,  
with loud Applauses sing :  
And jointly make a chearful Noise  
to *Jacob's* awful King.
- 2 Compose a Hymn of Praise, and touch  
your Instruments of Joy ;  
Let Psalteries and pleasant Harps  
your grateful Skill employ.
- 3 Let Trumpets at the great new Moon  
their joyful Voices raise,  
To celebrate th' appointed Time,  
the solemn Day of Praise.
- 4 For this a Statute was of old,  
which *Jacob's* God decreed  
To be with pious Care observ'd  
by *Isr'el's* chosen Seed.
- 5 This He for a Memorial fix'd  
when freed from *Egypt's* Land ;  
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard,  
but could not understand,
- 6 Your

6 Your burden'd Shoulders I reliev'd,  
 (thus seem'd our God to say)  
 Your servile Hands by me were freed  
 from lab'ring in the Clay.  
 7 Your Ancestors, with Wrongs oppress'd,  
 to me for Aid did call :  
 With Pity I their Suff'rings saw,  
 and set them free from all.  
 They sought for me, and from the Clouds  
 in Thunder I reply'd :  
 At *Meribab's* contentious Stream  
 their Faith and Duty try'd.

## P A R T II.

8 While I my solemn Will declare,  
 my chosen People, hear :  
 If thou, O *Isr'el*, to my Words  
 wilt lend thy list'ning Ear ;  
 9 Then shall no God besides myself  
 within thy Coasts be found :  
 Nor shalt thou worship any God  
 of all the Nations round.  
 10 The Lord thy God am I, who thee  
 brought forth from *Egypt's* Land :  
 'Tis I that all thy just Desires  
 supply with lib'ral Hand.  
 11 But they, my chosen Race, refus'd  
 to hearken to my Voice ;  
 Nor would rebellious *Isr'el's* Sons  
 make me their happy Choice.  
 12 So I, provok'd, resign'd them up,  
 to ev'ry Lust a Prey ;  
 And in their own perverse Designs  
 permitted them to stray.  
 13 O that my People wisely would  
 my just Commandments heed !  
 And *Isr'el* in my righteous Ways  
 with pious Care proceed !  
 14 Then should my heavy Judgments fall  
 on all that them oppose ;

And



And my avenging Hand be turn'd  
against their num'rous Foes.

15 Their Enemies and mine should all  
before my Footstool bend :

But as for them, their happy State  
shall never know an End.

16 All Parts with Plenty shall abound ;  
with finest Wheat their Field :

The barren Rocks, to please their Taste,  
should richest Honey yield.

## P S A L M LXXXII.

**G**OD in the great Assembly stands,  
where his impartial Eye  
In State surveys the earthly Gods,  
and does their Judgments try.

2, 3 How dare ye then unjustly judge,  
or be to Sinners kind ?

Defend the Orphans, and the Poor :  
let such your Justice find.

4 Protect the humble helpless Man  
reduc'd to deep Distress,

And let not him become a Prey  
to such as would oppress.

5 They neither know, nor will they learn,  
but blindly rove and stray :

Justice and Truth, the World's Support,  
thro' all the Land decay.

6 Well then might God in Anger say,  
“ I've call'd ye by my Name :

“ I've said y'are Gods, the Sons and Heirs  
“ of my immortal Fame.

7 “ But ne'ertheless your unjust Deeds  
“ to strict Account I'll call :

“ You all shall die like common Men,  
“ like other Tyrants fall.”

8 Arise, and thy just Judgments, Lord,  
throughout the Earth display ;

And all the Nations of the World  
shall own thy righteous Sway.

## P S A L M LXXXIII.

**H**OLD not thy Peace, O Lord our God;  
no longer silent be ;

Nor with consenting quiet Looks  
our Ruin calmly see !

2 For lo ! the Tumults of thy Foes  
o'er all the Land are spread ;

And they which hate thy Saints and Thee,  
lift up their threat'ning Head.

3 Against thy zealous People, Lord,  
they craftily combine ;

And to destroy thy chosen Saints  
have laid their close Design.

4 " Come, let us cut them off, say they,  
" their Nation quite deface ;

" That no Remembrance may remain  
" of *Isr'el's* hated Race."

5 Thus they against thy People's Peace  
consult with one Consent ;

And diff'ring Nations jointly leagu'd  
their common Malice vent.

6 The *Isbm'elites* that dwell in Tents,  
with warlike *Edom* join'd ;

And *Moab's* Sons our Ruin vow,  
with *Hagar's* Race combin'd.

7 Proud *Ammon's* Offspring, *Gebal* too  
with *Amalek* conspire :

The Lords of *Palestine*, and all  
the wealthy Sons of *Tyre*.

8 All these the strong *Assyrian* King  
their firm Ally have got ;

Who with a pow'rful Army aids  
th' incestuous Race of *Lot*.

## P A R T II.

9 But let such Vengeance come to them,  
as once to *Midian* came ;

To *Jabin* and proud *Sisera*,  
at *Kisbon's* fatal Stream.

- 10 When thy right Hand their num'rous Hosts  
near *Endor* did confound,  
And left their Carcases for Dung  
to feed the hungry Ground.
- 11 Let all their mighty Men the Fate  
of *Zeb* and *Oreb* share :  
As *Zeba* and *Zalmunna*, so  
let all their Princes fare.
- 12 Who, with the same Design inspir'd,  
thus vainly boasting spake,  
" In firm Possession for ourselves  
" let us God's Houses take."
- 13 To Ruin let them haste, like Wheels  
which downward swiftly move :  
Like Chaff before the Winds, let all  
their scatter'd Forces prove.
- 14, 15 As Flames consume dry Wood, or Heath  
that on parch'd Mountains grows,  
So let thy fierce pursuing Wrath  
with Terror strike thy Foes.
- 16, 17 Lord, shroud their Faces with Disgrace,  
that they may own thy Name :  
Or them confound, whose harden'd Hearts  
thy gentler Means disclaim.
- 18 So shall the wond'ring World confess  
that Thou, who claim'st alone  
*Jehovah's* Name o'er all the Earth,  
hast rais'd thy lofty Throne.

## P S A L M LXXXIV.

- O** God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,  
how lovely is the Place,  
Where Thou, enthron'd in Glory, shew'st  
the Brightness of thy Face !
- 2 My longing Soul faints with Desire,  
to view thy blest Abode :  
My panting Heart and Flesh cry out  
for Thee the living God.
- 3 The Birds, more happy far than I,  
around thy Temple throng ;

Securely



Securely there they build, and there  
securely hatch their Young.

4 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,  
how highly blest'd are they,  
Who in thy Temple always dwell,  
and there thy Praise display!

5 Thrice happy they, whose Choice has Thee  
their sure Protection made,  
Who long to tread the sacred Ways  
that to thy Dwelling lead!

6 Who pass thro' parch'd and thirsty Vales,  
yet no Refreshment want:

Their Pools are fill'd with Rain, which Thou  
at their Request dost grant.

7 Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength,  
and still approach more near;

'Till all on *Sion's* holy Mount  
before their God appear.

8 O Lord, the mighty God of Hosts,  
my just Requests regard!

Thou God of *Jacob*, let my Pray'r  
be still with Favour heard:

9 Behold, O God, for Thou alone  
can'st timely Aid dispense:

On thy anointed Servant look,  
be Thou his strong Defence.

10 For in thy Courts one single Day  
'tis better to attend,

Than, Lord, in any Place besides  
a thousand Days to spend.

Much rather in God's House will I  
the meanest Office take,

Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin  
my pompous Dwelling make,

11 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,  
will Grace and Glory give;

And no good thing will he with-hold  
from them that justly live.

12 Thou God, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,  
 how highly blest'd is he,  
 Whose Hope and Trust, securely plac'd,  
 is still repos'd on Thee!

## P S A L M LXXXV.

**L**ORD, thou hast granted to thy Land  
 the Favours we implor'd,  
 And faithful *Jacob's* captive Race  
 most graciously restor'd.

2, 3 Thy People's Sins thou hast absolv'd,  
 and all their Guilt defac'd:

Thou hast not let thy Wrath flame on,  
 nor thy fierce Anger last.

4 O God our Saviour, all our Hearts  
 to thy Obedience turn;

That quench'd with our repenting Tears,  
 thy Wrath no more may burn.

5, 6 For why should'st thou be angry still,  
 and Wrath so long retain?

Revive us, Lord, and let thy Saints  
 thy wonted Comfort gain.

7 Thy gracious Favour, Lord, display,  
 which we have long implor'd;

And for thy wond'rous Mercy's sake,  
 thy wonted Aid afford.

8 God's Answer patiently I'll wait;  
 for he, with good Success,

(If they no more to Folly turn)  
 his mourning Saints will bless.

9 To all that fear his holy Name,  
 his sure Salvation's near;

And in its former happy State  
 our Nation shall appear.

10 For Mercy now with Truth is join'd,  
 and Righteousness with Peace;

Like kind Companions absent long,  
 with friendly Arms embrace.

K

11, 12 Truth

11, 12 Truth from the Earth shall spring, whilst  
 shall Streams of Justice pour; [Heav'n  
 And God, from whom all Goodness flows,  
 shall endless Plenty show'r.  
 13 Before him Righteousness shall march,  
 and his just Paths prepare;  
 Whilst we his holy Steps pursue  
 with constant Zeal and Care.

## P S A L M LXXXVI.

✕ **T**O my Complaint, O Lord my God,  
 thy gracious Ear incline;  
 Hear me, distress'd and destitute  
 of all Relief but thine;  
 ✕ 2 Do thou, O God, preserve my Soul,  
 that does thy Name adore:  
 Thy Servant keep, and him, whose Trust  
 relies on Thee, restore.  
 3 To me who daily Thee invoke,  
 thy Mercy, Lord, extend;  
 4 Refresh thy Servant's Soul, whose Hopes  
 on Thee alone depend.  
 5 Thou, Lord, art good, nor only good,  
 but prompt to pardon too:  
 Of plenteous Mercy to all those  
 who for thy Mercy sue.  
 6 To my repeated humble Pray'r,  
 O Lord, attentive be;  
 7 When troubled I on Thee will call,  
 for Thou wilt answer me.  
 8 Among the Gods there's none like Thee,  
 O Lord, alone divine!  
 To Thee as much inferior they,  
 as are their Works to thine.  
 9 Therefore their great Creator Thee,  
 the Nations shall adore;  
 Their long misguided Pray'rs and Praise  
 to thy blest'd Name restore.



10 All shall confess Thee great, and great  
the Wonders thou hast done ;  
Confess thee God, thee God supreme,  
confess thee God alone.

## P A R T II.

11 Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I  
from Truth shall ne'er depart ;  
In Rev'ence to thy sacred Name  
devoutly fix my Heart.

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
praise thee with Heart sincere :  
And to thy everlasting Name  
eternal Trophies rear.

13 Thy boundless Mercy shewn to me,  
transcends my Power to tell ;  
For thou hast oft redeem'd my Soul  
from lowest Depths of Hell.

14 O God, the Sons of Pride and Strife  
have my Destruction fought,  
Regardless of thy Pow'r, that oft  
has my Deliv'rance wrought :

15 But Thou thy constant Goodness didst  
to my Assistance bring ;  
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,  
thou everlasting Spring !

16 O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength  
to me thy Servant show ;  
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me,  
thine Handmaid's Son, bestow.

17 Some Signal give, which my proud Foes  
may see with Shame and Rage,  
When thou, O Lord, for my Relief  
and Comfort dost engage.

## P S A L M LXXXVII.

**G**OD's Temple crowns the holy Mount ;  
the Lord there condescends to dwell :

2 His *Sion's* Gates in his Account,  
our *Isr'el's* fairest Tents excel.

- 3 Fame glorious Things of Thee shall sing,  
O City of th' Almighty King !
- 4 I'll mention *Rabab* with due Praise,  
in *Babylon's* Applauses join,  
The Fame of *Ethiopia* raise,  
with that of *Tyre* and *Palestine* ;  
And grant that some, amongst them born,  
Their Age and Country did adorn.
- 5 But still of *Sion* I'll aver  
that many such from her proceed ;  
Th' Almighty shall establish her.
- 6 His gen'ral List shall shew, when read,  
That such a Person there was born,  
And such did such an Age adorn.
- 7 He'll *Sion* find with Numbers fill'd  
of such as merit high Renown ;  
For Hand and Voice Musicians skill'd,  
and (her transcending Fame to crown)  
Of such she shall Successions bring  
Like Waters from a living Spring.

## P S A L M LXXXVIII.

- TO Thee, my God and Saviour, I  
By Day and Night address my Cry :
- 2 Vouchsafe my mournful Voice to hear,  
To my Distress incline thine Ear :
- 3 For Seas of Trouble me invade,  
My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade,
- 4 Like one whose Strength and Hopes are fled,  
They number me among the Dead :
- 5 Like those who shrouded in the Grave,  
From thee no more Remembrance have ;
- 6 Cast off from thy sustaining Care,  
Down to the Confines of Despair.
- 7 Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,  
Afflicting me with restless Pain :  
Me all thy Mountain Waves have prest,  
Too weak, alas, to bear the least.
- 8 Remov'd from Friends I sigh alone,  
In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none

- A Visit will vouchsafe to me,  
 Confin'd, past Hopes of Liberty.
- 9 My Eyes from weeping never cease,  
 They waste, but still my Grievs increase;  
 Yet daily, Lord, to Thee I've pray'd,  
 With out-stretch'd Hand invoc'd thy Aid.
- 10 Wilt thou by Miracle revive  
 The Dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?  
 From Death restore thy Praise to sing,  
 Whom thou from Prison would'st not bring?
- 11 Shall the mute Grave thy Love confess?  
 A mould'ring Tomb thy Faithfulness?
- 12 Thy Truth and Power Renown obtain,  
 Where Darkness and Oblivion reign?
- 13 To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn;  
 My Pray'r prevents the early Morn.
- 14 Why hast thou, Lord, my Soul forsook,  
 Nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious Look?
- 15 Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,  
 Which from my Youth with me have grown;  
 Thy Terrors past distract my Mind,  
 And Fears of blacker Days behind.
- 16 Thy Wrath has burst upon my Head,  
 Thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread;
- 17 Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,  
 And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
- 18 My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all  
 Remov'd from Sight, and out of Call;  
 To dark Oblivion all retir'd,  
 Dead, or at least to me expir'd.

## P S A L M LXXXIX.

- 1 **T**HY Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,  
 My Song on them shall ever dwell;  
 To Ages yet unborn my Tongue  
 Thy never-failing Truth shall tell.
- 2 I have affirm'd and still maintain,  
 Thy Mercy shall for ever last;  
 Thy Truth that does the Heav'ns sustain,  
 Like them shall stand for ever fast.



- 3 Thus spak'st thou by thy Prophet's Voice,  
 " With *David* I a League have made ;  
 " To him, my Servant, and my Choice,  
 " By solemn Oath this Grant convey'd ;
- 4 " While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure,  
 " Thy Seat shall in my Sight remain ;  
 " To them thy Throne I will ensure,  
 " They shall to endless Ages reign."
- 5 For such stupendous Truth and Love,  
 Both Heav'n and Earth just Praises owe,  
 By Choirs of Angels sung above,  
 And by assembled Saints below.
- 6 What Seraph of celestial Birth  
 To vie with *Ifr'el's* God shall dare ?  
 Or who among the Gods of Earth,  
 With our Almighty Lord compare ?
- 7 With Rev'rence and Religious Dread,  
 His Saints should to his Temple press ?  
 His Fear thro' all their Hearts should spread,  
 Who his Almighty Name confess.
- 8 Lord God of Armies, who can boast  
 Of Strength or Pow'r, like thine renown'd ?  
 Of such a num'rous faithful Host,  
 As that which does thy Throne surround ?
- 9 Thou dost the lawless Sea controul,  
 And change the Prospect of the Deep ;  
 Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,  
 Thou mak'st the rolling Billows sleep.
- 10 Thou brak'st in Pieces *Rabab's* Pride,  
 And did'st oppressing Pow'r disarm :  
 Thy scatter'd Foes have dearly try'd  
 The Force of thy resistless Arm.
- 11 In Thee the sov'reign Right remains  
 Of Earth and Heav'n ; Thee, Lord, alone  
 The World and all that it contains,  
 Their Maker and Preserver own.
- 12 The Poles on which the Globe does rest,  
 Were form'd by thy creating Voice ;

- Tabor* and *Hermon*, East and West,  
 In thy sustaining Pow'r rejoice.
- 13 Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,  
 Yet, Lord, thou dost with Justice reign;
- 14 Possess'd of absolute Command,  
 Thou Truth and Mercy dost maintain.
- 15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear  
 Thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;  
 Who may at Festivals appear,  
 With thy most glorious Presence crown'd.
- 16 Thy Saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,  
 Who on thy sacred Name rely;  
 And, in thy Righteousness employ'd,  
 Above their Foes be rais'd on high.
- 17 For in thy Strength they shall advance,  
 Whose Conquests from thy Favour spring.
- 18 The Lord of Hosts is our Defence,  
 And *Isr'el's* God our *Isr'el's* King.
- 19 Thus speak'st thou by thy Prophet's Voice,  
 " A mighty Champion I will send.  
 " From *Judah's* Tribe have I made Choice  
 " Of one who shall the rest defend.
- 20 " My Servant *David* I have found,  
 " With holy Oil anointed him;
- 21 " Him shall the Hand support that crown'd,  
 " And guard that gave the Diadem.
- 22 " No Prince from him shall Tribute force,  
 " No Son of Strife shall him annoy;
- 23 " His spiteful Foes I will disperse,  
 " And them before his Face destroy.
- 24 " My Truth and Grace shall him sustain;  
 " His Armies, in well order'd Ranks,
- 25 " Shall conquer, from the *Tyrian* Main  
 " To *Tigris* and *Euphrates'* Banks.
- 26 " Me for his Father he shall take,  
 " His God and Rock of Safety call;
- 27 " Him I my first-born Son will make,  
 " And earthly Kings his Subjects all.

- 28 " To him my Mercy I'll secure,  
 " My Cov'nant make for ever fast.  
 29 " His Seed for ever shall endure,  
 " His Throne, till Heav'n dissolve, shall last.

## P A R T III.

- 30 " But if his Heirs my Law forsake,  
 " And from my sacred Precepts stray ;  
 31 " If they my righteous Statutes break,  
 " Nor strictly my Commands obey ;  
 32 " Their Sins I'll visit with a Rod,  
 " And for their Folly make them smart ;  
 33 " Yet will not cease to be their God,  
 " Nor from my Truth, like them, depart.  
 34 " My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,  
 " But in Remembrance fast retain ;  
 " The Thing that once my Lips have spoke,  
 " Shall in eternal Force remain.  
 35 " Once have I sworn, but once for all,  
 " And made my Holiness the Tie,  
 " That I my Grant will ne'er recall,  
 " Nor to my Servant *David* lye.  
 36, 37 " Whose Throne and Race the constant Sun  
 " Shall, like his Course, establish'd see :  
 " Of this my Oath, thou conscious Moon,  
 " In Heav'n a faithful Witness be."  
 38 Such was thy gracious Promise, Lord,  
 But thou hast now our Tribes forsook,  
 Thy own Anointed hast abhorr'd,  
 And turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.  
 39 Thou seemest to have render'd void  
 The Cov'nant with thy Servant made,  
 Thou hast his Dignity destroy'd,  
 And in the Dust his Honour laid.  
 40 Of strong Holds thou hast him bereft,  
 And brought his Bulwarks to decay ;  
 41 His frontier Coasts defenceless left,  
 A public Scorn, and common Prey.  
 42 His Ruin does glad Triumphs yield  
 To Foes advanc'd by Thee to Might ;



- 43 Thou hast his conqu'ring Sword unsteel'd,  
His Valour turn'd to shameful Flight.
- 44 His Glory is to Darknes fled,  
His Throne is levell'd with the Ground ;
- 45 His Youth to wretched Bondage led,  
With Shame o'erwhelm'd and Sorrow drown'd.
- 46 How long shall we thy Absence mourn ?  
Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire ?  
Shall thy consuming Anger burn,  
'Till that and we at once expire ?
- 47 Consider, Lord, how short a Space  
Thou dost for mortal Life ordain ;  
No Method to prolong the Race,  
But loading it with Grief and Pain.
- 48 What Man is he that can controul  
Death's strict unalterable Doom ?  
Or rescue from the Grave his Soul,  
The Grave that must Mankind entomb ?
- 49 Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundless Grace,  
The Oath to which thy Truth did seal,  
Consign'd to *David* and his Race,  
The Grant which Time should ne'er repeal ?
- 50 See how thy Servants treated are  
With Infamy, Reproach, and Spite ;  
Which in my silent Breast I bear  
From Nations of licentious Might.
- 51 How they, reproaching thy great Name,  
Have made thy Servant's Hope their Jest :
- 52 Yet thy just Praises we'll proclaim,  
And ever sing, *The Lord be blest.*

*Amen, Amen.*

## P S A L M XC.

**O** Lord, the Saviour and Defence  
of us thy chosen Race,  
From Age to Age thou still hast been  
our sure abiding Place.

- 2 Before thou brought'st the Mountains forth,  
or th' Earth and World didst frame,

Thou

Thou always wert the mighty God,  
and ever art the same :

3 Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to Dust,  
of which he first was made ;

And when thou speak'st the Word, *Return*,  
'tis instantly obey'd.

4 For in thy Sight a thousand Years  
are like a Day that's past,

Or like a Watch in Dead of Night,  
whose Hours unminded waste.

5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a Flood,  
we vanish hence like Dreams ;

At first we grow like Grass that feels  
the Sun's reviving Beams :

6 But howsoever fresh and fair  
its Morning Beauty shows ;

'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite  
before the Ev'ning close.

7, 8 We by thine Anger are consum'd,  
and by thy Wrath dismay'd ;

Our publick Crimes and secret Sins  
before thy Sight are laid.

9 Beneath thy Anger's sad Effects  
our drooping Days we spend ;

Our unregarded Years break off,  
like Tales that quickly end.

10 Our Term of Time is Seventy Years,  
an Age that few survive :

But if, with more than common Strength,  
to Eighty we arrive ;

Yet then our boasted Strength decays,  
to Sorrow turn'd and Pain :

So soon the slender Thread is cut,  
and we no more remain.

P A R T II.

11 But who thy Anger's dread Effects  
does, as he ought, revere ?

And yet thy Wrath does fall or rise,  
as more or less we fear.

- 12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain Sum  
of our short Days to mind,  
That to true Wisdom all our Hearts  
may ever be inclin'd.
- 13 O to thy Servants, Lord, return,  
and speedily relent !  
As we of our Misdeeds, do thou  
of our just Doom repent.
- 14 To satisfy and chear our Souls,  
thy early Mercy send ;  
That we may all our Days to come,  
in Joy and Comfort spend.
- 15 Let happy Times with large Amends  
dry up our former Tears,  
Or equal at the least the Term  
of our afflicted Years.
- 16 To all thy Servants, Lord, let this  
thy wond'rous Work be known,  
And to our Offspring yet unborn,  
thy glorious Pow'r be shown.
- 17 Let thy bright Rays upon us shine,  
give thou our Work Success ;  
The glorious Work we have in hand  
do thou vouchsafe to bless.

## P S A L M XCI.

- 1 **H**E that has God his Guardian made,  
Shall, under the Almighty's Shade,  
secure and undisturb'd abide.
- 2 Thus to my Soul, of him I'll say,  
He is my Fortrefs and my Stay,  
my God in whom I will confide.
- 3 His tender Love and watchful Care  
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,  
and from the noisome Pestilence :
- 4 He over thee his Wings shall spread,  
And cover thy unguarded Head ;  
his Truth shall be thy strong Defence.



- 5 No Terrors that surprise by Night,  
 Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,  
 nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day ;  
 6 Nor Plague, of unknown Rife, that kills  
 In Darknefs, nor infectious Ills  
 that in the hottest Season flay.  
 7 A thousand at thy Side shall die,  
 At thy right Hand ten thousand lie,  
 while thy firm Hand untouch'd remains :  
 8 Thou only shalt look on and see,  
 The Wicked's sad Catastrophe,  
 and count the Sinner's mournful Gains.  
 9 Because (with well-plac'd Confidence)  
 Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure Defence,  
 and on the Highest dost rely ;  
 10 Therefore no Ill shall thee befall,  
 Nor to thy healthful Dwelling shall  
 any infectious Plague draw nigh.  
 11 For he throughout thy happy Days,  
 To keep thee safe in all thy Ways,  
 shall give his Angels strict Commands ;  
 12 And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet  
 With some rough Stone to wound thy Feet,  
 shall bear thee safely in their Hands.  
 13 Dragons and Asps that thirst for Blood,  
 And Lions roaring for their Food,  
 beneath his conqu'ring Feet shall lie.  
 14 Because he lov'd and honour'd me,  
 Therefore, says God, I'll set him free,  
 and fix his glorious Throne on high.  
 15 He'll call ; I'll answer when he calls,  
 And rescue him when Ill befalls ;  
 increase his Honour and his Wealth :  
 16 And when, with undisturb'd Content,  
 His long and happy Life is spent,  
 his End I'll crown with saving Health.

## P S A L M XCII.

**H**OW good and pleasant must it be  
 to thank the Lord most high ;

And

- And with repeated Hymns of Praise,  
his Name to magnify.
- 2 With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,  
his Goodness to relate ;  
And of his constant Truth, each Night  
the glad Effects repeat.
- 3 To ten-string'd Instruments we'll sing,  
with tuneful Psalt'ries join'd ;  
And to the Harp, with solemn Sounds,  
for sacred Use design'd.
- 4 For thro' thy wond'rous Works, O Lord,  
thou mak'st my Heart rejoice ;  
The Thoughts of them shall make me glad,  
and shout with chearful Voice.
- 5, 6 How wond'rous are thy Works, O Lord !  
how deep are thy Decrees !  
Whose winding Tracks, in secret laid,  
no stupid Sinner sees.
- 7 He little thinks, when wicked Men,  
like Grass, look fresh and gay ;  
How soon their short-liv'd Splendor must  
for ever pass away.
- 8, 9 But thou, my God, art still most High ;  
and all thy lofty Foes,  
Who thought they might securely sin,  
shall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.
- 10 Whilst thou exalt'st my sov'reign Pow'r,  
and mak'st it largely spread ;  
And with refreshing Oil anoint'st  
my consecrated Head.
- 11 I soon shall see my stubborn Foes  
to utter Ruin brought ;  
And hear the dismal End of those  
who have against me fought.
- 12 But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,  
shall make a glorious Show ;  
As Cedars that on *Lebanon*,  
in stately Order grow.

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13, 14 These, planted in the House of God,  
within his Courts shall thrive ;  
Their Vigour and their Lustre both  
shall in old Age revive.  
15 Thus will the Lord his Justice shew ;  
and God, my strong Defence,  
Shall due Rewards to all the World  
impartially dispense.

P S A L M XCIII.

**W**ITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd,  
the Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns,  
The World's Foundations strongly laid,  
and the vast Fabrick still sustains.  
2 How surely 'stablish'd is thy Throne!  
which shall no Change or Period see ;  
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,  
art God from all Eternity.  
3, 4 The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,  
and toss the troubled Waves on high ;  
But God above can still their Noise,  
and make the angry Sea comply.  
5 Thy Promise, Lord, is ever sure,  
and they that in thy House would dwell,  
That happy Station to secure,  
must still in Holiness excel.

P S A L M XCIV.

1, 2 **O** God, to whom Vengeance belongs,  
thy Justice now disclose :  
Arise, thou Judge of all the Earth,  
and crush thy haughty Foes.  
3, 4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful Men  
their solemn Triumphs make ?  
How long their wicked Actions boast,  
and insolently speak ?  
5, 6 Not only they thy Saints oppress,  
but, unprovok'd, they spill  
The Widow's and the Stranger's Blood,  
and helpless Orphans kill.

7 “ And



7 " And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,  
(prophanely thus they speak)

" Nor any Notice of our Deeds  
" the God of *Jacob* take."

8 At length, ye stupid Fools, your Wants  
endeavour to discern ;  
In Folly will you still proceed,  
and Wisdom never learn ?

9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the Ear ?  
or blind who fram'd the Eye ?

Shall Earth's great Judge not punish those,  
who his known Will defy ?

11 He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men,  
to him their Hearts lie bare ;

His Eyes survey them all, and sees  
how vain their Counsels are.

P A R T II.

12 Bless'd is the Man whom thou, O Lord,  
in Kindness dost chastise,

And by thy sacred Rules to walk  
dost lovingly advise.

13 This Man shall Rest and Safety find  
in Seasons of Distress :

Whilst God prepares a Pit for those  
that stubbornly transgress.

14 For God will never from his Saints  
his Favour wholly take :

His own Possession and his Lot,  
he will not quite forsake.

15 The World shall then confess Thee just  
in all that thou hast done ;

And those that chuse thy upright Ways,  
shall in those Paths go on.

16 Who will appear in my Behalf,  
(when wicked Men invade)

Or who, when Sinners would oppress,  
my righteous Cause shall plead ?

17, 18, 19 Long since had I in Silence slept,  
but that the Lord was near,

To

To stay me when I slip; when sad  
my troubled Heart to cheer.

20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just,  
their sinful Throne sustain,

Who make the Law a fair Pretence  
their wicked Ends to gain?

21 Against the Lives of righteous Men  
they form their close Design;

The Blood of Innocents to spill,  
in solemn League combine.

22 But my Defence is firmly plac'd  
in God the Lord most High:

He is my Rock, to which I may  
for Refuge always fly.

23 The Lord shall cause their ill Designs,  
on their own Heads to fall:

He in their Sins shall cut them off,  
Our God shall slay them all.

## P S A L M XCV.

1 **O** Come, loud Anthems let us sing,  
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King:  
For we our Voices high should raise,  
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his Presence let us haste,  
To thank him for his Favours past;  
To him address, in joyful Songs,  
The Praise that to his Name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in State,  
Is with unrival'd Glory, great:  
A King superior far to all,  
Whom by his Title God we call.

4 The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,  
Her secret Wealth at his Command;  
The Strength of Hills that threat the Skies,  
Subjected to his Empire lies.

5 The rolling Ocean's vast Abyss  
By the same Sovereign Right is his:  
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,  
That form'd and fix'd the solid Land.

- 6 O let us to his Courts repair,  
And bow with Adoration there:  
Down on our Knees devoutly all  
Before the Lord our Maker fall.
- 7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,  
His Flock and Pasture Sheep are we.  
If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near,  
To Day if you his Voice will hear,
- 8 Let not your harden'd Hearts renew  
Your Fathers Crimes and Judgments too;  
Nor here provoke my Wrath as they  
In desert Plains of *Meribab*,
- 9 When through the Wilderness they mov'd,  
And me with fresh Temptations prov'd:  
They still, thro' Unbelief, rebell'd,  
While they my wond'rous Works beheld.
- 10, 11 They Forty Years my Patience griev'd,  
Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd.  
Then—'Tis a faithless Race, I said,  
Whose Heart from me has always stray'd;  
They ne'er will tread my righteous Path:  
Therefore to them, in settled Wrath,  
Since they despise my Rest, I swear,  
That they should never enter there.

## P S A L M XCVI.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new-made Song;  
Let Earth in one assembled Throng,  
Her common Patron's Praise resound.
- 2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,  
From Day to Day his Peace proclaim,  
Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
- 3 To heathen Lands his Fame rehearse,  
His Wonders to the Universe.
- 4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;  
In Majesty and Glory rais'd  
Above all other Deities.
- 5 For Pageantry and Idols all  
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call:  
He only rules who made the Skies.



- 6 With Majesty and Honour crown'd  
Beauty and Strength his Throne surround ;  
7 Be therefore both to him restor'd  
By you who have false Gods ador'd,  
Ascribe due Honour to his Name ;  
8 Peace-Off'rings on his Altar lay,  
Before his Throne your Homage pay,  
Which he, and he alone can claim.  
9 To worship at his sacred Court,  
Let all the trembling World resort.  
10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,  
Whose Power the Universe sustains,  
And banish'd Justice will restore.  
11 Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,  
And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express,  
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar ;  
Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,  
And for this Triumph find a Voice.  
12 For Joy let fertile Vallies sing,  
The chearful Groves their Tribute bring ;  
The tuneful Choir of Birds awake,  
13 The Lord's Approach to celebrate,  
Who now sets out with awful State,  
His Circuit through the Earth to take.  
From Heav'n to judge the World he's come,  
With Justice to reward and doom.

## P S A L M XCVII.

- 1 **J**ehovah reigns, let all the Earth  
In his just Government rejoice ;  
Let all the Isles with sacred Mirth,  
In his Applause unite their Voice.  
2 Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade,  
His dazzling Glory shroud in State ;  
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,  
And fix'd by his Pavilion wait.  
3 Devouring Fire before his Face  
His Foes around with Vengeance struck ;  
4 His Lightnings set the World on blaze,  
Each saw it, and with Terror shook.

- 5 The proudest Hills his Presence felt,  
 Their Height nor Strength could Help afford,  
 The proudest Hills like Wax did melt  
 In Presence of th' Almighty Lord.
- 6 The Heav'ns his Righteousness to show,  
 With Storms of Fire or Foes pursu'd,  
 And all the trembling World below  
 Have his descending Glory view'd.
- 7 Confounded be their impious Host,  
 Who make the Gods to whom they pray;  
 All who of Pageant Idols boast,  
 To him, ye Gods, your Worship pay.
- 8 Glad *Sion* of thy Triumph heard,  
 And *Judab's* Daughters were o'erjoy'd;  
 Because thy righteous Judgments, Lord,  
 Have Pagan Pride and Pow'r destroy'd.
- 9 For thou, O God, art seated high,  
 Above Earth's Potentates enthron'd:  
 Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the Sky,  
 Supreme by all the Gods art own'd.
- 10 You who to serve this Lord aspire,  
 Abhor what's Ill, and Truth esteem:  
 He'll keep his Servants Souls entire,  
 And them from wicked Hands redeem.
- 11 For Seeds are sown of glorious Light,  
 A future Harvest for the Just;  
 And Gladness for the Heart that's right,  
 To recompence its pious Trust.
- 12 Rejoice, ye Righteous, in the Lord;  
 Memorials of his Holiness,  
 Deep in your faithful Breasts record,  
 And with your thankful Tongues confess.

## P S A L M XCVIII.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new-made Song,  
 who wond'rous Things has done;  
 With his right Hand and holy Arm,  
 the Conquest he has won.
- 2 The Lord has thro' th' astonish'd World  
 display'd his saving Might,

And made his righteous Acts appear  
in all the Heathens Sight.

3 Of *Isr'el's* House his Love and Truth  
have ever mindful been ;

Wide Earth's remotest Parts the Pow'r  
of *Isr'el's* God have seen.

4 Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants  
their chearful Voices raise,

And all with universal Joy  
resound their Maker's Praise.

5 With Harp and Hymns soft Melody  
into the Confort bring

6 The Trumpet and shrill Cornet's Sound,  
before th' Almighty King.

7 Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,  
with all that Seas contain :

The Earth and her Inhabitants  
join Confort with the Main.

8 With Joy let Riv'lets swell to Streams,  
to spreading Torrents they ;

And ecchoing Vales from Hill to Hill,  
redoubled Shouts convey ;

9 To welcome down the World's great Judge,  
who does with Justice come,

And, with impartial Equity,  
both to Reward and Doom.

## P S A L M XCIX.

1 **J**ehovah reigns, let therefore all  
the guilty Nations quake :

On Cherubs Wings he sits enthron'd,  
let Earth's Foundations shake.

2 On *Sion's* Hill he keeps his Court,  
his Palace makes her Tow'rs ;

Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends  
supreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.

3 Let therefore all with Praise address  
his great and dreadful Name,

And with his unresisted Might  
his Holiness proclaim.



- 4 For Truth and Justice, in his Reign  
of Strength and Pow'r, take Place;  
His Judgments are with Righteousness  
dispens'd to *Jacob's* Race,  
5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,  
before his Footstool fall;  
And with his unresisted Might,  
His Holiness extol.  
6 *Moses* and *Aaron* thus of old,  
among his Priests ador'd;  
Amongst his Prophets *Samuel* thus  
his sacred Name implor'd,  
Distress'd, upon the Lord they call'd,  
who ne'er their Suit deny'd;  
But, as with Rev'rence they implor'd,  
he graciously reply'd.  
7 For, with their Camp to guide their March  
the cloudy Pillar mov'd:  
They kept his Laws, and to his Will  
obedient Servants prov'd.  
8 He answer'd them, forgiving oft  
his People for their sake;  
And those who rashly them oppos'd,  
did sad Examples make.  
9 With Worship at his sacred Courts  
exalt our God and Lord;  
For he who only holy is,  
alone should be ador'd.

## P S A L M C.

- 1, 2 **W**ITH one Consent let all the Earth  
to God their chearful Voices raise,  
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,  
and sing before him Songs of Praise.  
3 Convinc'd that he is God alone,  
from whom both we and all proceed;  
We, whom he chuses for his own,  
the Flock that he vouchsafes to feed.  
4 O enter then his Temple Gate,  
thence to his Courts devoutly press,

And

And still your grateful Hymns repeat,  
 And still his Name with Praises bless.  
 5 For he's the Lord supremely good,  
 his Mercy is for ever sure;  
 His Truth which always firmly stood,  
 to endless Ages shall endure.

## P S A L M CI.

- 1 **O**F Mercy's never-failing Spring,  
 And stedfast Judgment I will sing;  
 And since they both to Thee belong,  
 To Thee, O Lord, address my Song.  
 2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,  
 Wise Discipline my Reign shall guide;  
 With blameless Life myself I'll make  
 A Pattern for my Court to take.  
 3 No ill Design will I pursue,  
 Nor those my Fav'rites make that do.  
 4 Who to Reproof has no Regard,  
 Him will I totally discard.  
 5 The private Slanderer shall be  
 In public Justice doom'd by me:  
 From haughty Looks I'll turn aside,  
 And mortify the Heart of Pride.  
 6 But Honesty, call'd from her Cell,  
 In Splendor at my Court shall dwell:  
 Who Virtue's Practice make their Care,  
 Shall have the first Preferments there.  
 7 No Politicks shall recommend  
 His Country's Foe to be my Friend:  
 None e'er shall to my Favour rise  
 By flatt'ring or malicious Lies.  
 8 All those who wicked Courses take,  
 An early Sacrifice I'll make;  
 Cut off, destroy, till none remain  
 God's holy City to prophane.

## P S A L M CII.

- X 1 **W**HEN I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,  
 do thou, O Lord, attend,

To

To thy eternal Throne of Grace  
let my sad Cry ascend.  
2 O hide not thou thy glorious Face  
in Times of deep Distress :  
Incline thine Ear, and when I call,  
my Sorrows soon redress.  
3 Each cloudy Portion of my Life  
like scatter'd Smoke expires ;  
My shrivel'd Bones are like a Hearth  
that's parch'd with constant Fires.  
4 My Heart, like Grass that feels the Blast  
of some infectious Wind,  
Does languish so with Grief, that scarce  
my needful Food I mind.  
5 By reason of my sad Estate  
I spend my Breath in Groans :  
My Flesh is worn away, my Skin  
scarce hides my starting Bones.  
6 I'm like a Pelican become,  
that does in Desarts mourn :  
Or like an Owl that sits all Day  
on barren Trees forlorn.  
7 In Watchings or in restless Dreams  
the Night by me is spent,  
As by those solitary Birds  
that lonesome Roofs frequent.  
8 All Day by railing Foes I'm made  
the Subject of their Scorn ;  
Who all possess'd with furious Rage,  
have my Destruction sworn.  
9 When grov'ling on the Ground I lie,  
oppress'd with Grief and Fears,  
My Bread is strew'd with Ashes o'er,  
my Drink is mix'd with Tears.  
10 Because on me with double Weight  
thy heavy Wrath doth lie :  
For Thou, to make my Fall more great,  
didst lift me up on high.



- 11 My Days just hast'ning to their End,  
are like an Ev'ning Shade :  
My Beauty does, like wither'd Grass,  
with wanting Lustre fade.
- 12 But thy eternal State, O Lord,  
no Length of Time shall waste:  
The Mem'ry of thy wond'rous Works  
from Age to Age shall last.
- 13 Thou shalt arise, and *Sion* view  
with an unclouded Face :  
For now her Time is come, thy own  
appointed Day of Grace.
- 14 Her scatter'd Ruins by thy Saints  
with Pity are survey'd :  
They grieve to see her lofty Spires  
in Dust and Rubbish laid.
- 15, 16 The Name and Glory of the Lord  
all Heathen Kings shall fear ;  
When he shall *Sion* build again,  
and in full State appear.
- 17, 18 When he regards the Poor's Request,  
nor slight's their earnest Pray'r ;  
Our Sons for this recorded Grace,  
shall his just Praise declare.
- 19 For God from his Abode on high,  
his gracious Beams display'd :  
The Lord from Heav'n, his lofty Throne,  
hath all the Earth survey'd.
- 20 He list'ned to the Captives Moans,  
He heard their mournful Cry,  
And freed, by his resistless Pow'r,  
the Wretches doom'd to die.
- 21 That they, in *Sion*, where he dwells,  
might celebrate his Fame,  
And thro' the holy City sing  
loud Praises to his Name.
- 22 When all the Tribes assembling there,  
their solemn Vows address,

And

And neighb'ring Lands, with glad Consent,  
the Lord their God confess.

23 But e'er my Race is run, my Strength  
thro' his fierce Wrath decays ;

He has, when all my Wishes bloom'd,  
cut short my hopeful Days.

24 Lord, end not thou my Life, said I,  
when half is scarcely past :

Thy Years from worldly Changes free,  
to endless Ages last.

25 The strong Foundations of the Earth  
of old by Thee were laid ;

Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n  
with wond'rous Skill have made :

26, 27 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,  
they soon shall pass away ;

And like a Garment often worn,  
shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'st their Change,  
to thy Command they bend :

But thou continu'st still the same,  
nor have thy Years an End.

28 Thou to the Children of thy Saints  
shall lasting Quiet give ;

Whose happy Race, securely fix'd,  
shall in thy Presence live.

## P S A L M CIII.

1, 2 **M**Y Soul, inspir'd with sacred Love,  
God's holy Name for ever blest ;  
Of all his Favours mindful prove,  
And still thy grateful Thanks express.

3, 4 'Tis he that all thy Sins forgives,  
And after Sickness makes thee sound :  
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,  
By him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

5, 6 He with good Things thy Mouth supplies,  
Thy Vigor, Eagle-like renews :

He, when the guiltless Sufferer cries,  
His Fe. with just Revenge pursues.

- ✓ 7 God made of old his righteous Ways  
 To *Moses* and our Fathers known ;  
 His Works to his eternal Praise,  
 Were to the Sons of *Jacob* shown.
- ✕ 8 The Lord abounds with tender Love,  
 And unexampled Acts of Grace :  
 His waken'd Wrath doth slowly move,  
 His willing Mercy flies apace.
- 9, 10 God will not always harshly chide,  
 But with his Anger quickly part ;  
 And loves his Punishments to guide,  
 More by his Love than our Desert.
- ✕ 11 As high as Heav'n its Arch extends  
 Above this little Spot of Clay ;  
 So much his boundless Love transcends  
 The small Respects that we can pay.
- 12, 13 As far as 'tis from East to West,  
 So far has he our Sins remov'd,  
 Who with a Father's tender Breast  
 Has such as fear him always lov'd.
- 14, 15 For God, who all our Frame surveys,  
 Considers that we are but Clay :  
 How fresh soe'er we seem, our Days  
 Like Grass or Flow'rs must fade away :
- 16, 17 Whilst they are nipt with sudden Blasts,  
 Nor can we find their former Place ;  
 God's faithful Mercy ever lasts,  
 To those that fear him, and their Race.
- 18 This shall attend on such as still  
 Proceed in his appointed Way ;  
 And who not only know his Will,  
 But to it just Obedience pay.
- 19, 20 The Lord, the Universal King,  
 In Heav'n has fix'd his lofty Throne :  
 To him, ye Angels, Praises sing,  
 In whose great Strength his Pow'r is shown.  
 Ye that his just Commands obey,  
 And hear and do his sacred Will :



- 21 Ye Hosts of his this Tribute pay,  
Who still what he ordains fulfil.
- 22 Let ev'ry Creature jointly bless  
The mighty Lord: And thou, my Heart,  
With grateful Joy thy Thanks exprefs,  
And in this Confort bear thy Part.

## P S A L M CIV.

- 1 **B**LESS God, my Soul; thou, Lord, alone  
Possessest Empire without Bounds,  
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne  
Eternal Majesty furrounds.
- 2 With Light thou dost thyself enrobe,  
And Glory for a Garment take;  
Heav'n's Curtains stretch'd beyond the Globe,  
Thy Canopy of State to make.
- 3 God builds on liquid Air, and forms  
His Palace Chambers in the Skies;  
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms  
The swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.
- 4 As bright as Flame, as swift as Wind,  
His Ministers Heav'n's Palace fill,  
To have their fundry Tasks assign'd;  
All proud to serve their Sov'reign's Will.
- 5, 6 Earth on her Centre fix'd, he set,  
Her Face with Waters overspread;  
Nor proudest Mountains dar'd as yet,  
To lift above the Waves their Head.
- 7 But when thy awful Face appear'd,  
Th' insulting Waves dispers'd; they fled,  
When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard,  
And by their Haste confess'd their Dread.
- 8 Thence up by secret Tracks they creep,  
And gushing from the Mountain's Side,  
Thro' Vallies travel to the Deep,  
Appointed to receive their Tide.
- 9 There hast thou fix'd the Ocean's Bounds,  
The threat'ning Surges to repell;  
That they no more o'erpass their Mounds,  
Nor to a second Deluge swell.

P A R T

## P A R T II.

- 10 Yet thence in smaller Parties drawn,  
The Sea recovers her lost Hills;  
And starting Springs from ev'ry Lawn,  
Surprize the Vales with plenteous Rills.
- 11 The Fields tame Beasts are thither led,  
Weary with Labour, faint with Drought;  
And Asses on wild Mountains bred,  
Have Sense to find these Currents out.
- 12 There shady Trees from scorching Beams,  
Yields Shelter to the feather'd Throng;  
They drink, and to the bounteous Streams  
Return the Tribute of their Song.
- 13 His Rains from Heav'n parch'd Hills recruit,  
That soon transmit the liquid Store;  
'Till Earth is burden'd with her Fruit,  
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.
- 14 Grass, for our Cattle to devour,  
He makes the Growth of ev'ry Field;  
Herbs, for Man's Use, of various Pow'r,  
That either Food or Physic yield,
- 15 With cluster'd Grapes he crowns the Vine,  
To chear Man's Heart oppress'd with Cares;  
Gives Oil that makes his Face to shine,  
And Corn that wasted Strength repairs.

## P A R T III.

- 16 The Trees of God, without the Care  
Or Art of Man, with Sap are fed;  
The Mountain Cedar looks as fair,  
As those in Royal Gardens bred.
- 17 Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms  
The Wand'ers of the Air may rest;  
The hospitable Pine from Harms  
Protects the Stork, her pious Guest.
- 18 Wild Goats the craggy Rock ascend,  
Its tow'ring Heights their Fortrets make,  
Whose Cells in Labyrinths extend,  
Where feeble Creatures Refuge take.

- 19 The Moon's inconstant Aspect shows  
Th' appointed Seasons of the Year;  
Th' instructed Sun his Duty knows,  
His Hours to rise and disappear.
- 20, 21 Darkness he makes the Earth to shroud,  
When Forest Beasts securely stray;  
Young Lions roar their Wants aloud  
To Providence, that sends 'em Prey.
- 22 They range all Night, on Slaughter bent,  
'Till summon'd by the rising Morn,  
To skulk in Dens with one Consent,  
The constant Ravagers return.
- 23 Forth to the Tillage of his Soil,  
The Husbandman securely goes,  
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,  
With him returns to his Repose.
- 24 How various, Lord, thy Works are found;  
For which thy Wisdom we adore!  
The Earth is with thy Treasure crown'd,  
'Till Nature's Hand can grasp no more.

## P A R T IV.

- 25 But still the vast unfathom'd Main  
Of Wonders a new Scene supplies,  
Whose Depths Inhabitants contain,  
Of ev'ry Form and ev'ry Size.
- 26 Full freighted Ships from ev'ry Port,  
There cut their unmolested Way;  
*Leviathan*, whom there to sport  
Thou mad'st, has Compass there to play.
- 27 These various Troops of Sea and Land,  
In Sense of common Want agree:  
All wait on thy dispensing Hand,  
And have their daily Alms from thee.
- 28 They gather what thy Stores disperse,  
Without their Trouble to provide:  
Thou op'st thy Hand, the Universe,  
The craving World is all supply'd.



- 29 Thou for a Moment hid'st thy Face,  
The num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn :  
Thou tak'st their Breath, all Nature's Race  
Forthwith to Mother Earth return.
- 30 Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth,  
T' inspire the Mass with vital Seed ;  
Nature's restor'd, and Parent Earth  
Smiles on her new-created Breed.
- 31 Thus thro' successive Ages stands  
Firm fix'd thy providential Care ;  
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,  
Thou dost the Wastes of Time repair.
- 32 One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,  
Earth's panting Breast with Terror fills ;  
One Touch from Thee, with Clouds of Smoak  
In Darkness shrouds the proudest Hills.
- 33 In praising God, while he prolongs  
My Breath, I will that Breath employ ;
- 34 And join Devotion to my Songs,  
Sincere, as in him is my Joy :
- 35 While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,  
My Soul, praise thou his holy Name,  
'Till with my Song the lift'ning World  
Join Consort, and his Praise proclaim.

## P S A L M CV.

- 1 **O** Render Thanks, and bless the Lord ;  
invoke his sacred Name ;  
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,  
his matchless Deeds proclaim :
- 2 Sing to his Praise, in lofty Hymns  
his wond'rous Works rehearse ;  
Make them the Theme of your Discourse,  
and Subject of your Verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his Almighty Name,  
alone to be ador'd ;  
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,  
that humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving Strength  
devoutly still implore ;

And where he's ever present, seek  
his Face for evermore.

5 The Wonders that his Hands have wrought,  
keep thankfully in Mind;

The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,  
and Laws to us assign'd.

6 Know ye his Servant *Abr'am's* Seed,  
and *Jacob's* chosen Race,

7 He's still our God, his Judgments still  
throughout the Earth take Place.

8 His Cov'nant he hath kept in Mind  
for num'rous Ages past,

Which yet for Thousand Ages more,  
in equal Force shall last.

9 First sign'd to *Abr'am*, next by Oath,  
to *Isaac* made secure;

10 To *Jacob* and his Heirs a Law  
for ever to endure:

11 That *Canaan's* Land should be their Lot,  
when yet but few they were:

12 But few in Number, and those few  
all friendless Strangers there.

13 In Pilgrimage, from Realm to Realm,  
securely they remov'd;

14 Whilst proudest Monarchs, for their sakes,  
severely he reprov'd:

15 "These mine Anointed are, said he,  
"let none my Servants wrong,

"Nor treat the poorest Prophet ill  
"that does to me belong."

16 A Dearth at last, by his Command,  
did through the Land prevail;

'Till Corn, the chief Support of Life,  
sustaining Corn, did fail.

17 But his indulgent Providence  
had pious *Joseph* sent,

Sold into *Egypt*, but their Death  
who sold him to prevent.

18 His

18 His Feet with heavy Chains were crush'd,  
with Calumny his Fame;

19 'Till God's appointed Time and Word  
to his Deliv'rance came.

20 The King his Sov'reign Order sent,  
and rescu'd him with Speed;

Whom private Malice had confin'd,  
the People's Ruler freed.

21 His Court, Revenues, Realms, were all  
subjected to his Will;

22 His greatest Princes to controul,  
and teach his Statesmen Skill,

P A R T II.

23 To *Egypt* then, invited Guests,  
half-famish'd *Isr'el* came;

And *Jacob* held, by Royal Grant,  
the fertile Soil of *Ham*.

24 Th' Almighty there with such Increase  
his People multiply'd,

'Till with their proud Oppressors they  
in Strength and Number vy'd.

25 Their vast Increase th' *Egyptian* Hearts  
with jealous Anger fir'd,

'Till they his Servants to destroy  
by treach'rous Arts conspir'd.

26 His Servant *Moses* then he sent,  
his chosen *Aaron* too;

27 Empower'd with Signs and Miracles  
to prove their Mission true.

28 He call'd for Darkness, Darkness came,  
Nature his Summons knew;

29 Each Stream and Lake, transform'd to Blood,  
the wand'ring Fishes flew.

30 In putrid Floods, throughout the Land,  
the Pest of Frogs was bred;

From noisome Fens sent up to croak  
at *Pharaoh's* Board and Bed.

31 He gave the Sign, and Swarms of Flies  
came down in cloudy Hosts,

Whilst



- Whilst Earth's enliven'd Dust below  
 bred Lice through all their Coasts.  
 32 He sent them batt'ring Hail for Rain,  
 and Fire for cooling Dew.  
 33 He smote their Vines, and Forest Plants,  
 and Garden's Pride o'erthrew.  
 34 He spake the Word, the Locusts came,  
 and Catterpillars join'd ;  
 They prey'd upon the poor Remains  
 the Storm had left behind.  
 35 From Trees to Herbage they descend,  
 no verdant Thing they spare ;  
 But, like the naked fallow Field,  
 leave all the Pastures bare.  
 36 From Fields to Villages and Towns,  
 commission'd Vengeance flew ;  
 One fatal Stroke their eldest Hopes  
 and Strength of *Egypt* flew.  
 37 He brought his Servants forth, enrich'd  
 with *Egypt*'s borrow'd Wealth ;  
 And, what transcends all Treasure else,  
 enrich'd with vig'rous Health.  
 38 *Egypt* rejoic'd, in hopes to find  
 her Plagues with them remov'd ;  
 Taught dearly now to fear worse Ills  
 by those already prov'd.  
 39 Their shrouding Canopy by Day  
 a journeying Cloud was spread :  
 A fiery Pillar all the Night  
 their desert Marches led.  
 40 They long'd for Flesh ; with Ev'ning Quails  
 he furnish'd ev'ry Tent :  
 From Heaven's own Granary, each Morn,  
 the Bread of Angels sent.  
 41 He smote the Rock, whose flinty Breast  
 pour'd forth a gushing Tide ;  
 Whose flowing Stream, where'er they march'd,  
 The Desert's Drought supply'd.

- 42 For still he did on *Abr'am's* Faith  
and antient League reflect :
- 43 He brought his People forth with Joy,  
with Triumph his Elect.
- 44 Quite rooting out their Heathen Foes  
from *Canaan's* fertile Soil,  
To them in cheap Possession gave  
the Fruit of others Toil :
- 45 That they his Statutes might observe,  
his sacred Laws obey.  
For Benefits so vast, let us  
our Songs of Praise repay.

## P S A L M CVI.

- 1 **O** Render Thanks to God above,  
The Fountain of eternal Love ;  
Whose Mercy firm through Ages past  
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty Deeds express,  
Not only vast, but numberless ?  
What mortal Eloquence can raise  
His Tribute of immortal Praise ?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,  
Who from thy Judgments never stray :  
Who know what's right ; nor only so,  
But always practise what they know.
- 4 Extend to me that Favour, Lord,  
Thou to thy Chosen dost afford :  
When thou return'st to set them free,  
Let thy Salvation visit me.
- 5 O may I worthy prove to see  
Thy Saints in full Prosperity ;  
That I the joyful Choir may join,  
And count thy People's Triumph mine.
- 6 But ah ! can we expect such Grace,  
Of Parents vile, the viler Race :  
Who their Misdeeds have acted o'er,  
And with new Crimes increas'd the Score ?
- 7 Ingrateful, they no longer thought  
On all his Works in *Egypt* wrought ;

- The Red Sea they no sooner view'd,  
 But they their base Distrust renew'd.
- 8 Yet he, to vindicate his Name,  
 Once more to their Deliv'rance came,  
 To make his sov'reign Pow'r be known,  
 That he is God, and he alone.
- 9 To Right and Left, at his Command,  
 The parting Deep disclos'd her Sand ;  
 Where firm and dry the Passage lay,  
 As through some parch'd and desert Way.
- 10 Thus rescu'd from their Foes they were,  
 Who closely press'd upon their Rear,
- 11 Whose Rage pursu'd 'em to those Waves,  
 That prov'd the rash Pursuers Graves.
- 12 The wat'ry Mountains sudden Fall  
 O'erwhelm'd proud *Pharaoh*, Host and all.  
 This Proof did stupid *Isr'el* move  
 To own God's Truth, and praise his Love.

## P A R T   II.

- 13 But soon these Wonders they forgot,  
 And for his Counsel waited not ;
- 14 But lusting in the Wilderness,  
 Did him with fresh Temptations press.
- 15 Strong Food at their Request he sent,  
 But made their Sin their Punishment.
- 16 Yet still his Saints they did oppose,  
 The Priest and Prophet whom he chose.
- 17 But Earth, the Quarrel to decide,  
 Her vengeful Jaws extended wide,  
 Rash *Dathan* to her Centre drew,  
 With proud *Abiram's* factious Crew.
- 18 The rest of those who did conspire  
 To kindle wild Sedition's Fire,  
 With all their impious Train, became  
 A Prey to Heav'n's devouring Flame.
- 19 Near *Horeb's* Mount, a Calf they made,  
 And to the molten Image pray'd ;



- 20 Adoring what their Hands did frame,  
They chang'd their Glory to their Shame.  
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,  
And all his Works in *Egypt* wrought;  
22 His Signs in *Ham's* astonish'd Coast,  
And where proud *Pharaoh's* Troops were lost.  
23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful Hand he rear'd,  
But *Moses* in the Breach appear'd;  
The Saint did for the Rebels pray,  
And turn'd Heav'n's kindled Wrath away.  
24, 25 Yet they his pleasant Land despis'd,  
Nor his repeated Promise priz'd,  
Nor did th' Almighty's Voice obey;  
But when God said, *Go up*, would stay.  
26, 27 This seal'd their Doom, without Redress  
To perish in the Wilderness.  
Or else to be by Heathens Hands  
O'erthrown, and scatter'd thro' the Lands.

## P A R T III.

- 28 Yet unreclaim'd, this stubborn Race  
*Baal Peor's* Worship did embrace  
Became his impious Guests, and fed  
On Sacrifices to the Dead.  
29 Thus they persisted to provoke  
God's Vengeance to the final Stroke.  
'Tis come:—the deadly Pest is come  
To execute their gen'ral Doom.  
30 But *Phineas* fir'd with holy Rage  
(Th' Almighty Vengeance to assuage)  
Did, by Two bold Offenders Fall,  
Th' Atonement make that ransom'd *All*.  
31 As him a heav'nly Zeal had mov'd,  
So Heav'n the zealous Act approv'd;  
To him confirming, and his Race,  
The Priesthood he so well did grace.  
32 At *Meribah* God's Wrath they mov'd,  
Who *Moses* for their Sakes reprov'd;  
33 Whose patient Soul they did provoke,  
'Till rashly the meek Prophet spoke.

- 34 Nor when possess'd of *Canaan's* Land,  
 Did they perform their Lord's Command,  
 Nor his commission'd Sword employ  
 The guilty Nations to destroy.
- 35 Not only spar'd the Pagan Crew,  
 But mingling learnt their Voices too ;
- 36 And Worship to those Idols paid,  
 Which them to fatal Snares betray'd.
- 37, 38 To Devils they did sacrifice  
 Their Children with relentless Eyes ;  
 Approach'd their Altars thro' a Flood  
 Of their own Sons and Daughters Blood :  
 No cheaper Victims would appease  
*Canaan's* remorseless Deities ;  
 No Blood her Idols reconcile,  
 But that which did the Land defile.

## P A R T IV.

- 39 Nor did these savage Cruelties  
 The harden'd Reprobates suffice ;  
 For after their Hearts Lusts they went,  
 And daily did new Crimes invent.
- 40 But Sins of such infernal Hue  
 God's Wrath against his People drew,  
 'Till he, their once indulgent Lord,  
 His own Inheritance abhorr'd.
- 41 He them defenceless did expose  
 To their insulting Heathen Foes ;  
 And made them on the Triumphs wait  
 Of those who bore them greatest Hate.
- 42 Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd ;  
 Their List of Tyrants he increas'd,  
 'Till they, who God's mild Sway declin'd,  
 Were made the Vassals of Mankind.
- 43 Yet, when distress'd, they did repent,  
 His Anger did as oft relent :  
 But freed, they did his Wrath provoke,  
 Renew'd their Sins, and he their Yoke.

- 44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,  
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd ;  
45 But did to Mind his Promise bring,  
And Mercy's inexhausted Spring.  
46 Compassion too he did impart,  
Ev'n to their Foes obdurate Heart,  
And Pity for their Suff'rings bred  
In those who them to Bondage led.  
• 47 Still save us, Lord, and *Isr'el's* Bands  
Together bring from Heathen Lands ;  
So to thy Name our Thanks we raise,  
And ever triumph in thy Praise.  
48 Let *Israel's* God be ever bless'd,  
His Name eternally confess'd :  
Let all his Saints with full Accord  
Sing loud *Amen*——*Praise ye the Lord.*

## P S A L M CVII.

- ✠ 1 **T**O God your grateful Voices raise,  
Who does your daily Patron prove :  
And let your never ceasing Praise  
Attend on his eternal Love.  
2, 3 Let those give Thanks whom he from Bands  
Of proud oppressing Foes releas'd ;  
And brought them back from distant Lands,  
From North and South, and West and East.  
4, 5 Through lonely desert Ways they went,  
Nor cou'd a peopled City find ;  
'Till quite with Thirst and Hunger spent,  
Their fainting Soul within them pin'd.  
6 Then soon to God's indulgent Ear  
Did they their mournful Cry address ;  
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,  
And freed them from their deep Distress.  
7 From crooked Paths he led them forth,  
And in the certain Way did guide,  
To wealthy Towns of great Resort,  
Where all their Wants were well supply'd.  
8 O then



- 8 O then that all the Earth with me  
 Would God for this his Goodness praise !  
 And for the mighty Works which he  
 Throughout the wond'ring World displays !  
 9 For he from Heav'n the sad Estate  
 Of longing Souls with Pity views ;  
 To hungry Souls that pant for Meat,  
 His Goodness daily Food renews.

## P A R T II.

- 10 Some lie, with Darknes compass'd round,  
 In Death's uncomfortable Shade ;  
 And with unweildy Fetters bound,  
 By pressing Cares more heavy made.  
 11, 12 Because God's Counsel they defy'd,  
 And lightly priz'd his holy Word,  
 With these Afflictions they were try'd:  
 They fell, and none could Help afford.  
 13 Then soon to God's indulgent Ear  
 Did they their mournful Cry address ;  
 Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,  
 And freed them from their deep Distress.  
 14 From dismal Dungeons, dark as Night,  
 And Shades as black as Death's Abode,  
 He brought them forth to chearful Light,  
 And welcome Liberty bestow'd.  
 15 O then that all the Earth with me  
 Would God for this his Goodness praise !  
 And for the mighty Works which he  
 Throughout the wond'ring World displays !  
 16 For he, with his Almighty Hand,  
 The Gates of Brass in Pieces broke ;  
 Nor cou'd the massy Bars withstand,  
 Or temper'd Steel resist his Stroke.

## P A R T III.

- 17 Remorseless Wretches, void of Sense,  
 With bold Transgressions God defy ;  
 And for their multiply'd Offence,  
 Oppress'd with sore Diseases lie :

- 18 Their Soul a Prey to Pain and Fear,  
 Abhors to taste the choicest Meats;  
 And they by faint Degrees draw near  
 To Death's inhospitable Gates.
- 19 Then straight to God's indulgent Ear,  
 Do they their mournful Cry address;  
 Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,  
 And frees them from their deep Distress.
- 20 He all their sad Distempers heals,  
 His Word both Health and Safety gives;  
 And when all human Succour fails,  
 From near Destruction them retrieves.
- 21 O then that all the Earth with me,  
 Would God for this his Goodness praise!  
 And for the mighty Works which he  
 Throughout the wond'ring World displays!
- 22 With Off'rings let his Altar flame,  
 Whilst they their grateful Thanks express,  
 And with loud joy his holy Name  
 For all his Acts of Wonder bless!

## P A R T IV.

- 23, 24 They that in Ships, with Courage bold,  
 O'er swelling Waves their Trade pursue,  
 Do God's amazing Works behold,  
 And in the Deep his Wonders view.
- 25 No sooner his Command is past,  
 But forth the dreadful Tempest flies,  
 Which sweeps the Sea with rapid Haste,  
 And makes the stormy Billows rise.
- 26 Sometimes the Ships, toss'd up to Heav'n,  
 On Tops of mountain Waves appear;  
 Then down the steep Abyss are driv'n,  
 Whilst ev'ry Soul dissolves with Fear.
- 27 They reel and stagger to and fro,  
 Like Men with Fumes of Wine oppress'd:  
 Nor do the skilful Seamen know  
 Which Way to steer, what Course is best.
- 28 Then straight to God's indulgent Ear  
 They do their mournful Cry address;

Who

- Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,  
And frees them from their deep Distress.
- 29, 30 He does the raging Storm appease,  
And makes the Billows calm and still;  
With Joy they see their Fury cease,  
And their intended Course fulfil.
- 31 O then that all the Earth, with me,  
Would God for this his Goodness praise!  
And for the mighty Works which he  
Throughout the wond'ring World displays!
- 32 Let them, where all the Tribes resort,  
Advance to Heav'n his glorious Name,  
And in the Elder's sov'reign Court  
With One Consent his Praise proclaim
- P A R T V.
- 33, 34 A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,  
God's just Revenge, if People sin,  
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,  
To punish those that dwell therein.
- 35, 36 The parch'd and desert Heath he makes  
To flow with Streams and springing Wells,  
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,  
And in strong Cities safely dwells.
- 37, 38 He sows the Field, the Vineyard plants,  
Which gratefully his Toil repay;  
Nor can, whilst God his Blessing grants,  
His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.
- 39 But when his Sins Heav'n's Wrath provoke,  
His Health and Substance fade away;  
He feels th' Oppressor's gauling Yoke,  
And is of Grief the wretched Prey.
- 40 The Prince that flights what God commands,  
Expos'd to Scorn, must quit the Throne;  
And over wild and desert Lands,  
Where no Path offers, stray alone.
- 41 Whilst God, from all afflicting Cares,  
Sets up the humble Man on high;  
And makes in time his num'rous Heirs,  
With his increasing Flocks to vie.

. 42, 43 Then



42, 43 Then Sinners shall have nought to say,  
 The Just a decent Joy shall show ;  
 The Wise these strange Events shall weigh,  
 And thence God's Goodness fully know.

## P S A M CVIII.

1 **O** God, my Heart is fully bent  
 to magnify thy Name ;  
 My Tongue with chearful Songs of Praise  
 shall celebrate thy Fame.

2 Awake, my Lute ; nor thou, my Harp,  
 thy warbling Notes delay ;  
 Whilst I, with early Hymns of Joy,  
 prevent the dawning Day.

3 To all the list'ning Tribes, O Lord,  
 thy Wonders I will tell,  
 And to those Nations sing thy Praise  
 that round about us dwell ;

4 Because thy Mercy's boundless Height  
 the highest Heav'n transcends,  
 And far beyond th' aspiring Clouds,  
 thy faithful Truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high  
 above the starry Frame ;  
 And let the World, with one Consent,  
 confess thy glorious Name.

6 That all thy chosen People Thee  
 their Saviour may declare ;  
 Let thy right Hand protect me still,  
 and answer thou my Pray'r.

7 Since God himself has said the Word,  
 Whose Promise cannot fail,  
 With Joy I *Sichem* will divide,  
 and measure *Succoth's* Vale ;

8 *Gilead* is mine, *Manasseh* too,  
 and *Ephraim* owns my Cause :  
 Their Strength my Regal Pow'r supports,  
 and *Judah* gives my Laws.

9 *Moab* I'll make my servile Drudge,  
 on vanquish'd *Edom* tread ;

And

And thro' the proud *Philistine* Lands,  
my conqu'ring Banners spread.

10 By whose Support and Aid shall I  
their well-fenc'd City gain ?

Who will my Troops securely lead  
thro' *Edom's* guarded Plain ?

11 Lord, wilt not thou assist our Arms,  
which late thou didst forsake ?

And wilt not thou, of these our Hosts,  
once more the Guidance take ?

12 O to thy Servant in Distress  
thy speedy Succour send ;

For vain it is on human Aid  
for Safety to depend.

13 Then valiant Acts shall we perform  
if thou thy Pow'r disclose ;

For God it is, and God alone,  
that treads down all our Foes.

## P S A L M CIX.

1 **O** God, whose former Mercies make  
my constant Praise thy Due,  
Hold not thy Peace, but my sad State  
with wonted Favour view.

2 For sinful Men, with lying Lips,  
deceitful Speeches frame,  
And with their study'd Slanders seek  
to wound my spotless Fame.

3 Their restless Hatred prompts them still  
malicious Lies to spread ;  
And all against my Life combine,  
by causeless Fury led.

4 Those whom with tend'rest Love I us'd,  
my chief Opposers are ;  
Whilst I, of other Friends bereft,  
resort to thee by Pray'r.

5 Since Mischief for the Good I did,  
their strange Reward does prove ;  
And Hatred's the Return they make  
for undissembled Love,

6 Their

- 6 Their guilty Leader shall be made  
to some ill Man a Slave ;  
And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe  
for his Accuser have.
- 7 His Guilt, when Sentence is pronounc'd,  
shall meet a dreadful Fate,  
Whilst his rejected Pray'r but serves  
his Crimes to aggravate.
- 8 He, snatch'd by some untimely Fate,  
shan't live out half his Days :  
Another, by Divine Decree,  
shall on his Office seize.
- 9, 10 His Seed shall Orphans be, his Wife  
a Widow plung'd in Grief ;  
His vagrant Children beg their Bread,  
where none can give Relief.
- 11 His ill-got Riches shall be made  
to Usurers a Prey ;  
The Fruit of all his Toil shall be  
by Strangers borne away.
- 12 None shall be found that to his Wants  
their Mercy will extend,  
Or to his helpless Orphan Seed  
the least Assistance lend.
- 13 A swift Destruction soon shall seize  
on his unhappy Race ;  
And the next Age his hated Name  
shall utterly deface.
- 14 The Vengeance of his Father's Sins  
upon his Head shall fall ;  
God on his Mother's Crimes shall think,  
and punish him for all.
- 15 All these in horrid Order rank'd,  
before the Lord shall stand,  
Till his fierce Anger quite cuts off  
their Mem'ry from the Land.

## P A R T II.

- 16 Because he never Mercy shew'd,  
but still the Poor oppreis'd ;

And



- And fought to slay the helpless Man,  
 with heavy Woes distress'd.
- 17 Therefore the Curse he lov'd to vent,  
 shall his own Portion prove ;  
 And Blessing, which he still abhorr'd,  
 shall far from him remove.
- 18 Since he in cursing took such Pride,  
 like Water it shall spread  
 Thro' all his Veins, and stick like Oil  
 with which his Bones are fed.
- 19 This, like a poison'd Robe, shall still  
 his constant Cov'ring be ;  
 Or an envenom'd Belt, from which  
 he never shall be free.
- 20 Thus shall the Lord reward all those  
 that Ill to me design ,  
 That with malicious false Reports  
 against my Life combine.
- 21 But for thy glorious Name, O God,  
 do thou deliver me ;  
 And for thy plenteous Mercy's Sake,  
 preserve and set me free :
- 22 For I, to utmost Straits reduc'd,  
 am void of all Relief ;  
 My Heart is wounded with Distress,  
 and quite pierc'd thro' with Grief.
- 23, I, like an Ev'ning Shade, decline,  
 which vanishes apace :  
 Like Locusts up and down I'm toss'd,  
 and have no certain Place.
- 24, 25 My Knees with Fasting are grown weak,  
 my Body lank and lean ;  
 All that behold me shake their Heads,  
 and treat me with Disdain.
- 26, 27 But for thy Mercies Sake, O Lord,  
 do thou my Foes withstand ;  
 That all may see 'tis thy own Act,  
 the Work of thy right Hand.

28 Then

- 28 Then let them curse, so thou but blest :  
 let Shame the Portion be  
 Of all that my Destruction seek,  
 while I rejoice in thee.
- 29 My Foe shall with Disgrace be cloath'd,  
 and spite of all his Pride,  
 His own Confusion, like a Cloak,  
 the guilty Wretch shall hide.
- 30 But I to God, in grateful Thanks,  
 my chearful Voice will raise ;  
 And where the great Assembly meets,  
 set forth his noble Praise.
- 31 For him the Poor shall always find  
 their sure and constant Friend ;  
 And he shall from unrighteous Dooms,  
 their guiltless Souls defend.

## P S A L M CX.

- 1 **T**HE Lord unto my Lord thus said,  
 “ ’Till I thy Foes thy Footstool make,  
 “ Sit thou, in State, at my right Hand.
- 2 “ Supreme in *Sion* thou shalt be,  
 “ And all thy proud Opposers see  
 “ Subjected to thy just Command.
- 3 “ Thee, in thy Pow’r’s triumphant Day,  
 “ The willing Nations shall obey.  
 “ And when thy rising Beams they view,  
 “ Shall all (redeem’d from Error’s Night)  
 “ Appear as numberless and bright  
 “ As crystal Drops of Morning Dew.”
- 4 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,  
 That, like *Melchisedech*’s, thy Reign  
 And Priesthood shall no Period know :
- 5 No proud Competitor to sit  
 At thy right Hand will he permit,  
 But in his Wrath crown’d Heads o’erthrow.
- 6 The sentenc’d Heathen he shall slay,  
 And fill with Carcases his Way,  
 ’Till he hath struck Earth’s Tyrants dead :  
 7 But

- 7 But in the Highway Brooks shall first,  
Like a poor Pilgrim, slake his Thirst,  
And then in Triumph raise his Head.

## P S A L M CXI.

- 1 **P**Raise ye the Lord our God, to praise  
My Soul her utmost Pow'rs shall raise,  
With private Friends, and in the Throng  
Of Saints, his Praise shall be my Song.
- 2 His Works, for Greatness tho' renown'd,  
His wond'rous Works with Ease are found  
By those who seek for them aright,  
And in the pious Search delight.
- 3 His Works are all of matchless Fame,  
And universal Glory claim ;  
His Truth confirm'd thro' Ages past,  
Shall to eternal Ages last.
- 4 By Precept he has us enjoin'd,  
To keep his wond'rous Works in Mind ;  
And to Posterity record,  
That good and gracious is our Lord.
- 5 His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,  
Has all his Servants Wants supply'd ;  
And he will ever keep in Mind,  
His Cov'nant with our Fathers sign'd.
- 6 At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd,  
They saw his matchless Pow'r employ'd :  
Whereby the Heathen were suppress'd,  
And we their Heritage possess'd.
- 7 Just are the Dealings of his Hands,  
Immutable are his Commands,
- 8 By Truth and Equity sustain'd,  
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.
- 9 He set his Saints from Bondage free,  
And then establish'd his Decree,  
For ever to remain the same ;  
Holy and rev'rend is his Name.
- 10 Who Wisdom's sacred Prize wou'd win,  
Must with the Fear of God begin ;

Immortal



Immortal Praise and heav'nly Skill  
Have they who know and do his Will.

## P S A L M CXII.

## H A L L E L U J A H.

- 1 **T**HAT Man is blest'd who stands in Awe  
Of God, and loves his sacred Law :
- 2 His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd,  
And with successive Honours crown'd.
- 3 His House, the Seat of Wealth, shall be  
An inexhausted Treasury ;  
His Justice, free from all Decay,  
Shall Blessings to his Heirs convey.
- 4 The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,  
Shines brightest in Affliction's Night :  
To pity the Distress'd inclin'd  
As well as just to all Mankind.
- 5 His lib'ral Favours he extends,  
To some he gives, to others lends ;  
Yet what his Charity impairs,  
He saves by Prudence in Affairs.
- 6 Beset with threatening Dangers round,  
Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground :  
The sweet Remembrance of the Just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in Dust.
- 7 Ill Tidings never can surprize  
His Heart that, fix'd, on God relies :
- 8 On Safety's Rock he sits and sees  
The Shipwreck of his Enemies.
- 9 His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,  
His Glory's future Harvest sow'd,  
Whence he shall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,  
A temp'ral and eternal Crown.
- 10 The Wicked shall his Triumph see,  
And gnash their Teeth in Agony ;  
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,  
And vanish with themselves away.

## P S A L M CXIII.

- 1 **Y**E Saints and Servants of the Lord,  
The Triumphs of his Name record ;

2 His

- 2 His sacred Name for ever blest.  
 3 Where-e'er the circling Sun displays  
 His rising Beams or setting Rays,  
 Due Praise to his great Name address.  
 4 God thro' the World extends his Sway :  
 The Regions of eternal Day,  
 But Shadows of his Glory are.  
 5 To him whose Majesty excels,  
 Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,  
 Let no created Pow'r compare.  
 6 Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view  
 In highest Heav'n what Angels do,  
 Yet he to Earth vouchsafes his Care :  
 He takes the Needy from his Cell,  
 Advancing him in Courts to dwell,  
 Companion to the Greatest there.  
 7 When Childless Families despair,  
 He sends the Blessing of an Heir  
 to rescue their expiring Name :  
 Makes her that barren was, to bear,  
 And joyfully her Fruit to rear.  
 O then extol his matchless Fame !

## P S A L M CXIV.

- 1 **W**HEN *Isr'el*, by th' Almighty led,  
 (Enrich'd with their Oppressor's Spoil)  
 From *Egypt* march'd, and *Jacob's* Seed  
 From Bondage in a foreign Soil ;  
 2 Jehovah, for his Residence,  
 Chose out Imperial *Judah's* Tent,  
 His Mansion Royal, and from thence  
 Thro' *Isr'el's* Camp his Orders sent.  
 3 The distant Sea with Terror saw,  
 And from th' Almighty's Presence fled ;  
 Old *Jordan's* Streams surpriz'd with Awe,  
 Retreated to their Fountain's Head.  
 4 The taller Mountains skip'd like Rams,  
 When Danger near the Fold they hear ;  
 The Hills skip'd after them like Lambs,  
 Affrighted by their Leader's Fear.

- 5 O Seas, what made your Tide withdraw,  
And naked leave your oozy Bed?  
Why *Jordan*, against Nature's Law,  
Recoild'st thou to thy Fountain's Head?
- 6 Why Mountains did ye skip like Rams,  
When Danger does approach the Fold?  
Why after you the Hills like Lambs,  
When they their Leader's Flight behold?
- 7 Earth tremble on ; well may'st thou fear  
Thy Lord and Maker's Face to see :  
When *Jacob's* awful God draws near,  
'Tis Time for Earth and Seas to flee.
- 8 To flee from God, who Nature's Law  
Confirms and cancels at his Will ;  
Who Springs from flinty Rocks can draw,  
And thirsty Vales with Water fill.

## P S A L M CXV.

- 1 **L**ORD, not to us, we claim no Share,  
but to thy sacred Name  
Give Glory, for thy Mercy's sake,  
and Truth's eternal Fame.
- 2 Why should the Heathen cry, Where's now  
the God whom we adore ?
- 3 Convince 'em that in Heav'n thou art,  
and uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.
- 4 Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,  
the Works of mortal Hands ;
- 5 With speechless Mouth, and sightless Eyes,  
the molten Idol stands.
- 6 The Pageant hath both Ears and Nose,  
but neither hears nor smells ;
- 7 Its Hands and Feet nor feel, nor move,  
no Life within it dwells.
- 8 Such senseless Stocks they are, that we  
can nothing like 'em find ;  
But those who on their Help rely,  
and them for Gods design'd.
- 9 O *Isr'el*, make the Lord your Trust,  
who is your Help and Shield ;      10 Priests,



- 10 Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,  
who only Help can yield.
- 11 Let all, who truly fear the Lord,  
on him they fear rely;  
Who them in Danger can defend,  
and all their Wants supply.
- 12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,  
and *Ifr'el's* House will bless;  
Priests, Levites, Profelytes, ev'n all  
who his great Name confess.
- 14 On you, and on your Heirs, he will  
Increase of Blessings bring,
- 15 Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are  
of this Almighty King.
- 16 Heav'n's highest Orb of Glory, he  
his Empire's Seat design'd;  
And gave this lower Globe of Earth  
a Portion to Mankind.
- 17 They who in Death and Silence sleep,  
to him no Praise afford:
- 18 But we will bless for evermore  
our ever-living Lord.

P S A L M CXVI.

- 1 **M**Y Soul with grateful Thoughts of Love  
entirely is possest,  
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear  
the Voice of my Request.
- 2 Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,  
I never will despair;  
But still in all the Straits of Life  
to him address my Pray'r.
- 3 With deadly Sorrows compass'd round,  
with Pains of Hell oppress'd;  
When Troubles seiz'd my aking Heart,  
and Anguish rack'd my Breast:
- 4 On God's Almighty Name I call'd,  
and thus to him I pray'd;  
“ Lord, I beseech thee, save my Soul,  
“ with Sorrows quite dismay'd;”

- 5, 6 How just and merciful is God,  
 how gracious is the Lord!  
 Who saves the harmless, and to me  
 does timely Help afford.
- 7 Then free from pensive Cares, my Soul  
 resume thy wonted Rest;  
 For God has wond'rously to thee  
 his bounteous Love exprest.
- 8 When Death alarm'd me, he remov'd  
 my Dangers and my Fears:  
 My Feet from falling he secur'd,  
 and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
- 9 Therefore my Life's remaining Years,  
 which God to me shall lend,  
 Will I in Praises to his Name,  
 and in his Service spend.
- 10, 11 In God I trusted, and of him  
 in greatest Straits did boast;  
 (For in my Flight all Hopes of Aid  
 from faithless Men were lost:)
- 12, 13 Then what Return to him shall I  
 for all his Goodness make?  
 I'll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal  
 the Cup of Blessing take.
- 14, 15 I'll pay my Vows amongst his Saints,  
 whose Blood (howe'er despis'd  
 By wicked Men) in God's Account  
 is always highly priz'd:
- 16 By various Ties, O Lord, must I  
 to thy Dominion bow:  
 Thy humble Handmaid's Son before,  
 thy ransom'd Captive now!
- 17, 18 To Thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praise;  
 and whilst I blest thy Name,  
 The just Performance of my Vows  
 to all thy Saints proclaim.
- 19 They in *Jerusalem* shall meet,  
 and in thy Houie shall join,

To bleſs thy Name with one Conſent,  
and mix their Songs with mine.

## P S A L M CXVII.

1 **W**ITH chearful Notes let all the Earth  
to Heav'n their Voices raiſe :  
Let all, inspir'd with godly Mirth,  
ſing ſolemn Hymns of Praise.

2 God's tender Mercy knows no Bound,  
his Truth ſhall ne'er decay :  
Then let the willing Nations round,  
their grateful Tribute pay.

## P S A L M CXVIII.

1, 2 **O** Praise the Lord, for he is good,  
his Mercies ne'er decay :  
That his kind Favours ever laſt,  
let thankful *Iſr'el* ſay.

3, 4 Their Senſe of his eternal Love,  
let *Aaron's* Houſe expreſs ;  
And that it never fails, let all  
that fear the Lord, confeſs.

5 To God I made my humble Moan,  
with Troubles quite oppreſt ;  
And he releas'd me from my Straits,  
and granted my Requeſt.

6 Since therefore God does on my Side  
ſo graciouſly appear,  
Why ſhould the vain Attempts of Men  
poſſeſs my Soul with Fear ?

7 Since God with thoſe that aid my Cauſe  
vouchſafes my Part to take,  
To all my Foes I need not doubt  
a juſt Return to make.

8, 9 For better 'tis to truſt in God,  
and have the Lord our Friend,  
Than on the greateſt human Pow'r  
for Safety to depend.

10, 11 Tho' many Nations cloſely leagu'd,  
did oft beſet me round ;



- Yet by his boundless Pow'r sustain'd,  
I did their Strength confound.
- 12 They swarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage  
was but a short-liv'd Blaze ;  
For whilst on God I still rely'd,  
I vanquish'd them with Ease.
- 13 When all united press'd me hard,  
in hopes to make me fall,  
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my Part,  
and sav'd me from them all.
- 14 The Honour of my strange Escape  
to him alone belongs ;  
He is my Saviour and my Strength,  
he only claims my Songs.
- 15 Joy fills the Dwelling of the Just,  
whom God has sav'd from Harm ;  
For wond'rous Things are brought to pass  
by his Almighty Arm.
- 16 He, by his own resistless Pow'r,  
has endless Honour won ;  
The saving Strength of his right Hand,  
amazing Works has done.
- 17 God will not suffer me to fall,  
but still prolongs my Days ;  
That by declaring all his Works,  
I may advance his Praise.
- 18 When God had sorely me chastis'd  
till quite of Hopes bereav'd,  
His Mercy from the Gates of Death  
my fainting Life repriev'd.
- 19 Then open wide the Temple Gates  
to which the Just repair,  
That I may enter in and praise  
my great Deliv'rer there.
- 20, 21 Within those Gates of God's Abode,  
to which the Righteous press,  
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,  
thy holy Name I'll bless.

22, 23 That

- 22, 23 That which the Builders once refus'd,  
is now the Corner Stone.  
This is the wond'rous Work of God,  
the Work of God alone.
- 24, 25 This Day is God's; let all the Land  
exalt their chearful Voice:  
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,  
and make us still rejoice.
- 26 Him that approaches in God's Name,  
let all th' Assembly bless;  
"We that belong to God's own House  
"have wish'd you good Success."
- 27 God is the Lord, through whom we all  
both Light and Comfort find;  
Fast to the Altar's Horns with Cords  
the chosen Victim bind.
- 28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still  
I'll praise thy holy Name;  
Because thou only art my God,  
I'll celebrate thy Fame.
- 29 O then with me give Thanks to God,  
who still does gracious prove;  
And let the Tribute of our Praise  
be endless as his Love.

## P S A L M CXIX.

## A L E P H.

- 1 **H**OW bless'd are they who always keep  
the pure and perfect Way!  
Who never from the sacred Paths  
of God's Commandments stray!
- 2 Thrice bless'd! who to his righteous Laws  
have still obedient been!  
And have with fervent humble Zeal  
his Favour sought to win!
- 3 Such Men their utmost Caution use  
to shun each wicked Deed;  
But in the Path which he directs  
with constant Care proceed.

- 4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,  
to learn thy sacred Will ;  
And all our Diligence employ  
thy Statutes to fulfil.
- 5 O then that thy most holy Will  
might o'er my Ways preside !  
And I the Course of all my Life  
By thy Direction guide !
- 6 Then with Assurance should I walk,  
from all Confusion free ;  
Convinc'd with Joy, that all my Ways  
with thy Commands agree.
- 7 My upright Heart shall my glad Mouth  
with cheerful Praises fill ;  
When by thy righteous Judgments taught,  
I shall have learnt thy Will.
- 8 So to thy sacred Law shall I  
all due Observance pay :  
O then forsake me not, my God,  
nor cast me quite away.

## B E T H.

- 9 How shall the Young preserve their Ways  
from all Pollution free ?  
By making still their Course of Life  
with thy Commands agree.
- 10 With hearty Zeal for thee I seek,  
to thee for Succour pray ;  
O suffer not my careless Steps  
from thy right Paths to stray.
- 11 Safe in my Heart, and closely hid,  
thy Word, my Treasure lies,  
To succour me with timely Aid,  
when sinful Thoughts arise.
- 12 Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul  
shall ever bless thy Name :  
O teach me then by thy just Laws  
my future Life to frame.
- 13 My Lips, unlock'd by pious Zeal,  
to others have declar'd ;

How



How well the Judgments of thy Mouth  
deserve our best Regard.

- 14 Whilst in the Way of thy Commands  
more solid Joy I found,  
Than had I been with vast Increase  
of envy'd Riches crown'd.
- 15 Therefore thy just and upright Laws  
shall always fill my Mind,  
And those sound Rules which thou prescrib'st,  
all due Respect shall find.
- 16 To keep thy Statutes undefac'd  
shall be my constant Joy;  
The strict Remembrance of thy Word  
shall all my Thoughts employ.

G I M E L.

- 17 Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,  
do thou my Life defend,  
That I according to thy Word  
my Time to come may spend.
- 18 Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,  
That so I may discern  
The wond'rous Things which they behold,  
who thy just Precepts learn.
- 19 Tho' like a Stranger in the Land  
from Place to Place I stray,  
Thy righteous Judgments from my Sight,  
remove not thou away.
- 20 My fainting Soul is almost pin'd,  
with earnest Longing spent;  
Whilst always on the eager Search  
of thy just Will, intent.
- 21 Thy sharp Rebuke shall crush the Proud,  
whom still thy Curse pursues;  
Since they to walk in thy right Ways  
presumptuously refuse.
- 22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,  
Contempt and Shame remove;  
For I thy sacred Laws affect  
with undissembled Love.
- 23 Tho'

- 23 Tho' Princes oft, in Council met,  
 against thy Servant spake ;  
 Yet I thy Statutes to observe,  
 my constant Bus'ness make.
- 24 For thy Commands have always been  
 my Comfort and Delight ;  
 By them I learn with prudent Care,  
 to guide my Steps aright.

## D A L E T H.

- 25 My Soul oppress'd with deadly Care,  
 close to the Dust does cleave ;  
 Revive me, Lord, and let me now  
 thy promis'd Aid receive.
- 26 To Thee I still declar'd my Ways,  
 and thou inclin'dst thine Ear ;  
 O teach me then my future Life  
 by thy just Laws to steer.
- 27 If thou wilt make me know thy Laws,  
 and by their Guidance walk,  
 The wond'rous Works which thou hast done,  
 shall be my constant Talk.
- 28 But see, my Soul within me sinks,  
 press'd down with weighty Care ;  
 Do thou, according to thy Word,  
 my wasted Strength repair.
- 29 Far, far from me be all false Ways,  
 and lying Arts remov'd ;  
 But kindly grant I still may keep  
 the Path by thee approv'd !
- 30 Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth,  
 my happy Choice I've made ;  
 Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life,  
 before me always laid.
- 31 My Care has been to make my Life  
 with thy Commands agree ;  
 O then preserve thy Servant, Lord,  
 from Shame and Ruin free.
- 32 So in the Way of thy Commands  
 shall I with Pleasure run.

And

And with a Heart enlarg'd with Joy,  
successfully go on.

*H E.*

- 33 Instruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,  
thy righteous Paths display ;  
And I from them, through all my Life,  
will never go astray.
- 34 If thou true Wisdom from above  
wilt graciously impart  
To keep thy perfect Laws I will  
devote my zealous Heart.
- 35 Direct me in the sacred Ways  
to which thy Precepts lead ;  
Because my chief Delight has been  
thy righteous Paths to tread.
- 36 Do thou to thy most just Commands  
incline my willing Heart ;  
Let no Desire of worldly Wealth  
from thee my Thoughts divert.
- 37 From those vain Objects turn my Eyes,  
which this false World displays ;  
But give me lively Power and Strength  
to keep thy righteous Ways.
- 38 Confirm the Promise which thou mad'st,  
and give thy Servant Aid,  
Who to transgress thy sacred Laws  
is awfully afraid.
- 39 The foul Disgrace I justly fear,  
in Mercy Lord remove ;  
For all the Judgments thou ordain'st  
are full of Grace and Love.
- 40 Thou know'st how after thy Commands  
my longing Heart does pant ;  
O then make haste to raise me up,  
and promis'd Succour grant.

*V A U.*

- 41 Thy constant Blessing, Lord, bestow  
to cheer my drooping Heart ;

To



- To me, according to thy Word,  
thy saving Health impart.
- 42 So shall I, when my Foes upbraid,  
this ready Answer make ;  
“ In God, I trust, who never will  
“ his faithful Promise break.”
- 43 Then let not quite the Word of Truth  
be from my Mouth remov'd ;  
Since still my Ground of stedfast Hope  
thy just Decrees have prov'd.
- 44 So I to keep thy righteous Laws,  
will all my Study bend ;  
From Age to Age, my Time to come  
in their Observance spend.
- 45 Ere long I trust to walk at large,  
from all Incumbrance free ;  
Since I resolve to make my Life  
with thy Commands agree.
- 46 Thy Laws shall be my constant Talk ;  
and Princes shall attend,  
Whilst I the Justice of thy Ways  
with Confidence defend.
- 47 My longing Heart and ravish'd Soul  
shall both o'erflow with Joy,  
When in thy lov'd Commandments I  
my happy Hours employ.
- 48 Then will I to thy just Decrees  
lift up my willing Hands ;  
My Care and Bus'ness then shall be  
to study thy Commands.
- Z A I N.
- 49 According to thy promis'd Grace,  
thy Favour, Lord, extend :  
Make good to me the Word, on which  
thy Servant's Hopes depend.
- 50 That only Comfort in Distress  
did all my Grievs controul ;  
Thy Word, when Troubles hemm'd me round,  
reviv'd my fainting Soul.

- 51 Insulting Foes did proudly mock,  
and all my Hopes deride ;  
Yet, from thy Law, not all their Scoffs  
could make me turn aside.
- 52 Thy Judgments then, of ancient Date,  
I quickly call to mind,  
'Till ravish'd with such Thoughts, my Soul  
did speedy Comfort find.
- 53 Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one  
with deadly Horror struck,  
To think how all my sinful Foes  
have thy just Laws forfook.
- 54 But I thy Statutes and Decrees  
my chearful Anthems made ;  
Whilst thro' strange Lands and Desarts wild  
I like a Pilgrim stray'd.
- 55 Thy Name, that chear'd my Heart by Day,  
has fill'd my Thoughts by Night ;  
I then resolv'd by thy just Laws  
to guide my Steps aright.
- 56 That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul  
in deep Distress sustain'd,  
By strict Obedience to thy Will  
I happily obtain'd.

## C H E T H.

- 57 O Lord, my God, my Portion thou  
and sure Possession art ;  
Thy Words I stedfastly resolve  
to treasure in my Heart.
- 58 With all the Strength of warm Desires  
I did thy Grace implore ;  
Disclose, according to thy Word,  
thy Mercies boundless Store.
- 59 With due Reflection and strict Care  
on all my Ways I thought ;  
And so, reclaim'd to thy just Paths,  
my wand'ring Steps I brought.
- 60 I lost no Time, but made great haste,  
resolv'd, without Delay,

To

To watch that I might never more  
from thy Commandments stray.

61 Tho' num'rous Troops of sinful Men  
to rob me have combin'd ;

Yet I thy pure and righteous Laws  
have ever kept in mind.

62 In dead of Night I will arise  
to sing thy solemn Praise ;

Convinc'd how much I always ought  
to love thy righteous Ways.

63 To such as fear thy holy Name,  
myself I closely join ;

To all who their obedient Wills  
to thy Commands resign.

64 O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,  
abundantly is shed ;

O make me then exactly learn  
thy sacred Paths to tread.

*T E T H.*

65 With me, thy Servant, thou hast dealt  
most graciously, O Lord,

Repeated Benefits bestow'd,  
according to thy Word.

66 Teach me the sacred Skill by which  
right Judgment is attain'd,

Who in Belief of thy Commands  
have stedfastly remain'd.

67 Before Affliction stopp'd my Course,  
my Footsteps went astray ;

But I have since been disciplin'd  
thy Precepts to obey.

68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,  
and all thou doest is so ;

On me, thy Statutes to discern,  
thy saving Skill bestow.

69 The Proud have forg'd malicious Lies,  
my spotless Fame to stain ;

But my fix'd Heart, without Reserve,  
thy Precepts shall retain.

70 While



- 70 While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous Ills,  
in sensual Pleasures live,  
My Soul can relish no Delight,  
but what thy Precepts give.
- 71 'Tis good for me that I have felt  
Affliction's chast'ning Rod,  
That I might duly learn and keep  
the Statutes of my God.
- 72 The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds,  
of more Esteem I hold,  
Than untouch'd Mines, than thousand Mines  
of Silver and of Gold.

## J O D.

- 73 To me, who am the Workmanship  
of thy Almighty Hands,  
The heav'nly Understanding give  
to learn thy just Commands.
- 74 My Preservation to thy Saints  
strong Comfort will afford,  
To see Success attend my Hopes;  
who trusted in thy Word.
- 75 That right thy Judgments are, I now  
by sure Experience see;  
And that in Faithfulness, O Lord,  
thou hast afflicted me.
- 76 O let thy tender Mercy now  
afford me needful Aid;  
According to thy Promise, Lord,  
to me, thy Servant, made.
- 77 To me thy saving Grace restore,  
That I again may live;  
Whose Soul can relish no Delight,  
but what thy Precepts give.
- 78 Defeat the Proud, who, unprovok'd,  
to ruin me have fought,  
Who only on thy sacred Laws  
employ my harmless Thought.
- 79 Let those that fear thy Name espouse  
my Cause, and those alone

Who

Who have by strict and pious Search  
thy sacred Precepts known.

- 80 In thy blest Statutes let my Heart  
continue always found :  
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinner's Lot,  
may never me confound.

*C A P H.*

- 81 My Soul with long Expectance faints  
to see thy saving Grace :  
Yet still on thy unerring Word  
my Confidence I place.
- 82 My very Eyes consume and fail  
with waiting for thy Word ;  
O ! when wilt thou thy kind Relief  
and promis'd Aid afford.
- 83 My Skin like shrivel'd Parchment shows,  
that long in Smoke is set ;  
Yet no Affliction me can force  
thy Statutes to forget.
- 84 How many Days must I endure  
of Sorrow and Distress ?  
When wilt thou Judgment execute  
on them who me oppress ?
- 85 The Proud have digg'd a Pit for me,  
that have no other Foes,  
But such as are averse to thee,  
and thy just Laws oppose.
- 86 With Right and Truth's eternal Laws  
all thy Commands agree ;  
Men persecute me without Cause,  
thou, Lord, my Helper be.
- 87 With close Designs against my Life  
they had almost prevail'd ;  
But in Obedience to thy Will  
my Duty never fail'd :
- 88 Thy wonted Kindness, Lord, restore,  
my drooping Heart to cheer ;  
That by thy righteous Statutes, I  
my Life's whole Course may steer.

## L A M E D.

- 89 For ever and for ever, Lord,  
 unchang'd thou dost remain ;  
 Thy Word, establish'd in the Heav'n's;  
 does all their Orbs sustain.
- 90 Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth  
 immoveable shall stand,  
 As doth the Earth which thou uphold'st  
 by thy Almighty Hand.
- 91 All Things the Course by thee ordain'd,  
 ev'n to this Day fulfil ;  
 They are thy faithful Subjects all,  
 and Servants of thy Will.
- 92 Unless thy sacred Law had been  
 my Comfort and Delight,  
 I must have fainted and expir'd  
 in dark Affliction's Night.
- 93 Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts  
 shall never, Lord, depart ;  
 For thou by them hast to new Life  
 restor'd my dying Heart.
- 94 As I am thine, entirely thine,  
 protect me, Lord, from Harm ;  
 Who have thy Precepts sought to know,  
 and carefully perform.
- 95 The Wicked have their Ambush laid,  
 my guiltless Life to take ;  
 But in the Midst of Danger I  
 thy Word my Study make.
- 96 I've seen an End of what we call  
 Perfection here below :  
 But thy Commandments, like Thyself,  
 no Change or Period know.

## M E M.

- 97 The Love that to thy Laws I bear,  
 no Language can display ;  
 They with fresh Wonders entertain  
 my ravish'd Thoughts all Day.

O

98 Thro'



- 98 Thro' thy Commands I wiser grow  
 than all my subtle Foes ;  
 For thy sure Word doth me direct,  
 and all my Ways dispose.
- 99 From me my former Teachers now  
 may abler Counsel take ;  
 Because thy sacred Precepts I  
 my constant Study make.
- 100 In Understanding I excell  
 the Sages of our Days ;  
 Because by thy unerring Rules  
 I order all my Ways.
- 101 My Feet with Care I have refrain'd  
 from ev'ry sinful Way,  
 That to thy sacred Word I might  
 entire Obedience pay.
- 102 I have not from thy Judgments stray'd,  
 by vain Desires misled ;  
 For, Lord, thou hast instructed me  
 thy righteous Paths to tread.
- 103 How sweet are all thy Words to me ;  
 O what divine Repast !  
 How much more grateful to my Soul,  
 than Honey to my Taste.
- 104 Taught by thy sacred Precepts, I  
 with heav'nly Skill am blest,  
 Thro' which the treach'rous Ways of Sin  
 I utterly detest.

## N U N.

- 105 Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,  
 the Way of Truth to show ;  
 A Watch-light to point out the Path,  
 in which I ought to go.
- 106 I swear (and from my solemn Oath  
 I'll never start aside)  
 That in thy righteous Judgments I  
 will steadfastly abide.
- 107 Since I with Grievs am so oppress'd,  
 that I can bear no more ;

According

- According to thy Word, do thou  
my fainting Soul restore.
- 108 Let still my Sacrifice of Praise  
with Thee Acceptance find ;  
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,  
instruct my willing Mind.
- 109 Tho' ghastly Dangers me surround,  
my Soul they cannot awe,  
Nor with continual Terrors keep  
from thinking on thy Law.
- 110 My wicked and invet'rate Foes  
for me their Snares have laid ;  
Yet I have kept the upright Path,  
nor from thy Precepts stray'd.
- 111 Thy Testimonies I have made  
my Heritage and Choice ;  
For they, when other Comforts fail,  
my drooping Heart rejoice.
- 112 My Heart with early Zeal begun  
thy Statutes to obey ;  
And till my Course of Life is done,  
shall keep thy upright Way.
- S A M E C H.
- 113 Deceitful Thoughts and Practices  
I utterly detest ;  
But to thy Law Affection bear,  
too great to be exprest ;
- 114 My Hiding-place, my Refuge-tower,  
and Shield art thou, O Lord ;  
I firmly anchor all my Hopes  
on thy unerring Word.
- 115 Hence ye that trade in Wickedness,  
approach not my Abode ;  
For firmly I resolve to keep  
the Precepts of my God.
- 116 According to thy gracious Word,  
from Danger set me free ;  
Nor make me of those Hopes ashamed,  
that I repose in Thee.

- 117 Uphold me, so shall I be safe,  
and rescu'd from Distress;  
To thy Decrees continually  
my just Respect address.
- 118 The Wicked thou hast trod to Earth,  
who from thy Statutes stray'd;  
Their vile Deceit the just Reward  
of their own Falshood made.
- 119 The Wicked from thy holy Land  
thou dost like Dross remove;  
I therefore, with such Justice charm'd,  
thy Testimonies love.
- 120 Yet with that Love they make me dread,  
lest I should so offend,  
When on Transgressors I behold  
thy Judgments thus descend.
- A I N.
- 121 Judgment and Justice I have lov'd,  
O therefore, Lord, engage  
In my Defence, nor give me up  
to my Oppressor's Rage.
- 122 Do thou be Surety, Lord, for me,  
and so shall this Distress  
Prove good for me; nor shall the Proud  
my guiltless Soul oppress.
- 123 My Eyes, alas! begin to fail,  
in long Expectance held;  
'Till thy Salvation they behold,  
and righteous Word fulfill'd.
- 124 To me, thy Servant in Distress,  
thy wonted Grace display,  
And discipline my willing Heart  
thy Statutes to obey.
- 125 On me, devoted to thy Fear,  
thy sacred Skill bestow,  
That of thy Testimonies I  
the full Extent may know.
- 126 'Tis time, high time for thee, O Lord,  
thy Vengeance to employ,

When



When Men with open Violence  
thy sacred Law destroy.

127 Yet their Contempt of thy Commands  
but make their Value rise

In my Esteem, who purest Gold  
compar'd with them despise.

128 Thy Precepts therefore I account,  
in all respects, divine :

They teach me to discern the right  
and all false Ways decline.

*P E.*

129 The Wonders which thy Law contain,  
no Words can represent ;

Therefore to learn and practise them,  
my zealous Heart is bent.

130 The very Entrance of thy Word  
cœlestial Light displays,  
And Knowledge of true Happiness  
to simplest Minds conveys.

131 With eager Hopes I waiting stood,  
and fainted with Desire,  
That of thy wise Commands I might  
the sacred Skill acquire.

132 With Favour, Lord, look down on me,  
who thy Relief implore ;  
As thou art wont to visit those  
that thy blest Name adore.

133 Directed by thy heav'nly Word,  
let all my Footsteps be ;  
Nor Wickedness of any kind  
Dominion have o'er me.

134 Release, entirely set me free  
from persecuting Hands,  
That, unmolested, I may learn  
and practise thy Commands.

135 On me, devoted to thy Fear,  
Lord, make thy Face to shine :  
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,  
my Heart with Zeal incline.

136 My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn,  
whence briny Rivers flow,  
To see Mankind against thy Laws  
in bold Defiance go.

## T S A D D I.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom  
wrong'd Innocence may trust ;  
And, like Thyself, thy Judgments, Lord,  
in all Respects are just.

138 Most just and true those Statutes were,  
which thou didst first decree ;  
And all with Faithfulness perform'd,  
succeeding Times shall see.

139 With Zeal my Flesh consumes away,  
my Soul with Anguish frets,  
To see my Foes condemn at once  
thy Promises and Threats.

140 Yet each neglected Word of thine  
(howe'er by them despis'd)  
Is pure, and for eternal Truth  
by me, thy Servant, priz'd.

141 Brought, for thy Sake, to low Estate,  
Contempt from all I find ;  
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive  
thy Precepts from my Mind.

142 Thy Righteousness shall then endure,  
when Time itself is past ;  
Thy Law is Truth itself, that Truth  
which shall for ever last.

143 Tho' Trouble, Anguish, Doubts, and Dread  
to compass me unite ;  
Beset with Danger, still I make  
thy Precepts my Delight.

144 Eternal and unerring Rules  
thy Testimonies give :  
Teach me the Wisdom that will make  
my Soul for ever live.

## K O P H.

- 145 With my whole Heart to God I call'd,  
 Lord, hear my earnest Cry ;  
 And I, thy Statutes to perform,  
 will all my Care apply.
- 146 Again more fervently I pray'd,  
 O save me, that I may  
 Thy Testimonies throughly know,  
 and stedfastly obey.
- 147 My earlier Pray'r the dawning Day  
 prevented, while I cry'd  
 To him on whose engaging Word  
 my Hope alone rely'd.
- 148 With Zeal have I awak'd before  
 the Midnight Watch was set,  
 That I of thy mysterious Word  
 might perfect Knowledge get.
- 149 Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,  
 and wonted Favour shew ;  
 O quicken me, and so approve  
 thy Judgment ever true.
- 150 My persecuting Foes advance,  
 and hourly nearer draw ;  
 What Treatment can I hope from them  
 who violate thy Law ?
- 151 Tho' they draw nigh, my Comfort is  
 thou, Lord, art yet more near ;  
 Thou, whose Commands are righteous all,  
 thy Promises sincere.
- 152 Concerning thy divine Decrees,  
 my Soul has known of old  
 That they were true, and shall their Truth  
 to endless Ages hold.

## R E S C H.

- 153 Consider my Affliction, Lord,  
 and me from Bondage draw ;  
 Think on thy Servant in Distress,  
 who ne'er forgets thy Law.



- 154 Plead thou my Cause ; to that and me  
thy timely Aid afford ;  
With Beams of Mercy quicken me  
according to thy Word.
- 155 From harden'd Sinners thou remov'st  
Salvation far away :  
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them,  
who from thy Statutes stray.
- 156 Since great thy tender Mercies are  
to all who Thee adore ;  
According to thy Judgments, Lord,  
my fainting Hopes restore.
- 157 A num'rous Host of spiteful Foes  
against my Life combine ;  
But all too few to force my Soul  
thy Statutes to decline.
- 158 Those bold Transgressors I beheld,  
and was with Grief oppress'd,  
To see with what audacious Pride  
thy Cov'nant they transgress'd.
- 159 Yet while they slight, consider, Lord,  
how I thy Precepts love ;  
O therefore quicken me with Beams  
of Mercy from Above.
- 160 As from the Birth of Time thy Truth  
has held through Ages past,  
So shall thy righteous Judgments, firm,  
to endless Ages last.

## S C H I N.

- 161 Tho' mighty Tyrants, without Cause,  
conspire my Blood to shed,  
Thy sacred Word has Pow'r alone  
to fill my Heart with Dread.
- 162 And yet that Word my joyful Breast  
with heav'nly Rapture warms,  
Nor Conquest, nor the Spoils of War,  
have such transporting Charms.
- 163 Perfidious Practices and Lies  
I utterly detest ;

But

- But to thy Laws Affection bear,  
too vast to be exprest.
- 164 Sev'n times a Day, with grateful Voice,  
thy Praises I resound,  
Because I find thy Judgments all  
with Truth and Justice crown'd.
- 165 Secure, substantial Peace have they  
who truly love thy Law ;  
No smiling Mischief them can tempt  
nor frowning Danger awe.
- 166 For thy Salvation I have hop'd,  
and tho' so long delay'd,  
With chearful Zeal and strictest Care  
all thy Commands obey'd.
- 167 Thy Testimonies I have kept,  
and constantly obey'd ;  
Because the Love I bore to them,  
thy Service easy made.
- 168 From strict Observance of thy Laws  
I never yet withdrew ;  
Convinc'd that my most sacred Ways  
are open to thy View.
- T A U.*
- 169 To my Request and earnest Cry  
attend, O gracious Lord ;  
Inspire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,  
according to thy Word.
- 170 Let my repeated Pray'r at last  
before thy Throne appear ;  
According to thy plighted Word  
for my Relief draw near.
- 171 Then shall my grateful Lips return  
the Tribute of their Praise,  
When thou thy Counsels hast reveal'd,  
and taught me thy just Ways.
- 172 My Tongue the Praises of thy Word  
shall thankfully resound,  
Because thy Promises are all  
with Truth and Justice crown'd.

- 173 Let the Almighty Arm appear,  
and bring me timely Aid ;  
For I the Laws thou hast ordain'd,  
my Heart's free Choice have made.
- 174 My Soul has waited long to see  
thy saving Grace restor'd ;  
Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,  
thy heav'nly Laws afford.
- 175 Prolong my Life, that I may sing  
my great Restorer's Praise,  
Whose Justice from the Depth of Woes  
my fainting Soul shall raise.
- 176 Like some lost Sheep I've stray'd, till I  
despair my Way to find :  
Thou, therefore, Lord, thy Servant seek,  
who keeps thy Laws in mind.

## P S A L M CXX.

- 1 **I**N deep Distress I oft have cry'd  
To God, who never yet deny'd  
To rescue me oppress'd with Wrongs ;
- 2 Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance send,  
From lying Lips my Soul defend,  
And from the Rage of slander'ing Tongues ;
- 3 What little Profit can accrue,  
And yet what heavy Wrath is due,  
O thou perfidious Tongue, to Thee ?
- 4 Thy Sting upon thyself shall turn  
Of lasting Flames that fiercely burn,  
The constant Fuel thou shalt be.
- 5 But O ! how wretched is my Doom,  
Who am a Sojourner become  
In barren *Mesech*'s desert Soil !  
With *Kedar*'s wicked Tents inclos'd,  
To lawless Savages expos'd,  
Who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.
- 6 My hapless Dwelling is with those  
Who Peace and Amity oppose,  
And Pleasure take in others Harms :



- 7 Sweet Peace is all I court and seek ;  
 But when to them of Peace I speak,  
 They straight cry out, *To Arms, To Arms,*

## P S A L M CX XI.

- 1 **T**O *Sion's* Hill I lift my Eyes,  
 from thence expecting Aid ;  
 2 From *Sion's* Hill and *Sion's* God,  
 who Heav'n and Earth has made.  
 3 Then, thou my Soul, in Safety rest,  
 thy Guardian will not sleep ;  
 4 His watchful Care that *Isr'el* guards,  
 will *Isr'el's* Monarch keep.  
 5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,  
 thou shalt securely rest,  
 6 Where neither Sun or Moon shall thee  
 by Day or Night molest.  
 7 From common Accidents of Life  
 his Care shall guard thee still ;  
 From the blind Stroke of Chance and Foes  
 that lie in wait to kill.  
 8 At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War,  
 thy God shall thee defend ;  
 Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage  
 safe to thy Journey's End.

## P S A L M CX XII.

- 1 **O**'Twas a joyful Sound to hear  
 our Tribes devoutly say,  
 Up, *Isr'el*, to the Temple haste,  
 and keep your Festal Day.  
 2 At *Salem's* Courts we must appear  
 with our assembled Pow'rs ;  
 3 In strong and beauteous Order rang'd  
 like her united Tow'rs ;  
 4 'Tis thither, by Divine Command,  
 the Tribes of God repair,  
 Before his Ark to celebrate  
 his Name with Praise and Pray'r.  
 5 Tribunals stand erected there,  
 where Equity takes place ;

There

There stand the Courts and Palaces  
of Royal *David's* Race.

6 O, pray we then for *Salem's* Peace ;  
for they shall prosp'rous be,  
(Thou holy City of our God !)  
who bear true Love to thee.

7 May Peace within thy sacred Walls  
a constant Guest be found,  
With Plenty and Prosperity  
thy Palaces be crown'd.

8 For my dear Brethren's Sake, and Friends,  
no less than Brethren dear,  
I'll pray—May Peace in *Salem's* Tow'rs  
a constant Guest appear.

9 But most of all I'll seek thy Good,  
and ever wish thee well,  
For *Sion* and the Temple's Sake,  
where God vouchsafes to dwell.

## P S A L M CXXIII.

1, 2 **O**N Thee, who dwell'st above the Skies,  
For Mercy wait my longing Eyes ;  
As Servants watch their Master's Hands,  
And Maids their Mistresses Commands.

3, 4 O then have Mercy on us, Lord,  
Thy gracious Aid to us afford :  
To us whom cruel Foes oppress,  
Grown rich and proud by our Distress.

## P S A L M CXXIV.

1 **H**AD not the Lord (may *Isr'el* say)  
been pleas'd to interpose,

2 Had he not then espous'd our Cause,  
when Men against us rose,

3, 4, 5 Their Wrath had swallow'd us alive,  
and rag'd without Controul ;  
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods  
had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,  
who rescu'd us that Day,

Nor

- Nor to their savage Jaws gave up  
our threat'ned Lives a Prey.
- 7 Our Soul is like a Bird escap'd  
from out the Fowler's Net ;  
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are cross'd,  
and we at Freedom set.
- 8 Secure in his Almighty Name,  
our Confidence remains,  
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth  
of both sole Monarch reigns.

## P S A L M CXXV.

- 1 **W**HO place on *Sion's* God their Trust,  
like *Sion's* Rock shall stand ;  
Like her immoveable be fix'd  
by his Almighty Hand.
- 2 Look how the Hills on ev'ry Side  
*Jerusalem* inclose ;  
So stands the Lord around his Saints,  
to guard them from their Foes.
- 3 The Wicked may afflict the Just,  
but ne'er too long oppress,  
Nor force him by Despair to seek  
base Means for his Redress.
- 4 Be good, O righteous God, to those  
who righteous Deeds affect :  
The Heart that Innocence retains,  
let Innocence protect.
- 5 All those who walk in crooked Paths,  
the Lord shall soon destroy ;  
Cut off th' Unjust, but crown the Saints  
with lasting Peace and Joy.

## P S A L M CXXVI.

- 1 **W**HEN *Sion's* God her Sons recall'd  
from long Captivity,  
It seem'd at first a pleasing Dream  
of what we wish'd to see :
- 2 But soon, in unaccustom'd Mirth,  
we did our Voice employ,

And



- And sung our great Creator's Praise  
in thankful Hymns of Joy.  
Our Heathen Foes repining stood,  
yet were compell'd to own,  
That great and wond'rous was the Work  
our God for us had done.
- 3 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous great ;  
much more should we confess ;  
The Lord has done great Things, whereof  
we reap the glad Success.
- 4 To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,  
of *Ifr'el's* captive Bands,  
More welcome than refreshing Show'rs  
to parch'd and thirsty Lands.
- 5 That we, whose Work commenc'd in Tears,  
may see our Labours thrive,  
'Till finish'd with Success, to make  
our drooping Hearts revive.
- 6 Tho' he desponds that sows his Grain,  
yet doubtless he shall come  
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring  
the joyful Harvest home.

## P S A L M CXXVII.

- 1 **W**E build with fruitless Cost, unless  
the Lord the Pile sustain ;  
Unless the Lord the City keep,  
the Watchman wakes in vain.
- 2 In vain we rise before the Day,  
and late to Rest repair ;  
Allow no Respite to our Toil,  
and eat the Bread of Care.  
Supplies of Life, with Ease to them,  
he on his Saints bestows ;  
He crowns their Labour with Success,  
their Nights with sound Repose.
- 3 Children, those Comforts of our Life,  
are Presents from the Lord ;  
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs,  
as Piety's Reward.

- 4 As Arrows in a Giant's Hand  
when marching forth to War,  
Ev'n so the Sons of sprightly Youth,  
their Parents Safeguard are.
- 5 Happy the Man whose Quiver's fill'd  
with these prevailing Arms ;  
He needs not fear to meet his Foe,  
at Law, or War's Alarms.

## P S A L M CXXVIII.

- 1 **T**HE Man is blest that fears the Lord,  
nor only Worship pays,  
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care  
to his appointed Ways.
- 2 He shall upon the sweet Returns  
of his own Labour feed ;  
Without Dependance live, and see  
his Wishes all succeed.
- 3 His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,  
her lovely Fruit shall bring ;  
His Children, like young Olive Plants,  
about his Table spring ;
- 4, 5 Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus ;  
him *Sion's* God shall bless ;  
And grant him all his Days to see  
*Jerusalem's* Success.
- 6 He shall live on, 'till Heirs from him  
descend with vast Increase :  
Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous State,  
and more in *Isr'el's* Peace.

## P S A L M CXXIX.

- 1 **F**ROM my Youth up, may *Isr'el* say,  
they oft have me assail'd,
- 2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,  
but never quite prevail'd.
- 3 They oft have plow'd my patient Back  
with Furrows deep and long :
- 4 But our just God has broke their Chains,  
and rescu'd us from Wrong.

5 Defeat,

- 5 Defeat, Confusion, shameful Rout  
be still the Doom of those,  
Their righteous Doom, who *Sion* hate,  
and *Sion's* God oppose.
- 6 Like Corn upon our Houses Tops,  
untimely let them fade,  
Which too much Heat, and want of Root,  
has blasted in the Blade :
- 7 Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,  
but unregarded leaves ;  
Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains  
to fold it into Sheaves.
- 8 No Traveller that passes by,  
vouchsafes a Minute's Stop,  
To give it one kind Look, or crave  
Heav'n's Blessing on the Crop.

## P S A L M cxxx.

- 1 **F**ROM lowest Depths of Woe  
to God I sent my Cry ;
- 2 Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,  
and graciously reply.
- 3 Should'st thou severely judge,  
who can the Trial bear ?
- 4 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,  
and quite renounce thy Fear.
- 5 My Soul with Patience waits  
for Thee the living Lord ;  
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,  
thy never-failing Word.
- 6 My longing Eyes look out,  
for thy enliv'ning Ray,  
More duly than the Morning Watch  
to spy the dawning Day.
- 7 Let *Isr'el* trust in God,  
no Bounds his Mercy knows ;  
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence  
eternal Succour flows,
- 8 Whose friendly Streams to us  
Supplies in Want convey ;



A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse,  
and wash our Guilt away.

## P S A L M CXXXI.

- 1 **O** Lord, I am not proud of Heart;  
nor cast a scornful Eye;  
Nor my aspiring Thoughts employ  
in Things for me too high.  
2 With Infant Innocence thou know'st  
I have myself demean'd;  
Compos'd to Quiet, like a Babe  
that from the Breast is wean'd.  
3 Like me let *Isr'el* hope in God,  
his Aid alone implore;  
Both now and ever trust in him,  
who lives for evermore.

## P S A L M CXXXII.

- 1 **L** E T *David*, Lord, a constant Place  
in thy Remembrance find;  
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd,  
be ever in thy Mind.  
2 Remember what a solemn Oath  
to Thee, his Lord, he swore;  
How to the mighty God he vow'd,  
whom *Jacob's* Sons adore:  
3, 4 I will not go into my House,  
nor to my Bed ascend;  
No soft Repose shall close my Eyes,  
nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend;  
5 'Till for the Lord's design'd Abode,  
I mark the destin'd Ground;  
'Till I a decent Place of Rest  
for *Jacob's* God have found.  
6 Th' appointed Place, with Shouts of Joy,  
at *Ephrata* we found,  
And made the Woods and neighb'ring Fields  
our glad Applause resound.  
7 O with due Rev'rence let us then  
to his Abode repair;

P

And

- And prostrate at his Footstool fall'n,  
pour out our humble Pray'r.
- 8 Arise, O Lord, and now possess  
thy constant Place of Rest ;  
Be that, not only with thy Ark,  
but with thy Presence blest.
- 9, 10 Cloath thou thy Priests with Righteousness,  
make thou thy Saints rejoice ;  
And for thy Servant *David's* Sake,  
hear thy Anointed's Voice.
- 11 God swear to *David* in his Truth,  
(nor shall his Oath be vain)  
One of thy Offspring after thee  
upon thy Throne shall reign :
- 12 And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,  
and to my Laws submit ;  
Their Children too upon thy Throne  
for evermore shall sit.
- 13, 14 For *Sion* does in God's Esteem  
all other Seats excel ;  
His Place of everlasting Rest,  
where he desires to dwell.
- 15, 16 Her Store, says he, I will increase,  
her Poor with Plenty bless ;  
Her Saints shall shout for Joy, her Priests  
my saving Health confess.
- 17 There *David's* Pow'r shall long remain  
in his successive Line,  
And my anointed Servant there  
shall with fresh Lustre shine.
- 18 The Faces of his vanquish'd Foes  
Confusion shall o'erspread ;  
Whilst with confirm'd Success, his Crown  
shall flourish on his Head.

## P S A L M CXXXIII.

- 1 **H**OW vast must their Advantage be !  
How great their Pleasure prove !  
Who live like Brethren, and consent  
in Offices of Love !

- 2 True Love is like that precious Oil  
which, pour'd on *Aaron's* Head,  
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes  
its costly Moisture shed.
- 3 'Tis like refreshing Dew, which does  
on *Hermon's* Top distil ;  
Or like the early Drops that fall  
on *Sion's* fruitful Hill.
- 4 For God to all, whose friendly Hearts  
with mutual Love abound,  
Has firmly promis'd Length of Days  
with constant Blessings crown'd.

## P S A L M CXXXIV.

- 1 **B**LESS God, ye Servants that attend  
upon his solemn State,  
That in his Temple, Night by Night,  
with humble Rev'rence wait :
- 2, 3 Within this House lift up your Hands,  
and bless his holy Name ;  
From *Sion* bless thy *Isr'el*, Lord,  
who Heav'n and Earth didst frame.

## P S A L M CXXXV.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord with one Consent;  
and magnify his Name ;  
Let all the Servants of the Lord  
his worthy Praise proclaim.
- 2 Praise him all ye that in his House  
attend with constant Care ;  
With those that to his outmost Courts  
with humble Zeal repair.
- 3 For this our truest Int'rest is,  
glad Hymns of Praise to sing ;  
And with loud Songs to bless his Name;  
a most delightful thing.
- 4 For God his own peculiar Choice  
the Sons of *Jacob* makes ;  
And *Isr'el's* Offspring for his own  
most valu'd Treasure takes.



- 5 That God is great, we often have  
by glad Experience found ;  
And seen how he with wond'rous Pow'r  
above all Gods is crown'd.
- 6 For he, with unresisted Strength,  
performs his sov'reign Will ;  
In Heav'n and Earth, and watry Stores  
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.
- 7 He raises Vapours from the Ground,  
which, poiz'd in liquid Air,  
Fall down at last in Show'rs, thro' which  
his dreadful Lightnings glare :
- 8 He from his Store-house brings the Winds ;  
and he with vengeful Hand,  
The First-born slew of Man and Beast,  
thro' *Egypt's* mourning Land.
- 9 He dreadful Signs and Wonders shew'd  
thro' stubborn *Egypt's* Coasts,  
Nor *Pharaoh* could his Plagues escape,  
nor all his num'rous Hosts.
- 10, 11 'Twas he that various Nations smote,  
and mighty Kings suppress'd ;  
*Sibon* and *Og*, and all besides  
who *Canaan's* Land possess'd.
- 12, 13 Their Land upon his chosen Race  
he firmly did entail ;  
For which his Fame shall always last,  
his Praise shall never fail.
- 14 For God shall soon his People's Cause  
with pitying Eyes survey ;  
Repent him of his Wrath, and turn  
his kindled Rage away.
- 15 Those Idols, whose false Worship spreads  
o'er all the Heathen Lands,  
Are made of Silver and of Gold,  
the Work of human Hands.
- 16, 17 They move not their fictitious Tongues,  
nor see with polish'd Eyes ;
- Their

- Their counterfeited Ears are deaf,  
 no Breath their Mouth supplies.  
 18 As senseless as themselves are they  
 that all their Skill apply  
 To make them, or in dang'rous Times  
 on them for Aid rely.  
 19 Their just Returns of Thanks to God,  
 let grateful *Isr'el* pray ;  
 Nor let the Priests of *Aaron's* Race  
 to bless the Lord delay.  
 20 Their Sense of his unbounded Love  
 let *Levi's* House express ;  
 And let all those that fear the Lord,  
 his Name for ever bless.  
 21 Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works  
 in *Sion's* Courts proclaim ;  
 Let them in *Salem*, where he dwells,  
 exalt his holy Name.

## P S A L M CXXXVI.

- 1 **T**O God the mighty Lord,  
 Your joyful Thanks repeat :  
 To him due Praise afford,  
 As good as he is great.  
 For God does prove  
 Our constant Friend,  
 His boundless Love  
 Shall never end.  
 2, 3 To him whose wond'rous Pow'r  
 All other Gods obey,  
 Whom earthly Kings adore,  
 This grateful Homage pay.  
 For God, &c.  
 4, 5 By his Almighty Hand  
 Amazing Works are wrought :  
 The Heav'ns by his Command  
 Were to Perfection brought.  
 For God, &c.  
 6 He spread the Ocean round  
 About the spacious Land ;

And made the rising Ground  
Above the Waters stand.

For God, &c.

7, 8, 9 Thro' Heav'n he did display  
His num'rous Hosts of Light ;  
The Sun to rule by Day,  
The Moon and Stars by Night.

For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He struck the Fir-stborn dead  
Of *Egypt's* stubborn Land,  
And thence his People led  
With his resistless Hand.

For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging Sea,  
As if in Pieces rent,  
Disclos'd a middle Way,  
Thro' which his People went.

For God, &c.

15 Where soon he overthrew  
Proud *Pharaoh* and his Host,  
Who daring to pursue,  
Were in the Billows lost,

For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Thro' Desarts vast and wild  
He led the chosen Seed ;  
And famous Princes foil'd,  
And made great Monarchs bleed.

For God, &c.

19, 20 *Sibon*, whose potent Hand  
Great *Ammon's* Sceptre sway'd ;  
And *Og*, whose stern Command  
Rich *Bashan's* Land obey'd.

For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wond'rous Grace,  
Their Lands whom he destroy'd,  
He gave to *Isr'el's* Race,  
To be by them enjoy'd.

For God, &c.

23, 24 He,



23, 24 He, in our Depth of Woes,  
On us with Favour thought,  
And from our cruel Foes  
In Peace and Safety brought,  
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the Food supply  
On which all Creatures live ;  
To God who reigns on high,  
Eternal Praises give.  
For God will prove  
Our constant Friend,  
His boundless Love  
Shall never end.

## P S A L M CXXXVII.

- 1 **W**HEN we, our wearied Limbs to rest,  
Sat down by proud *Euphrates*' Stream,  
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppress'd,  
And *Sion* was our mournful Theme.
- 2 Our Harps, that when with Joy we sung,  
Were wont their tuneful Parts to bear,  
With silent Strings neglected hung  
On Willow-trees that wither'd there.
- 3 Mean while our Foes, who all conspir'd  
To triumph in our slavish Wrongs,  
Musick and Mirth of us requir'd,  
"Come, sing us one of *Sion*'s Songs."
- 4 How shall we tune our Voice to sing ?  
Or touch our Harps with skilful Hands ?  
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King  
Be sung by Slaves in foreign Lands ?
- 5 O *Salem*, our once happy Seat !  
When I of thee forgetful prove,  
Let then my trembling Hand forget  
The speaking Strings with Art to move !
- 6 If I to mention thee forbear,  
Eternal Silence seize my Tongue ;  
Or if I sing one chearful Air,  
'Till thy Deliv'rance is my Song.

- 7 Remember, Lord, how *Edom's* Race  
In thy own City's fatal Day,  
Cry'd out, "Her stately Walls deface,  
"And with the Ground quite level lay."<sup>9</sup>
- 8 Proud *Babel's* Daughter, doom'd to be  
Of Grief and Woe the wretched Prey,  
Bless'd is the Man who shall to thee,  
The Wrongs thou laidst on us repay.
- 9 Thrice bless'd, who with just Rage possessest,  
And deaf to all the Parents Moans,  
Shall snatch thy Infants from the Breast,  
And dash their Heads against the Stones.

## P S A L M CXXXVIII.

- 1 **W**ith my whole Heart, my God and King,  
thy Praise I will proclaim ;  
Before the Gods with Joy I'll sing,  
and bless thy holy Name.
- 2 I'll worship at thy sacred Seat ;  
and with thy Love inspir'd,  
The Praises of thy Truth repeat,  
o'er all thy Works admir'd.
- 3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine Ear,  
when I to thee did cry ;  
And when my Soul was press'd with Fear,  
didst inward Strength supply.
- 4 Therefore shall ev'ry earthly Prince  
thy Name with Praise pursue,  
Whom these admir'd Events convince  
that all thy Works are true.
- 5 They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,  
with chearful Songs shall bless ;  
And all thy glorious Acts record,  
thy awful Pow'r confess.
- 6 For God, altho' enthron'd on high,  
does thence the Poor respect ;  
The Proud far off, his scornful Eye,  
beholds with just Neglect.
- 7 Tho' I with Troubles am oppress'd,  
he shall my Foes disarm,

Relieve

Relieve my Soul when most distress'd,  
and keep me safe from Harm.

- 8 The Lord, whose Mercies ever last,  
shall fix my happy State;  
And mindful of his Favours past,  
shall his own Work compleat.

## P S A L M CXXXIX.

- 1, 2 **T**Hou, Lord, by strictest Search hast known  
My rising up and lying down;  
My secret Thoughts are known to thee,  
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 3 Thine Eye my Bed and Path surveys,  
My publick Haunts and private Ways;
- 4 Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips would vent,  
My yet unutter'd Words Intent.
- 5 Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand,  
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand.
- 6 O Skill, for human Reach too high!  
Too dazzling bright for mortal Eye!
- 7 O cou'd I so perfidious be,  
To think of once deserting thee,  
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence shun?  
Or whither from thy Presence run?
- 8 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light:  
Or dive to Hell's infernal Plains,  
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.
- 9 If I the Morning's Wings could gain,  
And fly beyond the Western Main,
- 10 Thy swifter Hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy Fugitive.
- 11 Or should I try to shun thy Sight  
Beneath the sable Wings of Night;  
One Glance from thee, one piercing Ray  
Would kindle Darkness into Day.
- 12 The Veil of Night is no Disguise,  
No Screen from thy all-searching Eyes:  
Thro' Midnight Shades thou find'st thy Way,  
As in the blazing Noon of Day.



- 13 Thou know'st the Texture of my Heart,  
My Reins and ev'ry vital Part.  
Each single Thread, in Nature's Loom,  
By thee was cover'd in the Womb.
- 14 I'll praise Thee from whose Hands I came,  
A Work of such a curious Frame ;  
The Wonders thou in me hast shown,  
My Soul with grateful Joy must own.
- 15 Thine Eyes my Substance did survey,  
While yet a lifeless Mass it lay,  
In secret how exactly wrought.  
Ere from its dark Inclosure brought.
- 16 Thou didst the shapeless Embrio see,  
Its Parts were registred by Thee :  
Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took,  
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.
- 17 Let me acknowlege too, O God,  
That since this Maze of Life I trod,  
Thy Thoughts of Love to me surmount  
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
- 18 Far sooner could I reckon o'er  
The Sands upon the Ocean's Shore:  
Each Morn revising what I've done,  
I find th' Account but new begun.
- 19 The Wicked thou shalt slay, O God :  
Depart from me, ye Men of Blood,  
20 Whose Tongues Heav'n's Majesty profane,  
And take th' Almighty's Name in vain.
- 21 Lord, hate not I their impious Crew,  
Who thee with Enmity pursue ?  
And does not Grief my Heart oppress,  
When Reprobates thy Law transgress ?
- 22 Who practise Enmity to Thee,  
Shall utmost Hatred have from me ;  
Such Men I utterly detest,  
As if they were my Foes profest. [Heart,
- 23, 24 Search; try, O God, my Thoughts and  
If Mischief lurks in any Part :

Correct

Correct me where I go astray,  
And guide me in thy perfect Way.

## P S A L M CXL.

- 1 **P**reserve me, Lord, from crafty Foes,  
of treacherous Intent ;
- 2 And from the Sons of Violence,  
on open Mischief bent.
- 3 Their slander'ring Tongue the Serpent's Sting  
in Sharpness does exceed :  
Between their Lips the Gall of Asps,  
and Adders Venom breed.
- 4 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked Hands,  
nor leave my Soul forlorn,  
A Prey to Sons of Violence,  
who have my Ruin sworn.
- 5 The Proud for me have laid their Snare,  
and spread their wily Net ;  
With Traps and Gins where-e'er I move,  
I find my Steps beset.
- 6 But thus environ'd with Distress,  
thou art my God, I said ;  
Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,  
that calls to thee for Aid.
- 7 O Lord, the God whose saving Strength  
kind Succour did convey,  
And cover'd my advent'rous Head  
in Battle's doubtful Day ;
- 8 Permit not their unjust Designs  
to answer their Desire ;  
Lest they, encourag'd by Success,  
to bolder Crimes aspire.
- 9 Let first their Chiefs the sad Effects  
of their Injustice mourn ;  
The Blast of their envenom'd Breath,  
upon themselves return.
- 10 Let them who kindled first the Flame,  
its Sacrifice become ;  
The Pit they digg'd for me be made  
their own untimely Tomb.

- 11 Tho' Slander's Breath may raise a Storm,  
it quickly will decay ;  
Their Rage does but the Torrent swell,  
that bears themselves away.
- 12 God will assert the poor Man's Cause,  
and speedy Succour give :  
The Just shall celebrate his Praise,  
and in his Presence live.

## P S A L M CXLI.

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord, my Cries ascend,  
O haste to my Relief ;  
And with accustom'd Pity hear  
the Accents of my Grief.
- 2 Instead of Off'rings, let my Pray'r  
like Morning Incense rise ;  
My lifted Hands supply the Place  
of Ev'ning Sacrifice.
- 3 From hasty Language curb my Tongue,  
and let a constant Guard  
Still keep the Portal of my Lips,  
with wary Silence barr'd.
- 4 From wicked Mens Designs and Deeds  
my Heart and Hands restrain ;  
Nor let me in the Booty share  
of their unrighteous Gain.
- 5 Let upright Men reprove my Faults,  
and I shall think them kind ;  
Like Balm that heals a wounded Head,  
I their Reproof shall find ;  
And in return, my fervent Pray'r  
I shall for them address, .  
When they are tempted and aduc'd,  
like me, to sore Distress.
- 6 When skulking in *Engedi's* Rock,  
I to their Chiefs appeal,  
If one reproachful Word I spoke,  
when I had Pow'r to kill.
- 7 Yet us they persecute to Death,  
our scatter'd Ruins lie,



- As thick as from the Hewer's Axe  
the sever'd Splinters fly.
- 8 But, Lord, to thee I still direct  
my supplicating Eyes,  
O leave not destitute my Soul,  
whose Trust on thee relies.
- 9 Do thou preserve me from the Snares  
that wicked Hands have laid ;  
Let them in their own Nets be caught,  
while my Escape is made.

## P S A L M CXLII.

- 1 **T**O God with mournful Voice  
in deep Distress I pray'd ;
- 2 Made him the Umpire of my Cause,  
my Wrongs before him laid.
- 3 Thou didst my Steps direct,  
when my griev'd Soul despair'd ;  
For where I thought to walk secure,  
they had their Traps prepar'd.
- 4 I look'd, but found no Friend  
to own me in Distress ;  
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchsaf'd  
his Pity or Redress.
- 5 To God at last I pray'd,  
thou, Lord, my Refuge art,  
My Portion in the Land of Life,  
'till Life itself depart.
- 6 Reduc'd to greatest Straits,  
to Thee I make my Moan ;  
O save me from oppressing Foes,  
for me too pow'rful grown.
- 7 That I may praise thy Name,  
my Soul from Prison bring ;  
Whilst of thy kind Regard to me,  
assembled Saints shall sing.

## P S A L M CXLIII.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry  
thy wonted Audience lend ;

In

- In thy accustom'd Faith and Truth  
a gracious Answer send.
- 2 Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring  
thy Servant to be try'd ;  
For in thy Sight no living Man  
can e'er be justify'd.
- 3 The spiteful Foe pursues my Life;  
whose Comforts all are fled ;  
He drives me into Caves as dark  
as Mansions of the Dead.
- 4 My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd;  
and sinks within my Breast ;  
My mournful Heart grows desolate,  
with heavy Woes oppress'd.
- 5 I call to Mind the Days of old,  
and Wonders thou hast wrought :  
My former Dangers and Escapes  
employ my musing Thought.
- 6 To thee my Hands in humble Pray'r  
I fervently stretch out ;  
My Soul for thy Refreshment thirsts,  
like Land oppress'd with Drought.
- 7 Hear me with Speed ; my Spirit fails ;  
thy Face no longer hide,  
Lest I become forlorn, like them  
that in the Grave reside.
- 8 Thy Kindness early let me hear,  
whose Trust on thee depends ;  
Teach me the Way where I should go ;  
my Soul to thee ascends.
- 9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my Foes  
preserve, and set me free ;  
A safe Retreat against their Rage  
my Soul implores from Thee.
- 10 Thou art my God, thy righteous Will  
instruct me to obey ;  
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep  
my Soul in thy right Way.

- 11 O for the Sake of thy great Name  
revive my drooping Heart:  
For thy Truth's Sake to me distress'd,  
thy promis'd Aid impart.
- 12 In Pity to my Suff'rings, Lord,  
reduce my Foes to Shame;  
Slay them that persecute a Soul  
devoted to thy Name.

## P S A L M CXLIV.

- 1 **F**O R ever bless'd be God the Lord,  
Who does his needful Aid impart,  
At once both Strength and Skill afford  
To wield my Arms with warlike Art.
- 2 His Goodness is my Fort and Tow'r,  
My Strong Deliv'rance and my Shield;  
In him I trust, whose matchless Pow'r  
Makes to my Sway fierce Nations yield.
- 3 Lord, what's in Man that thou should'st love  
Such tender Care of him to take?  
What in his Offspring could thee move  
Such great Account of him to make?
- 4 The Life of Man does quickly fade,  
His Thoughts but empty are and vain,  
His Days are like a flying Shade,  
Of whose short Stay no Signs remain.
- 5 In solemn State, O God, descend,  
Whilst Heav'n its lofty Head inclines;  
The smoking Hills afunder rend,  
Of thy Approach the awful Signs.
- 6 Discharge thy dreadful Lightning round,  
And make thy scatter'd Foes retreat;  
Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,  
And their Destruction soon complete.
- 7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage  
Thy boundless Pow'r my Foes to quell,  
And snatch me from the stormy Rage  
Of threat'ning Waves that proudly swell.  
Fight thou against my foreign Foes,  
Who utter Speeches false and vain;

Who



- Who tho' in solemn Leagues they close;  
 Their sworn Engagements ne'er maintain.
- 9 So I to Thee, O King of Kings,  
 In joyful Hymns my Voice shall raise,  
 And Instruments of various Strings  
 Shall help me thus to sing thy Praise.
- 10 " God does to Kings his Aid afford,  
 " To them his sure Salvation sends ;  
 " 'Tis He that from the murd'ring Sword,  
 " His Servant *David* still defends."
- 11 Fight thou against my foreign Foes,  
 Who utter Speeches false and vain ;  
 Who tho' in solemn Leagues they close,  
 Their sworn Engagements ne'er maintain.
- 12 Then our young Sons like Trees shall grow,  
 Well planted in some fruitful Place ;  
 Our Daughters shall like Pillars show,  
 Design'd some Royal Court to grace.
- 13 Our Garners fill'd with various Store;  
 Shall us and ours with Plenty feed,  
 Our Sheep increasing more and more;  
 Shall thousands and ten thousands breed.
- 14 Strong shall our lab'ring Oxen grow,  
 Nor in their constant Labour faint ;  
 Whilst we no War nor Slav'ry know;  
 And in our Streets hear no Complaint.
- 15 Thrice happy is that People's Case,  
 Whose various Blessings thus abound :  
 Who God's true Worship still embrace,  
 And are with his Protection crown'd.

## P S A L M CXLV.

- 1, 2 **T**HEE I'll extol, my God and King;  
 thy endless Praise proclaim ;  
 This Tribute daily I will bring,  
 and ever bless thy Name.
- 3 Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great,  
 and highly to be prais'd ;  
 Thy Majesty, with boundless Height,  
 above our Knowledge rais'd.

- 4 Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame  
to future Times extends ;  
From Age to Age thy glorious Name  
successively descends.
- 5, 6 Whilst I thy Glory and Renown,  
and wond'rous Works express,  
The World with me thy Might shall own,  
and thy great Pow'r confess.
- 7 The Praise that to thy Love belongs,  
they shall with Joy proclaim ;  
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs  
shall be the constant Theme.
- 8 The Lord is good ; fresh Acts of Grace  
his Pity still supplies ;  
His Anger moves with slowest Pace,  
his willing Mercy flies.
- 9, 10 Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,  
to all thy Works express ;  
These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name  
is by thy Servants blest.
- 11 They, with a glorious Prospect fir'd,  
shall of thy Kingdom speak ;  
And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd,  
their lofty Subjects make.
- 12 God's glorious Works of ancient Date,  
shall thus to all be known ;  
And thus his Kingdom's Royal State,  
with publick Splendor shown.
- 13 His stedfast Throne, from Changes free,  
shall stand for ever fast ;  
His boundless Sway no End shall see,  
but Time itself out-last.

## P A R T II.

- 14, 15 The Lord does them support that fall,  
and makes the Prostrate rise ;  
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,  
who timely Food supplies.
- 16 Whate'er their various Wants require,  
with open Hand he gives ;

Q

And

- And so fulfils the just Desire  
 of ev'ry thing that lives.
- 17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how just !  
 how righteous all his Ways !  
 How nigh to him, who with firm Trust  
 for his Assistance prays.
- 19 He grants the full Desires of those  
 who him with Fear adore ;  
 And will their Troubles soon compose,  
 when they his Aid implore.
- 20 The Lord preserves all those with Care  
 whom grateful Love employs :  
 But Sinners who his Vengeance dare,  
 with furious Rage destroys.
- 21 My Time to come, in Praises spent,  
 shall still advance his Fame,  
 And all Mankind with one Consent  
 for ever bless his Name.

## P S A L M CXLVI.

- 1, 2 **O** Praise the Lord, and thou, my Soul,  
 for ever bless his Name :  
 His wond'rous Love, while Life shall last,  
 my constant Praise shall claim.
- 3 On Kings, the greatest Sons of Men,  
 let none for Aid rely ;  
 They cannot save in dang'rous Times,  
 nor timely Help apply.
- 4 Depriv'd of Breath, to Dust they turn,  
 and there neglected lie,  
 And all their Thoughts and vain Designs  
 together with them die.
- 5 Then happy he, who *Jacob's* God  
 for his Protector takes ;  
 Who still, with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord  
 his constant Refuge makes.
- 6 The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,  
 and all that they contain,  
 Will never quit his steadfast Truth,  
 nor make his Promise vain.



- 7 The Poor oppress'd, from all their Wrongs  
are eas'd by his Decree ;  
He gives the Hungry needful Food,  
and sets the Pris'ners free.
- 8 By him the Blind receive their Sight,  
the Weak and Fall'n he rears :  
With kind Regard and tender Love  
he for the Righteous cares.
- 9 The Strangers he preserves from Harm,  
the Orphan kindly treats,  
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles  
of wicked Men defeats.
- 10 The God, that does in *Sion* dwell,  
is our eternal King :  
From Age to Age his Reign endures,  
let all his Praises sing.

## P S A L M CXLVII.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord with Hymns of Joy,  
and celebrate his Fame !  
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis  
to praise his holy Name.
- 2 His holy City God will build,  
tho' levell'd with the Ground :  
Bring back his People, tho' dispers'd  
thro' all the Nations round.
- 3, 4 He kindly heals the broken Hearts,  
and all their Wounds does close ;  
He tells the Number of the Stars,  
their sev'ral Names he knows.
- 5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,  
his Wisdom has no Bound ;  
The Meek he raises, and throws down  
the Wicked to the Ground.
- 7 To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praise  
with grateful Voices sing ;  
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,  
and strike each warbling String.
- 8 He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence  
refreshing Rain bestows :

- Thro' him, on Mountain-tops, the Grass  
with wond'rous Plenty grows.
- 9 He, savage Beasts that loosely range,  
with timely Food supplies ;  
He feeds the Ravens tender Brood,  
and stops their hungry Cries.
- 10 He values not the warlike Steed,  
but does his Strength disdain ;  
The nimble Foot that swiftly runs,  
no Prize from him can gain.
- 11 But he, to him that fears his Name,  
his tender Love extends ;  
To him that on his boundless Grace  
with stedfast Hope depends.
- 12, 13 Let *Sion* and *Jerusalem*  
to God their Praise address ;  
Who fenc'd their Gates with massy Bars,  
and does their Children bless.
- 14, 15 Thro' all their Borders he gives Peace,  
with finest Wheat they're fed ;  
He speaks the Word, and what he wills  
is done as soon as said.
- 16 Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,  
descend at his Command ;  
And hoary Frost, like Ashes spread,  
is scatter'd o'er the Land.
- 17 When join'd to these, he does his Hail  
in little Morsels break,  
Who can against his piercing Cold  
secure Defences make ?
- 18 He sends his Word, which melts the Ice ;  
he makes his Wind to blow,  
And soon the Streams, congeal'd before,  
in plenteous Currents flow.
- 19 By him his Statutes and Decrees  
to *Jacob's* Sons were shown ;  
And still to *Isr'el's* chosen Seed  
his righteous Laws are known.

20 No other Nation this can boast,  
 nor did he e'er afford  
 To Heathen Lands his Oracles,  
 and Knowledge of his Word.

*Hallelujah.*

## P S A L M CXLVIII.

1, 2 **Y**E boundless Realms of Joy,  
 Exalt your Maker's Fame;  
 His Praise your Song employ  
 Above the starry Frame;  
 Your Voices raise,  
 Ye Cherubim  
 And Seraphim,  
 To sing his Praise.

3, 4 Thou Moon that rul'st the Night,  
 And Sun that guid'st the Day,  
 Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,  
 To him your Homage pay:  
 His Praise declare,  
 Ye Heav'ns above,  
 And Clouds that move  
 In liquid Air.

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,  
 And praise his holy Name,  
 By whose Almighty Word  
 They all from Nothing came:  
 And all shall last  
 From Changes free:  
 His firm Decree  
 Stands ever fast.

7, 8 Let Earth her Tribute pay;  
 Praise him, ye dreadful Whales,  
 And Fish that through the Sea  
 Glide swift with glitt'ring Scales:  
 Fire, Hail, and Snow,  
 And misty Air,  
 And Winds that, where  
 He bids them, blow.

Q 3

9, 10 By



9, 10 By Hills and Mountains (all  
In grateful Consort join'd)  
By Cedars stately tall,  
And Trees for Fruit design'd ;  
By ev'ry Beast,  
And creeping Thing,  
And Fowl of Wing,  
His Name be blest.

11, 12 Let all of Royal Birth,  
With those of humbler Frame,  
And Judges of the Earth,  
His matchless Praise proclaim.  
In this Design  
Let Youths with Maids,  
And hoary Heads  
With Children join.

13 United Zeal be shown,  
His wond'rous Fame to raise,  
Whose glorious Name alone  
Deserves our endless Praise.  
Earth's utmost Ends  
His Pow'r obey :  
His glorious Sway  
The Sky transcends.

14 His chosen Saints to Grace,  
He sets them up on high,  
And favours *Isr'el's* Race,  
Who still to him are nigh.  
O therefore raise  
Your grateful Voice,  
And still rejoice  
The Lord to praise.

## P S A L M CXLIX.

1, 2 **O** Praise ye the Lord,  
prepare your glad Voice,  
His Praise in the great  
Assembly to sing.  
In our great Creator  
let *Isr'el* rejoice,

And

- And Children of *Sion*  
 be glad in their King.  
 5, 4 Let them his great Name  
 extol in the Dance;  
 With Timbrel and Harp  
 his Praises express,  
 Who always takes Pleasure  
 his Saints to advance,  
 And with his Salvation  
 the Humble to blefs.  
 5, 6 With Glory adorn'd,  
 his People shall sing  
 To God, who their Beds  
 with Safety does shield;  
 Their Mouths fill'd with Praises  
 of him their great King;  
 Whilst a two-edged Sword  
 their right Hand shall wield,  
 7, 8 Just Vengeance to take  
 for Injuries past;  
 To punish those Lands  
 for Ruin design'd;  
 With Chains, as their Captives,  
 to tie their Kings fast,  
 With Fetters of Iron  
 their Nobles to bind.  
 9 Thus shall they make good,  
 when them they destroy;  
 The dreadful Decree  
 which God does proclaim,  
 Such Honour and Triumph  
 his Saints shall enjoy.  
 O therefore for ever  
 exalt his great Name.

## P S A L M · CL.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord in that blest Place  
 from whence his Goodnets largely flows:  
 Praise him in Heav'n, where he his Face  
 unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.      2 Praise

- 2 Praise him for all the mighty Acts,  
which he in our Behalf has done ;  
His Kindness this Return exacts,  
with which our Praise should equal run :
- 3 Let the shrill Trumpet's warlike Voice  
make Rocks and Hills his Praise rebound ;  
Praise him with Harp's melodious Noise,  
and gentle Psaltry's silver Sound.
- 4 Let Virgin Troops soft Timbrels bring,  
and some with graceful Motion dance ;  
Let Instruments of various Strings,  
with Organs join'd, his Praise advance.
- 5 Let them who joyful Hymns compose,  
to Cymbals set their Songs of Praise ;  
Cymbals of common Use, and those  
that loudly sound on solemn Days.
- 6 Let all that vital Breath enjoy,  
the Breath he does to them afford,  
In just Returns of Praise employ :  
let ev'ry Creature praise the Lord.

The E N D.





# GLORIA PATRI, &c.

*Common Measure.*

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
the God whom we adore,  
Be Glory, as it was, is now,  
and shall be evermore.

*As Psalm 25.*

To God the Father, Son,  
and Spirit, Glory be ;  
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
to all Eternity.

*As the 100 Psalm.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
the God whom Earth and Heav'n adore,  
Be Glory as it was of Old,  
is now and shall be evermore.

*As Psalm 112, and last Part of the 113 Psalm Tune.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom Heav'n's triumphant Host,  
and suff'ring Saints on Earth adore,  
Be Glory as in Ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last,  
when Time itself must be no more.

*As Psalm 148.*

To God the Father, Son,  
and Spirit ever bless'd,  
Eternal Three in One,  
All Worship be address'd,  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore.

*As Psalm 149.*

By Angels in Heav'n  
of ev'ry Degree,  
And Saints upon Earth,  
all Praise be address'd  
To God in Three Persons,  
one God ever bless'd ;  
As it has been, now is,  
and always shall be.

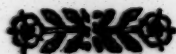


## An Alphabetical TABLE, shewing how to find any Psalm by its Beginning.

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## DIRECTIONS



XX

DIRECTIONS about the TUNES and  
MEASURES.

ALL Psalms of this Version in the *common* Measures of Eights and Sixes, (that is, where the first and third Lines of the single Stanza consist of eight Syllables each, the second and fourth Lines of six Syllables each) may be sung to any of the most usual Tunes, *viz.* *York-Tune*, *Windsor-Tune*, *St. David's*, *Litchfield*, *Canterbury*, *Martyrs*, *Southwell*, *St. Mary's*, alias *Hackney-Tune*, &c.

As the Old 25th Psalm, may be sung the New 25, 31, 67, 130.

As the Old 113, the 37, 46, 50, 63, 76, 91, 100, 113, 120.

As the Old 148, the 136, 140.

As the Old 104, the 149.

The Psalms in this Version of four Lines in a single Stanza, and eight Syllables in each Line (if Psalms of Praise or Chearfulness) may properly be sung as the Old 100 Psalm, or to the Tune of the Old 125 Psalm, Second Metre.

The Penitential or Mournful Psalms in the same Measure, may be sung as the Old 51st Psalm. Which Tunes, with all the forementioned, are printed in the *Supplement* to this new Version, as in the following

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F I N I S.

